The Progressive Music Series

Book One

HIGH SCHOOL

CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

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[redacted]

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THE
PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

FOR BASAL USE
IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES

BY

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BOOK ONE

(Enlarged Edition)

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CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

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SACRAMENTO

THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE, 160 pages, for second and third grades
BOOK TWO, 192 pages, for fourth and fifth grades
BOOK THREE, 224 pages, for sixth and seventh grades

TEACHER'S MANUALS

VOLUME I, for first, second, and third grades, with accompaniments for Book One and Primary Song Book, additional Rote Songs, Folk Dances and Singing Games

VOLUME II, for fourth and fifth grades, with accompaniments for Book Two

VOLUME III, for sixth and seventh grades, with accompaniments for Book Three

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PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series embodies the latest ideals and aims, not only of the most successful teachers and supervisors of public school music, but also of the leading students of modern applied psychology and pedagogy. In its preparation the authors have striven to realize two ideals: to present songs carefully chosen to meet all the moods of childhood; and so to organize these songs that they will form the basis for definite instruction, out of which shall grow a lasting love for, and an intelligent appreciation of, the best in music.

The music material of the series represents the widest variety of sources. The music of the world as found in the most complete libraries of America and Europe was thoroughly reviewed; and the interest and coöperation of many of the leading composers of Europe and America were secured through personal interviews. Their contributions, written especially for the series, form a unique feature of the course. All the material was subjected to the most critical study, both in regard to its intrinsic musical worth and its adaptability to schoolroom purposes.

Book One is intended for children at that period of life when sense activity is predominant; the material selected for this book is therefore of a type which makes a definite appeal to the senses, thus insuring vivid and clear-cut images of musical ideas. The material is so organized that through repeated experience with these musical ideas the child gains those fundamental concepts of rhythm and tone upon which a sound musical education should be based. The selections include many folk songs, some new and others familiar to American school music literature, chosen because of their inherent interest and charm; original songs which are the spontaneous outgrowth of long experience with children; and a number of songs written for the series by the great living composers.

This book is planned to cover the work of the first three school years, and to be placed in the hands of the pupils at some time during the second year. The successive topics are clearly indicated, the development is definite and logical, and the material is so arranged that the book may be studied page by page. The book is divided into five parts:

Part One contains a number of classified songs, to be taught by rote. These songs, in structural arrangement and in melodic design, embody fundamental ideas which are the basis, through observation lessons, of tonal relations and of notation.

Part Two offers songs in which the same fundamental ideas occur as in Part One. In their study of these songs the children are led to recognize familiar elements in new relations.

Part Three consists of songs similar in their general content to those of the preceding parts. The musical discernment and appreciation of melodic struc-

ture acquired through the study of Parts One and Two are applied in independent sight reading.

Part Four supplies a wide variety of supplementary rote songs. While intended primarily for recreational use and for the development of musical feeling and imagination, these songs also prepare for many of the more advanced rhythmic and tonal relations which become the technical problems of succeeding grades.

Part Five contains the rote songs outlined for the second half of grade two. Since at this point in the pupils' progress books are in the hands of the children, it is advisable that the notes and words of the songs should be followed as they are taught by rote. In this way the pupils will become familiar with the appearance of the notation of the rhythmic and melodic types which are to become technical problems in the later books of the series. By the inclusion of these rote songs the supervisor is more completely equipped to anticipate the needs of the children in the enlargement of their musical vocabulary.

Clear and definite directions for the work of the first three school years are given in the Teacher's Manual, Volume I. In addition to a complete and detailed outline, the Manual contains piano accompaniments for many of the songs in Book One, also a large number of additional rote songs, folk dances and singing games. The ready use of the Manual in connection with Book One is facilitated by means of a careful system of cross references.

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Laurence Alma-Tadema for "King Baby," "Kitty Mine," "Strange Lands," and "Dance, Dance Baby." Alice Carrick Skinner for "The Clock." George Reiter Brill for "The Recipe" and "Benediction" from "Rhymes of the Golden Age." Mrs. Payne Whitney (Helen Hay) for "The Mooley Cow" from "Verses for Jock and Joan." Charles Keeler for "Baby Life" from "Elfin Songs of Sunland." The Universalist Publishing House and the author for "The Mill Wheel" by Kate Louise Brown. Henry R. Pattengill, publisher, and the author for "Feeding the Flock" and "The Pink Pig" from "Farmerkin's Farm Rhymes," by Dora H. Stockman. The Century Company for "The Song Sparrow's Toilet" by H. H. Bennett. Dana Estes & Company and the author for poems by Laura E. Richards —"Pussy Mitz and Doggie Spitz," from "The Hurdy Gurdy," and "Summer Song" from "The Piccolo." *The Outlook* and the author's family for "The Gingerbread Man" by Eva Rowland. F. A. Owen Publishing Company for "A Frown and a Smile," by Mary Bailey, from *Primary Plans*. The publishers and the author's family for "Mud Pies," from "Little Knights and Ladies," by Margaret E. Sangster, copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers. The publishers for "Of Things You Can Buy," by Githa Sowerby, used by permission of Hodder & Stoughton, London and New York. *The Youth's Companion* for "Winter Roses" and "Hidden Treasures," and *The Youth's Companion* and the author for "A Spring Puzzle," by Anna M. Pratt. The publishers for "The Five Toes," "Old Chang, the Crab," and "The Firefly," from "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," by Isaac Taylor Headland, copyright, 1900, by Fleming H. Revell Company. Rand, McNally & Company and the authors for "Sleepyhead," from "The Rhyming Ring," by Louise Ayres Garnett, and for the following poems by Wilhelmina Seegmiller —"Lady Bug," from "Little Rhymes for Little Readers," and "A Song Without Words," "Good Cheer," and "What I Like," from "Other Rhymes for Little Readers." Charles Scribner's Sons for "Four Boys," from "Rhymes and Jingles," by Mary Mapes Dodge. "Dandelion," by Abbie Farwell Brown, is used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of her works.

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE

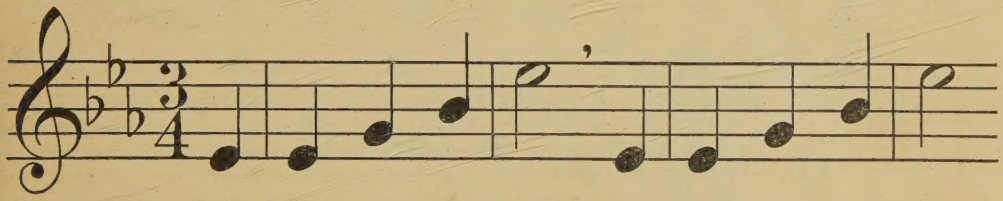
PART ONE: CLASSIFIED OBSERVATION SONGS

Chapter I: Melodies Based upon the Tonic Chord

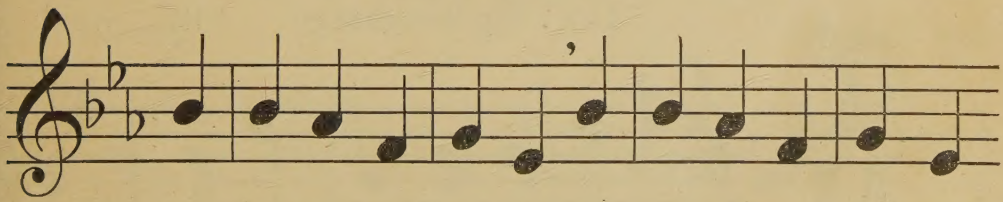
Good Morning

(T. M. p. 187)

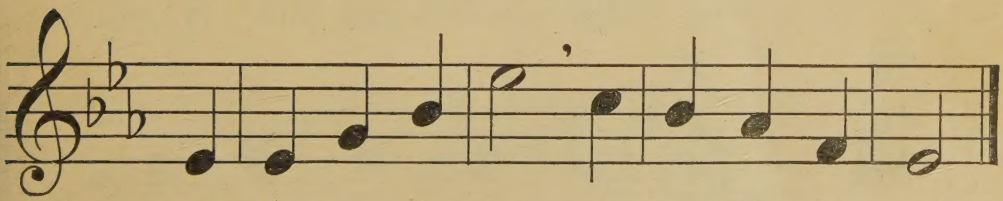
Abbie Farwell Brown — Ernst Richter



1. Good morn - ing to you! Good morn-ing to you!
2. Good morn - ing to you! Good morn-ing to you!



We're all in our plac-es With sun - shi - ny fac - es;
What - ev - er the weather We'll make it to - geth - er,



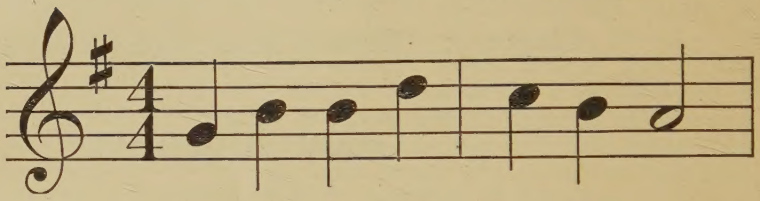
Oh, this is the way To start a new day!
In work and in play, A beau - ti - ful day!

A Good-by Song

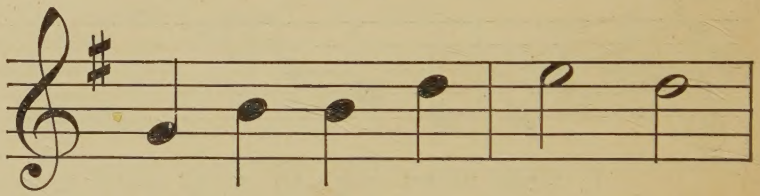
(T. M. p. 188)

Ann Underhill

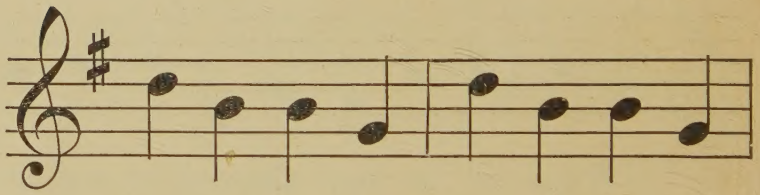
W. Otto Miessner



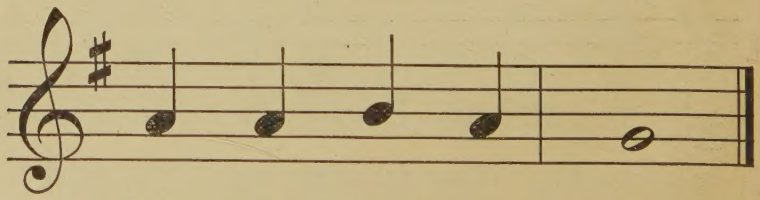
1. Let us put our books a - way,
2. Now we wish you all good night:



Stud - y time is o - ver.
Lov - ing thoughts go with you!



Gay - ly trip - ping, Home - ward skip-ping,
Hap - py meet - ings, Mer - ry greet-ings

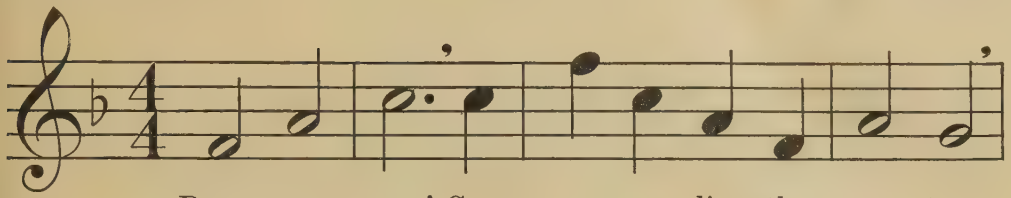


Soon we'll be at play.
In the morn - ing bright.

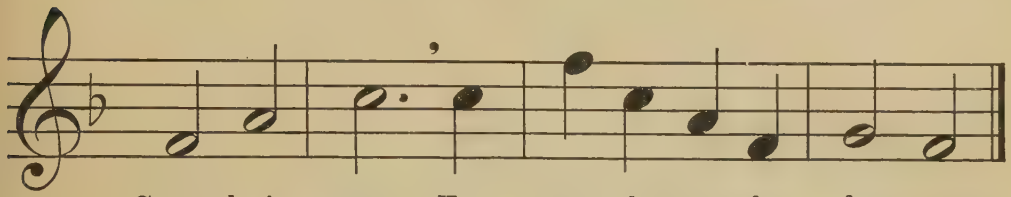
Fido and His Master

(T. M. p. 188)

Anna G. Whitmore — Edward B. Birge



Bow, wow, wow! Come on, my lit - tle mas - ter;

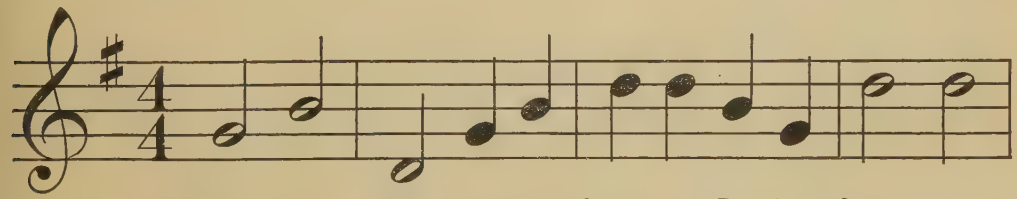


Come, let's race To see who runs the fas - ter.

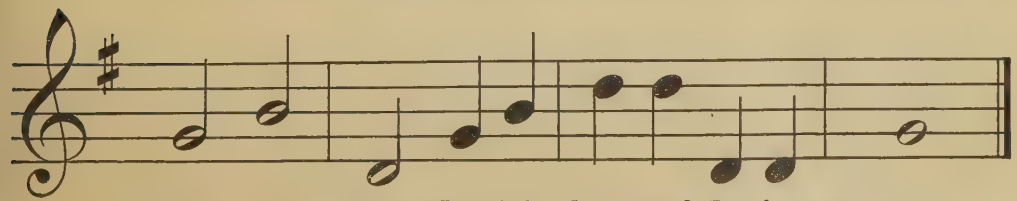
Polly's Bonnet

(T. M. p. 189)

From the French — French Folk Song



1. Have you seen Pol - ly's bon-net, Pol-ly's bon - net?
2. It is gay with a bit of feather on it;



Have you seen Pol-ly's bon-net? It is new.
It is gay with a bow of rib-bon blue.

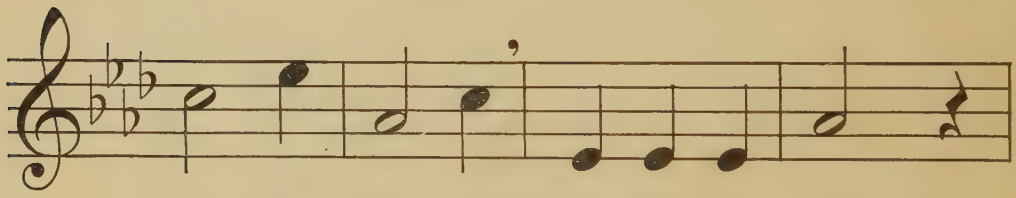
The Postman

(T. M. p. 190)

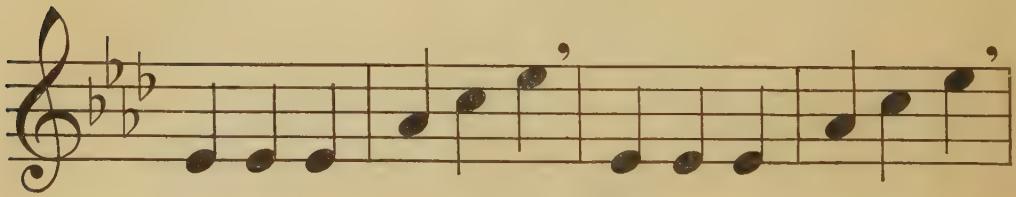
Abbie Farwell Brown

Folk Song

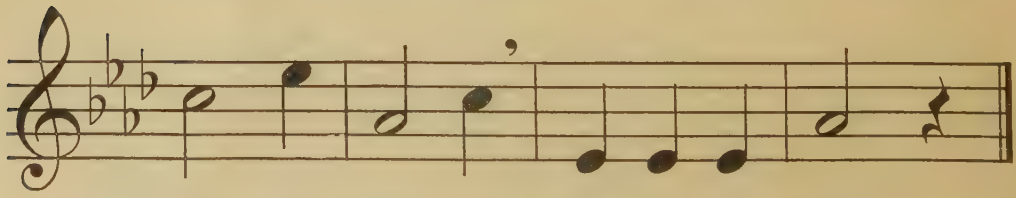
1. Post-man! Post-man! Why is he late a-gain?
2. Post-man! Post-man! Have I a let-ter, Sir?



Post-man! Post-man! Where can he be?
Post-man! Post-man! Hur-ry and see!



Here he comes hur-ry-ing, Here he comes scur-ry-ing.
Why are you lin-ger-ing? What are you fin-ger-ing?



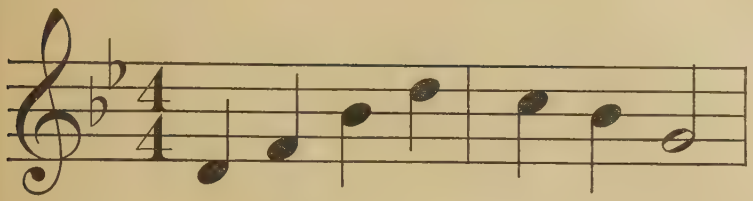
Lis-ten! Lis-ten! Yes, it is he!
Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir! That is for me!

Bubbles

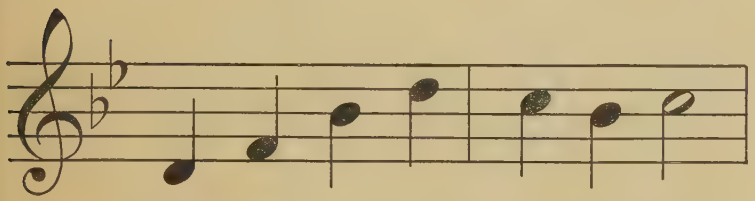
(T. M. p. 189)

Clinton Scollard

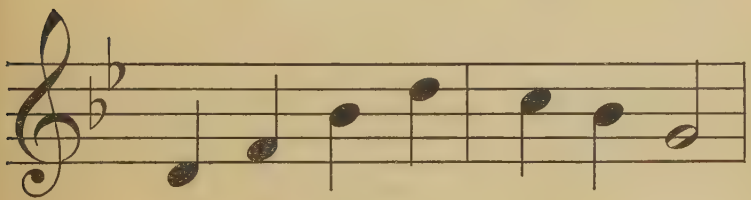
Alfred G. Wathall



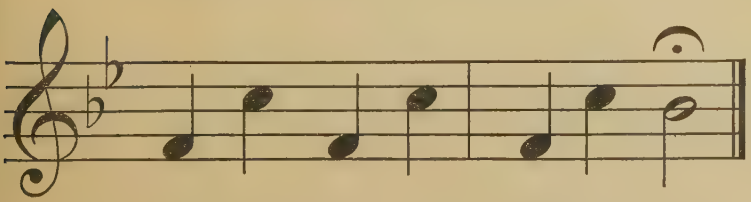
Ev - 'ry time I bub - bles blow,



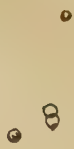
Rain - bows form and gleam and glow;



When you see them high in air,



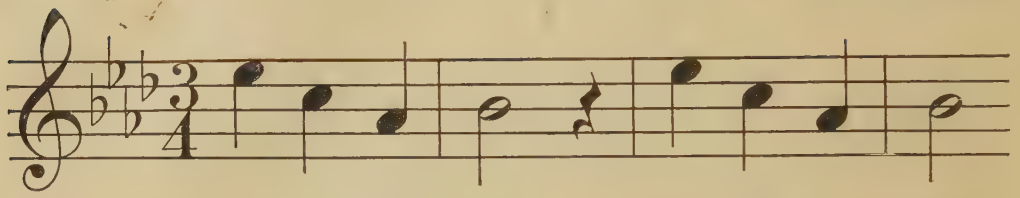
Some one's blow - ing bub-bles there!



Cherries

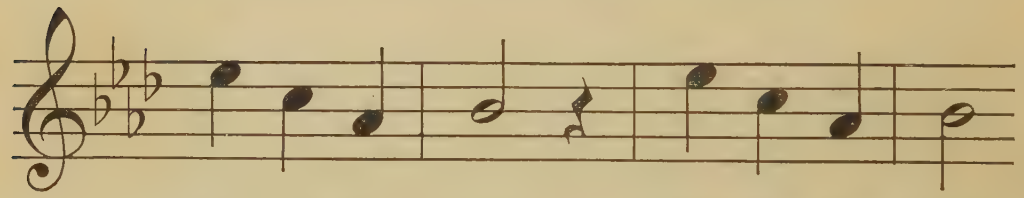
(T. M. p. 191)

W. Otto Miessner

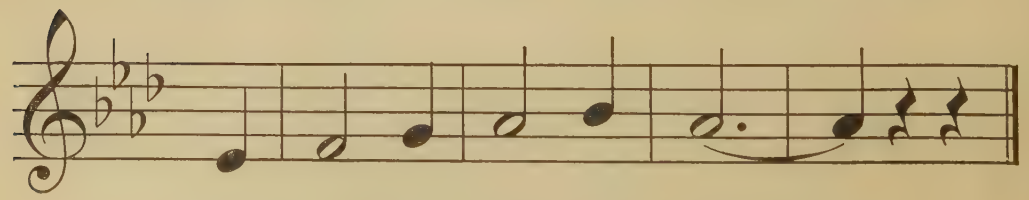


1. "Cher-ries are ripe! Cher-ries are ripe!"
2. Cher-ries are ripe, Cher-ries are ripe,

The rob-ins sang one day. ___
They're soft and red and sweet. ___



"Cher-ries are ripe! Cher-ries are ripe!"
Cher-ries are ripe, Cher-ries are ripe,



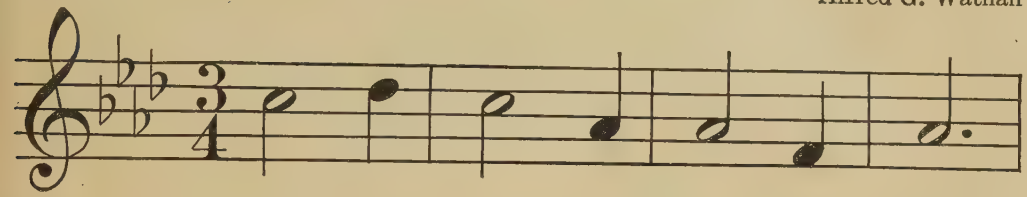
The boys and girls all say. ___
And we shall have a treat. ___

Twinkling Fireflies

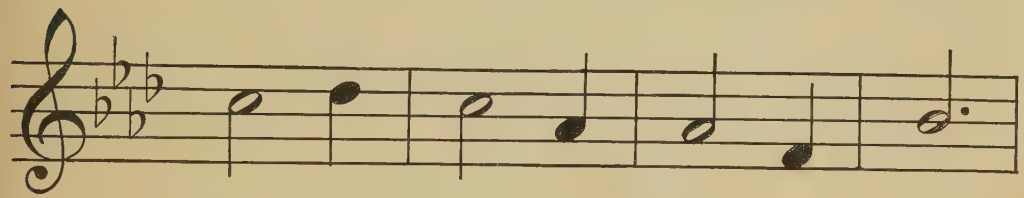
(T. M. p. 192)

Anna M. Pratt

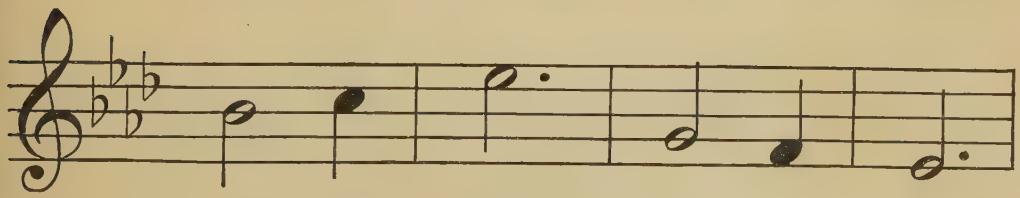
Alfred G. Wathall



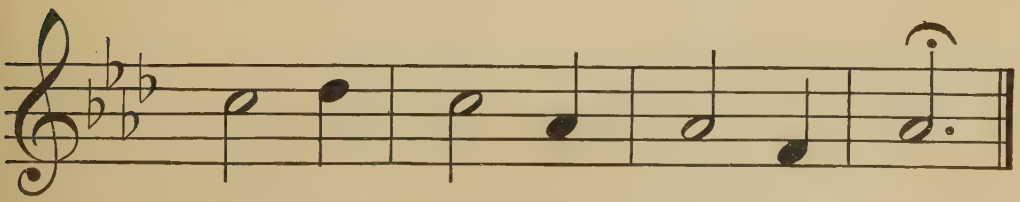
Fire - flies shi - ning in the night,



Twin - kling like the stars so bright;



Here and there, In the air,

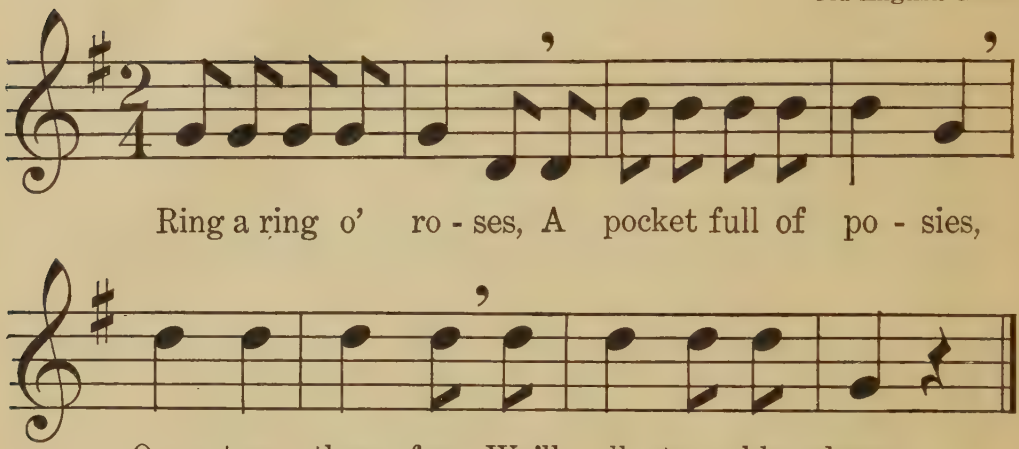


Oh, you are a pret - ty sight!

Ring a Ring o' Roses

(T. M. p. 193)

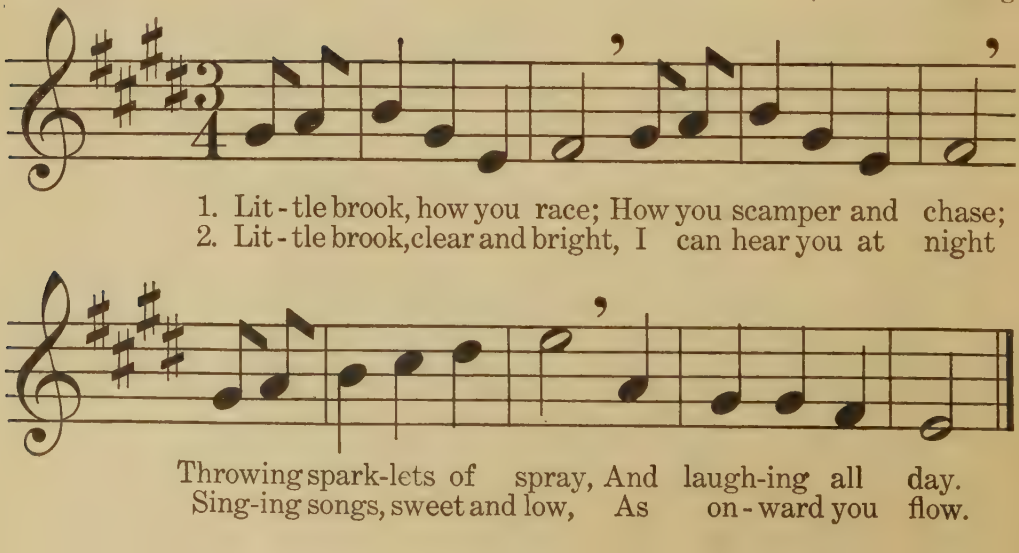
Old English Game



Little Brook

(T. M. p. 193)

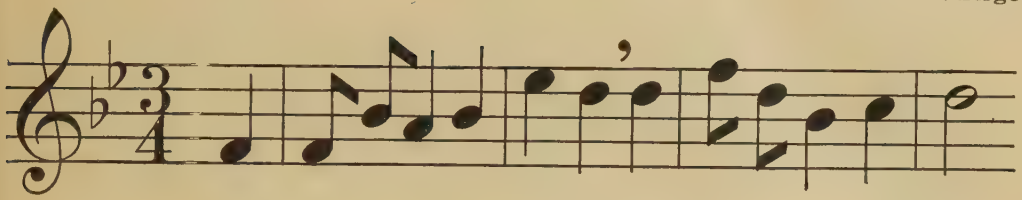
Kate Forman — Folk Song


1. Lit - tle brook, how you race; How you scamper and chase;
2. Lit - tle brook, clear and bright, I can hear you at night
Throwing spark-lets of spray, And laugh-ing all day.
Sing-ing songs, sweet and low, As on - ward you flow.

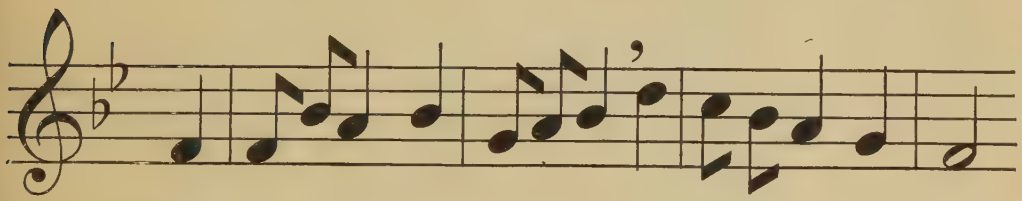
A Little Lady

(T. M. p. 194)

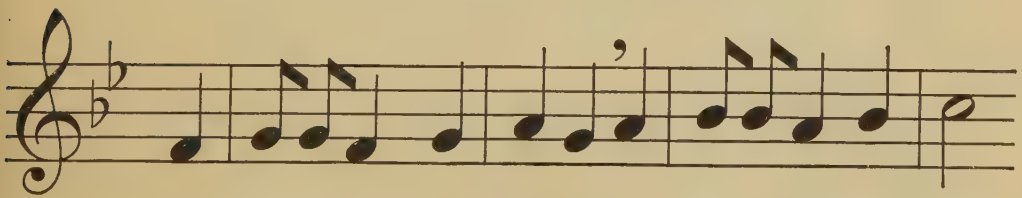
Pauline Frances Camp — Edward B. Birge



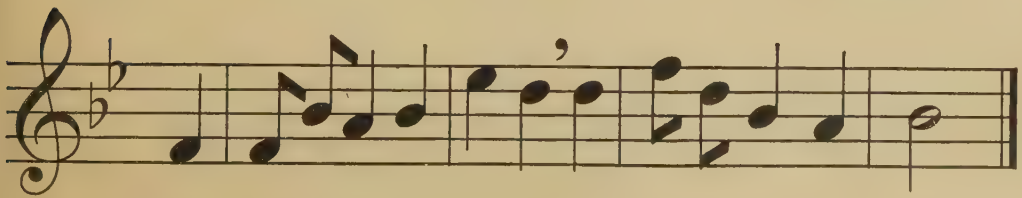
My dol - ly is a la - dy, She always is po - lite;



When oth-er folks are quarreling, She keeps her lips shut tight.



She nev-er speaks un - kind-ly, Or cries to have her way;



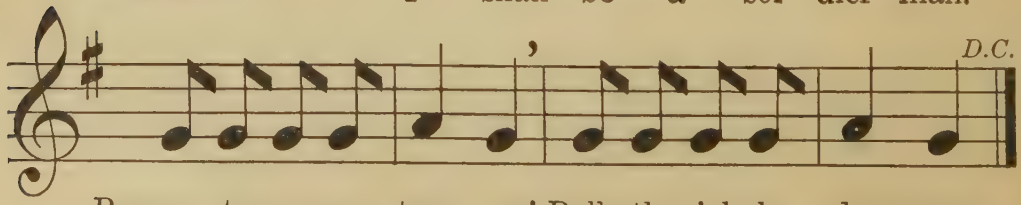
My dol - ly is a la - dy, And pleasant all the day.

The Parade

(T. M. p. 195)

Alice C. D. Riley

French Folk Song

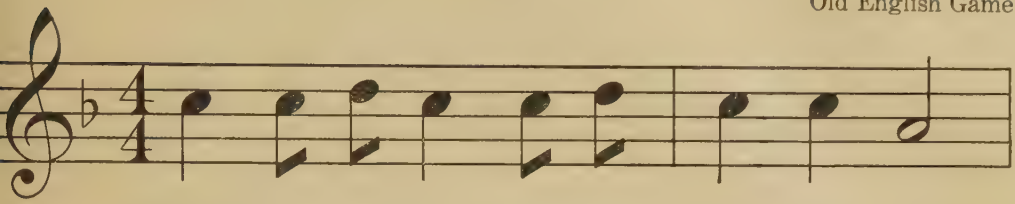

Rat - a - plan, sol - dier man!
See them go, march-ing so!
Bands a - play - ing, Trum-pets bray-ing,
Wav - ing ban - ner, Gal - lant man-ner,
Tum - te - tum, hear the drum!
Rat - a - plan! If I can,
Fine
See the marching col - umn come!
I shall be a sol - dier man.
D.C.
Rrrrum - te - um - a - tum - er! Rolls the jol - ly drummer.

HESTER SCHOOL

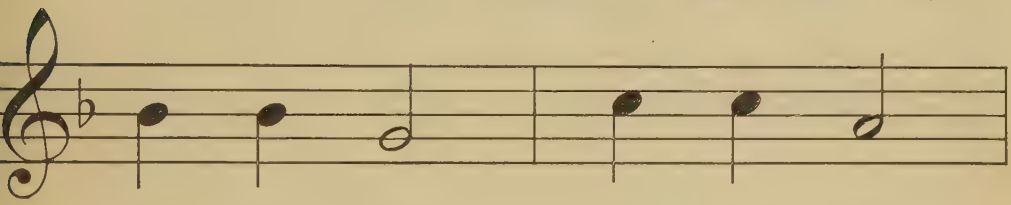
The Holiday

(T. M. p. 195)

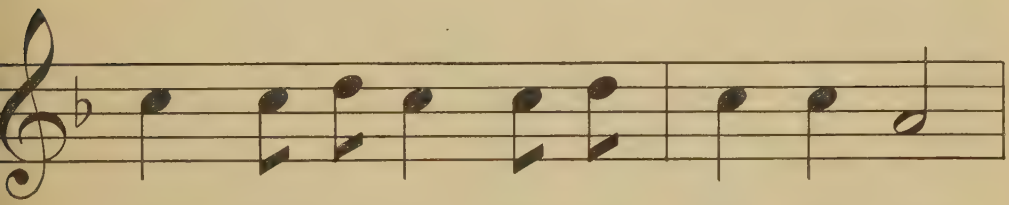
Old English Game



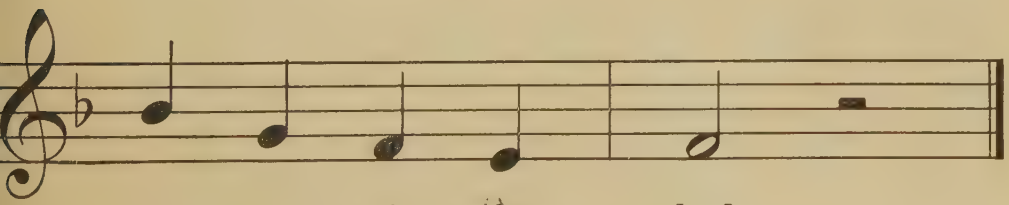
1. What shall we do when we all go out,



All go out, all go out?



What shall we do when we all go out,



On our hol - i - day?

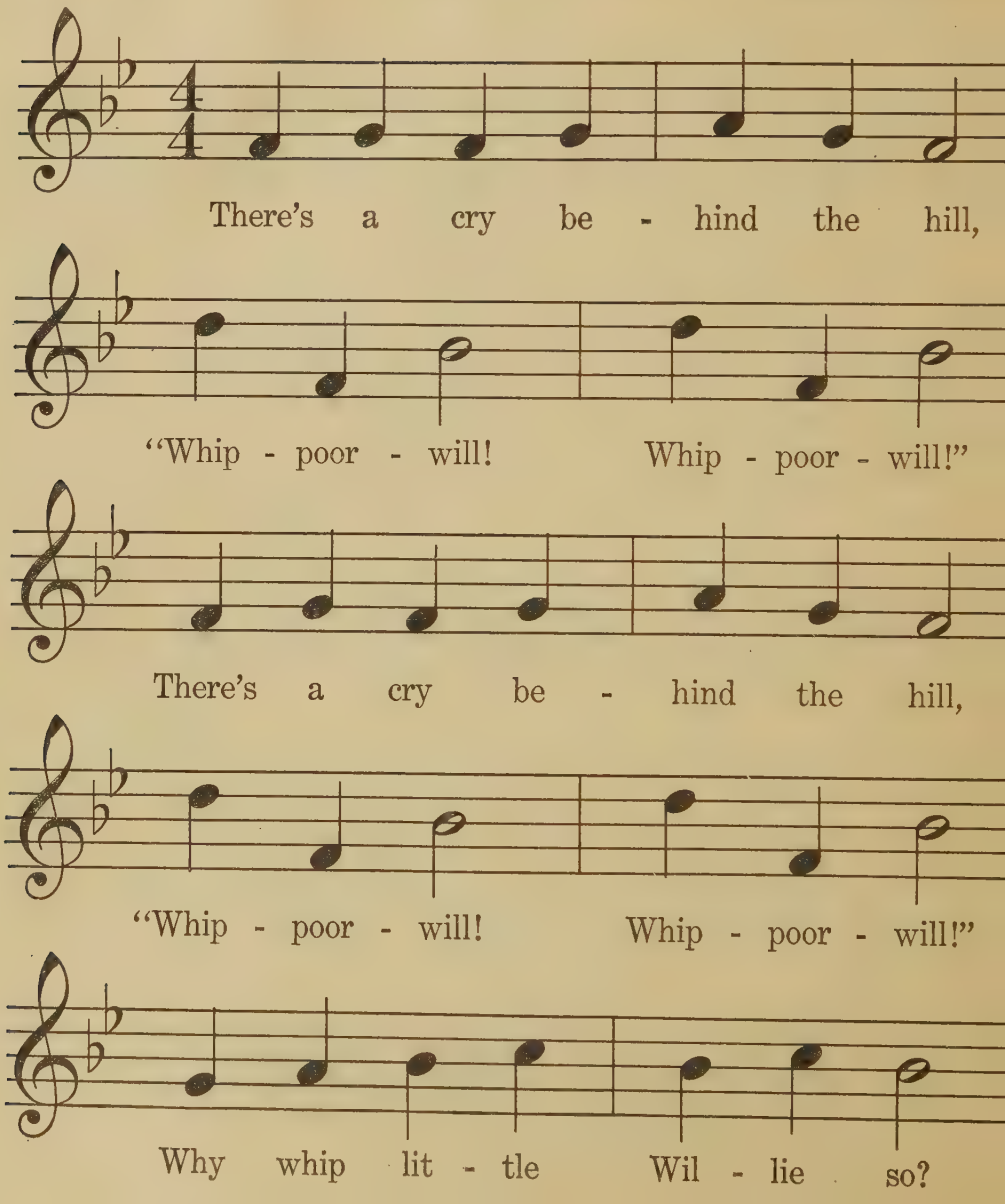
2. We will take our skipping ropes, etc.
3. We will take our fishing rods.
4. We will take our roller skates.
5. We will take our bicycles.

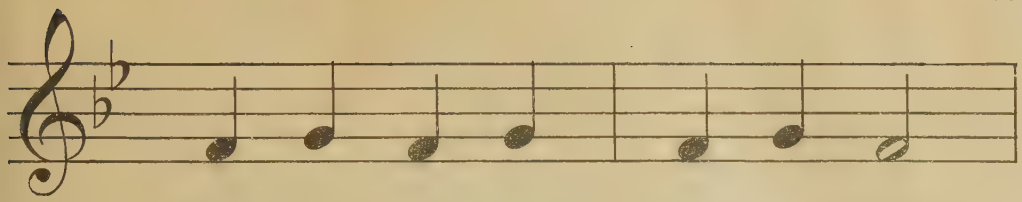
Whippoorwill

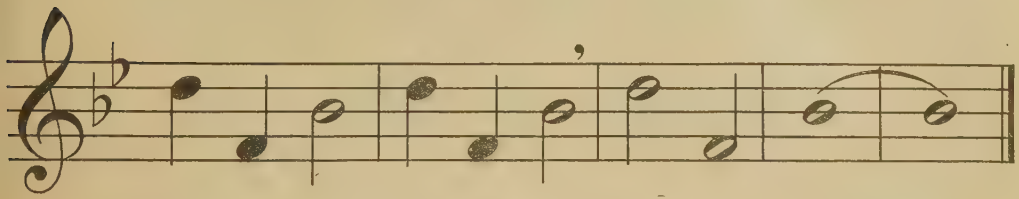
(T. M. p. 196)

Clinton Scollard

Marshall Bartholom


There's a cry be - hind the hill,
"Whip - poor - will! Whip - poor - will!"
There's a cry be - hind the hill,
"Whip - poor - will! Whip - poor - will!"
Why whip lit - tle Wil - lie so?

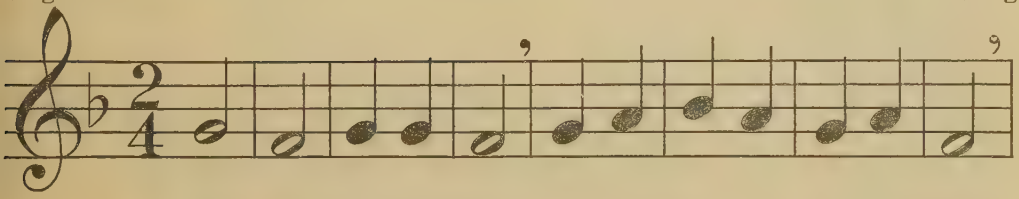


That is what I'd like to know!

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip - poor - will!" _____

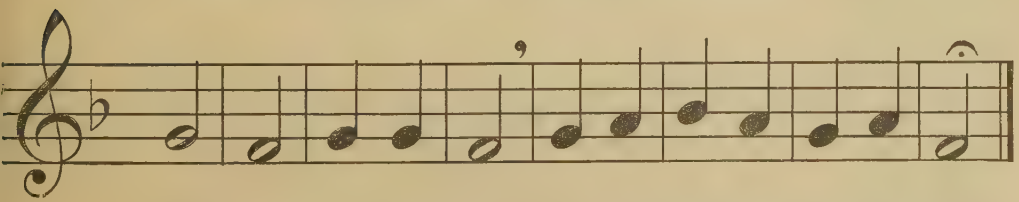
Dolly's Lullaby

(T. M. p. 197)

Virginia Baker — French Folk Song



1. By - lo, Dol-ly dear, Go to sleep and do not fear;
2. By - lo, do not cry, While I sing your lul - la - by;

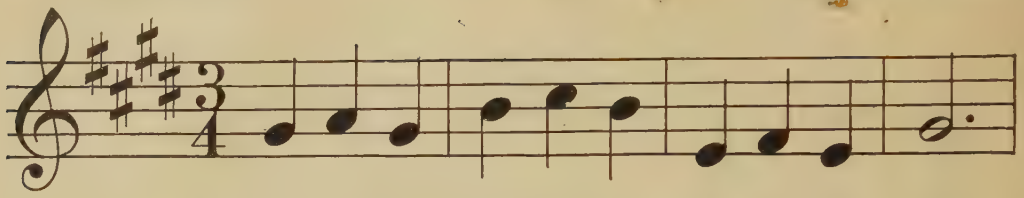


By - lo, in their nest Ba - by birds are now at rest.
By - lo, watch I'll keep, Sleep my dar-ling Dol - ly, sleep.

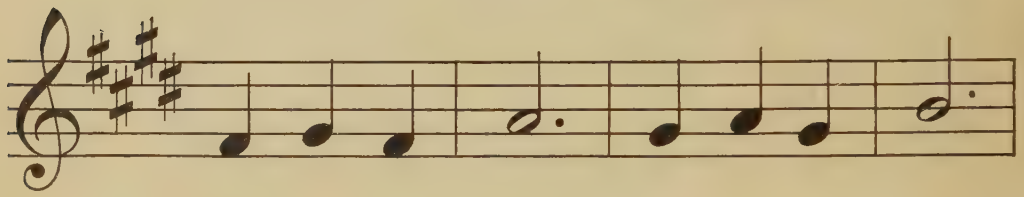
Lady Bug

(T. M. p. 198)

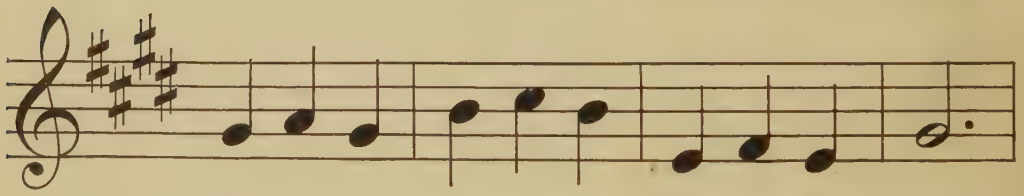
Wilhelmina Seegmiller — W. Otto Miessner



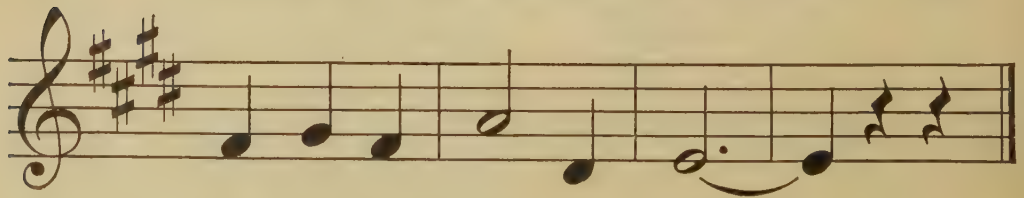
1. La - dy bug, la - dy bug, how do you do?
2. Your lit - tle chil-dren are sleep-ing so snug,



How do you do? How do you do?
Sleep - ing so snug, Sleep - ing so snug;



La - dy bug, la - dy bug, fly a - way, shoo!
Bet - ter go home now, you bad lit - tle bug,

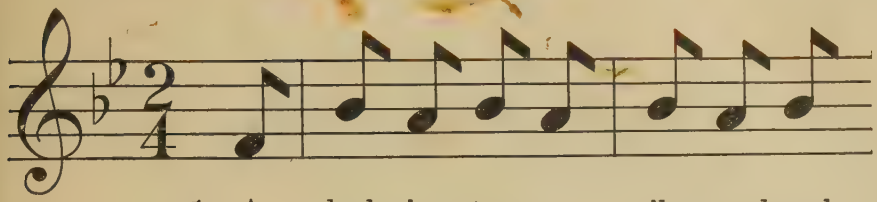


Fly a - way, fly a - way! _____
Bet - ter go home right now. _____

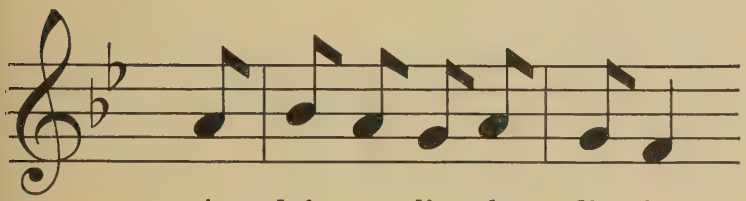
The Song Sparrow's ·ilet

(T. M. p. 197)

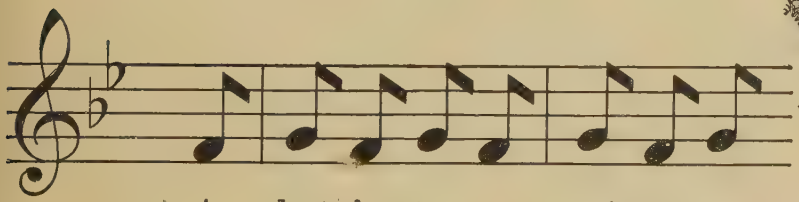
H. H. Bennett — Horatio Parker



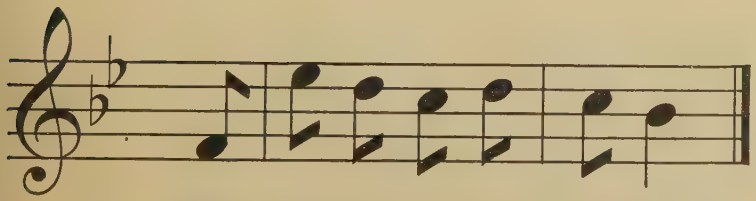
1. A splash in - to a sil - ver brook;
2. A lit - tle shake, a lit - tle tweak,



A dain - ty lit - tle dip-ping;
To stir up ev - 'ry feath-er;



A dart in - to a qui - et nook,
A pret - ty preening with his beak

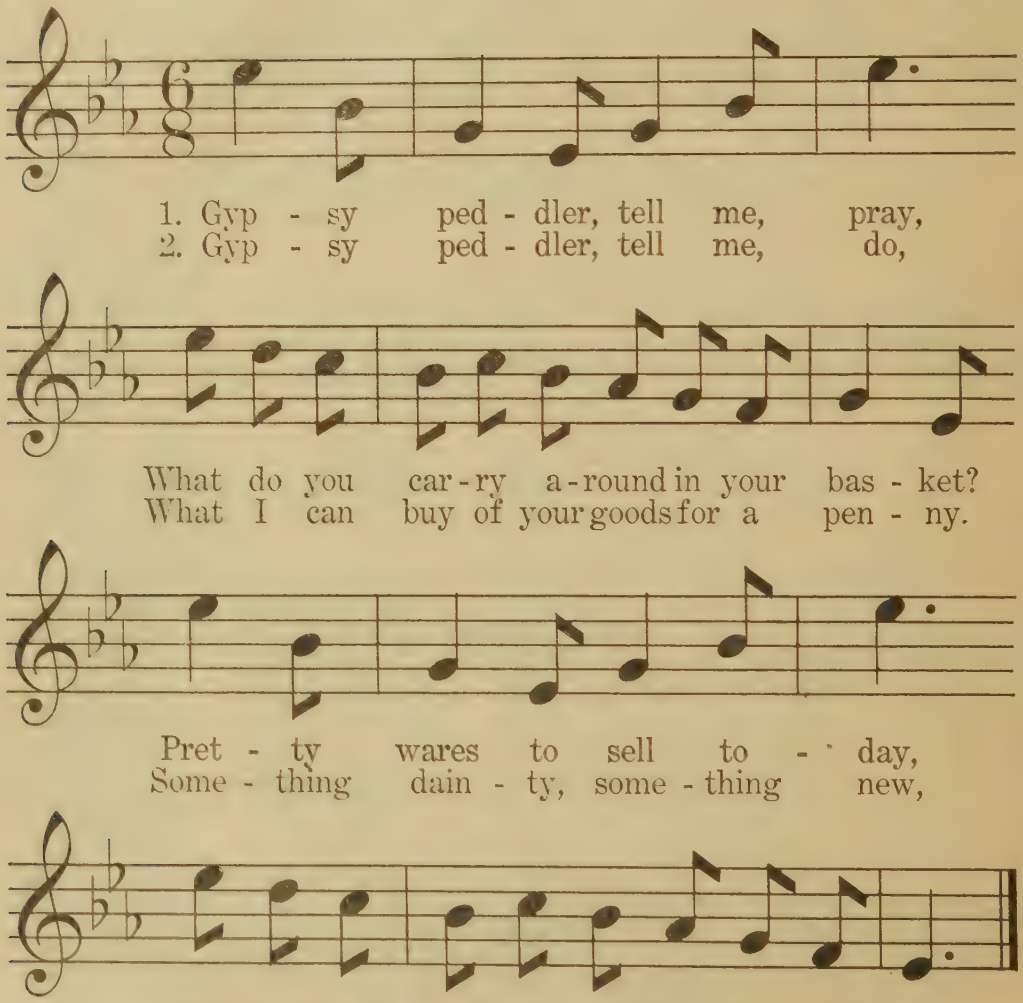


With all his feathers drip-ping.
To lay them all to - geth - er.

The Gypsy Peddler

(T. M. p. 199)

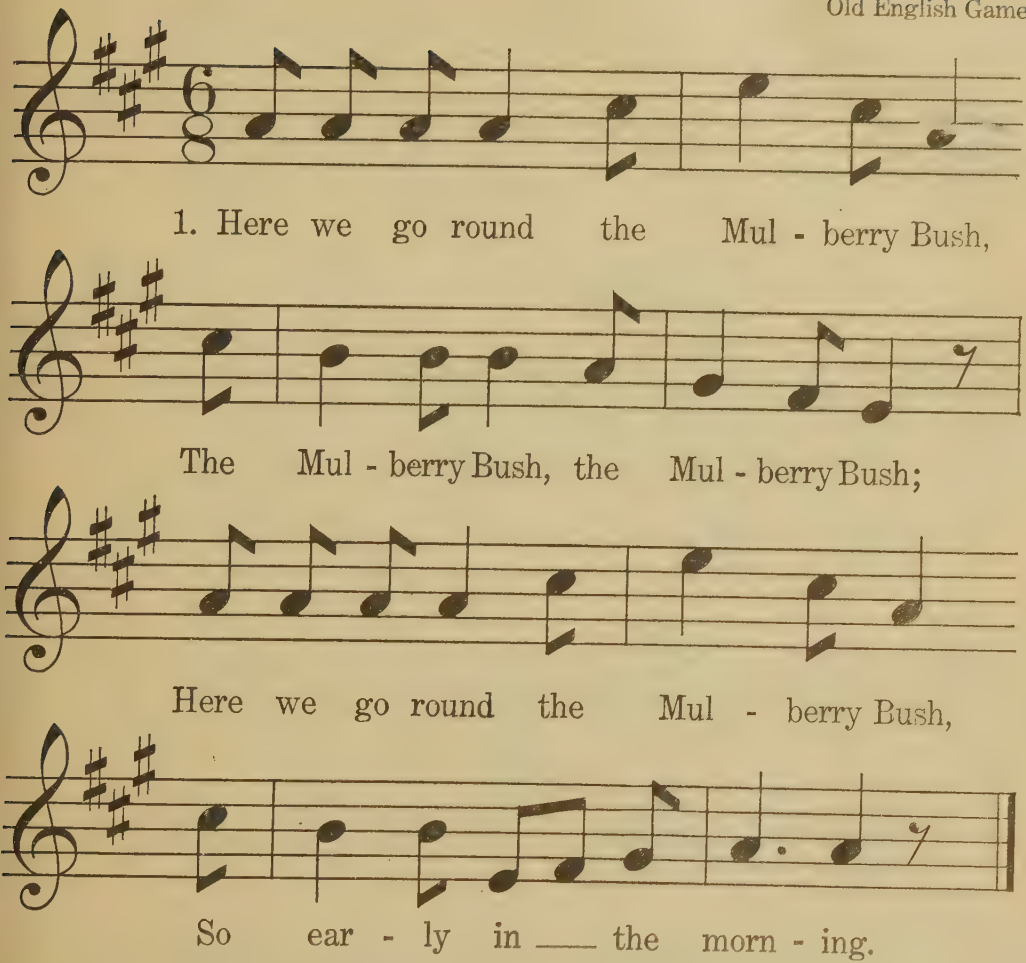
Nellie Poorman — French Folk Song


1. Gyp - sy ped - dler, tell me, pray,
2. Gyp - sy ped - dler, tell me, do,
What do you car - ry a - round in your bas - ket?
What I can buy of your goods for a pen - ny.
Pret - ty wares to sell to - day,
Some - thing dain - ty, some - thing new,
Rib - bons and lac - es and hand-ker-chiefs gay.
Bright col - ored beads or a rib - bon of blue.

The Mulberry Bush

(T. M. p. 199)

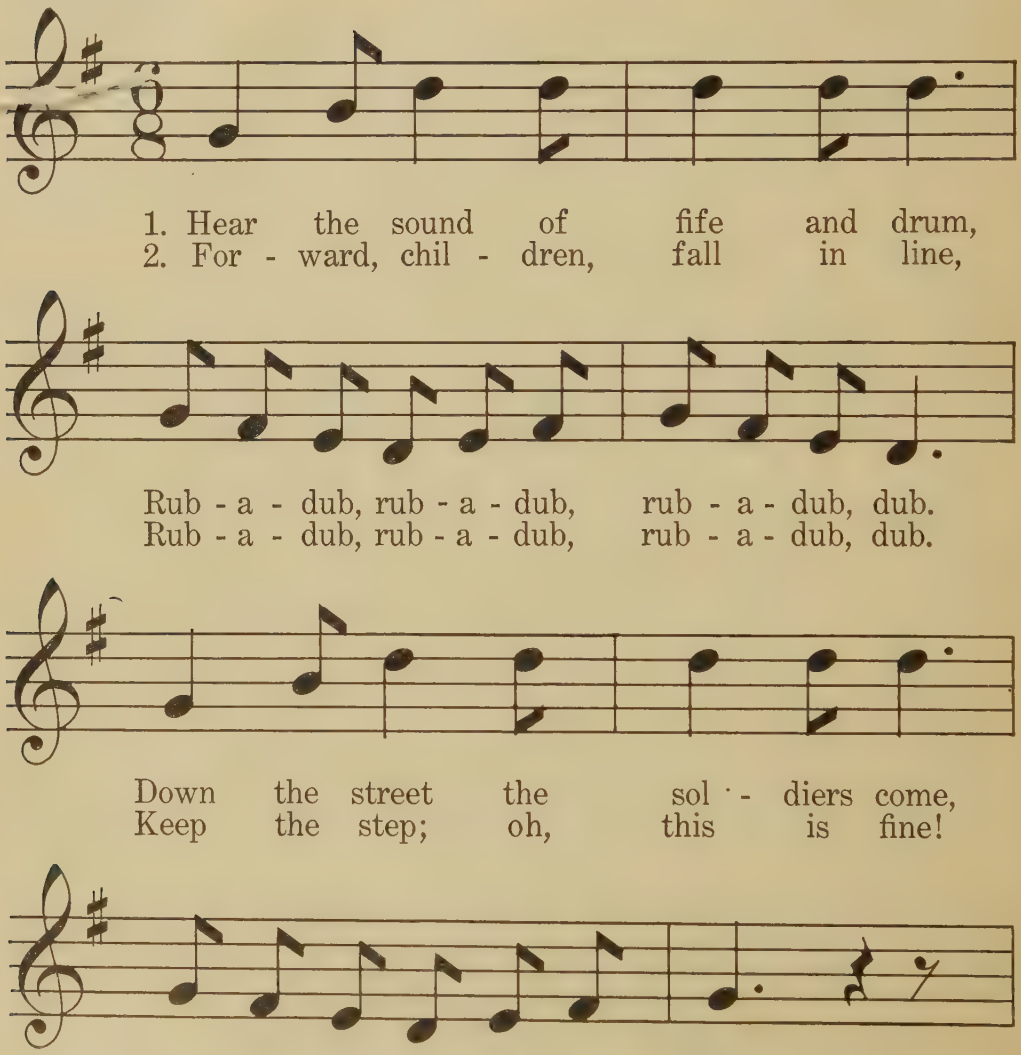
Old English Game

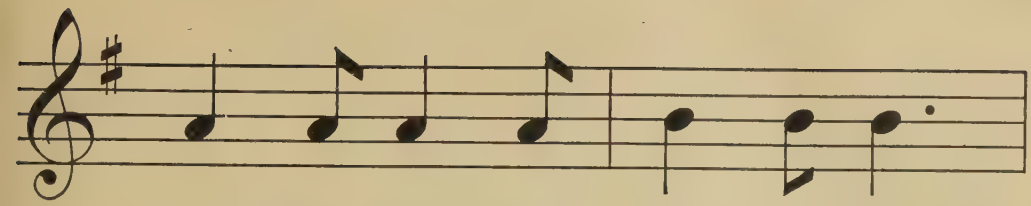

1. Here we go round the Mul - berry Bush,
The Mul - berry Bush, the Mul - berry Bush;
Here we go round the Mul - berry Bush,
So ear - ly in ___ the morn - ing.

2. This is the way we clap our hands, etc.
3. This is the way we wash our hands.
4. This is the way we brush our hair.
5. This is the way we tie our shoes.
6. This is the way we run away.

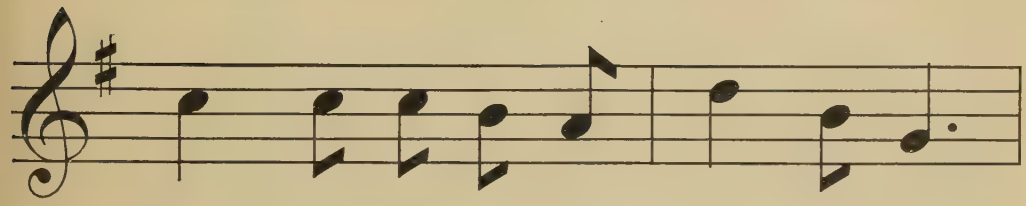
Soldier Boys

(T. M. p. 201)

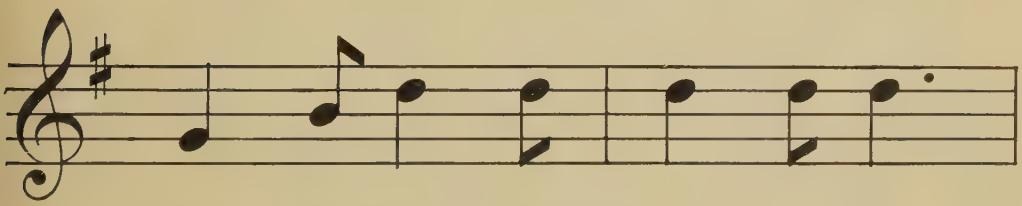
May Morgan — Osbourne McConathy

1. Hear the sound of fife and drum,
2. For - ward, chil - dren, fall in line,
Rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dub.
Rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dub.
Down the street the sol - diers come,
Keep the step; oh, this is fine!
Rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dub.
Rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dub.



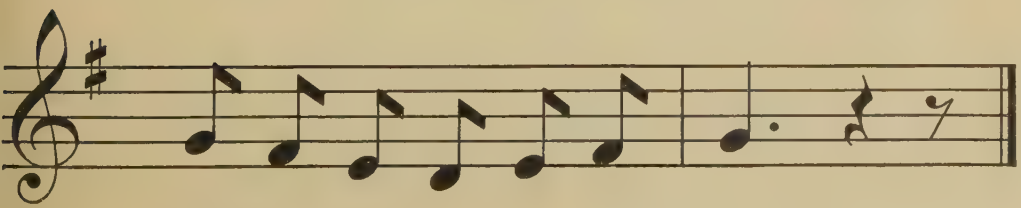
Loud and clear their bu - gles cry,
Hear the sound of march - ing feet,



See, their ban - ner is floa - ting high,
Tram - ping mer - ri - ly down the street,



Cheer them on, they're pass - ing by,
While the gal - lant drum - mers beat,

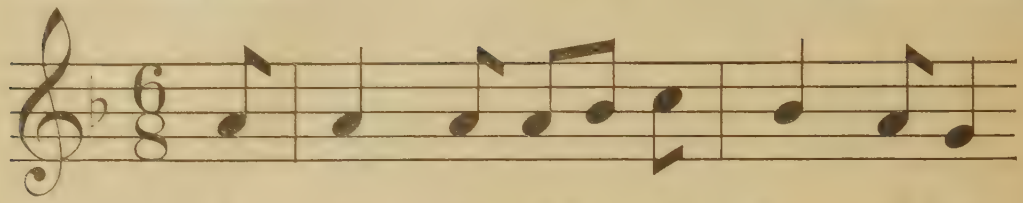


Rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dub.
Rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dub.

A Surprise

(T. M. p. 200)

Harriet Fairchild Blodgett — Friedrich Hegar



1. A lit - tle drop of rain fell down
2. And when he wak - ened up a - gain,

From cloud - land, far and steep,
Now what was his sur - prise

Up - on the mea - dow's gras - sy nest,
To find he was a vi - o - let

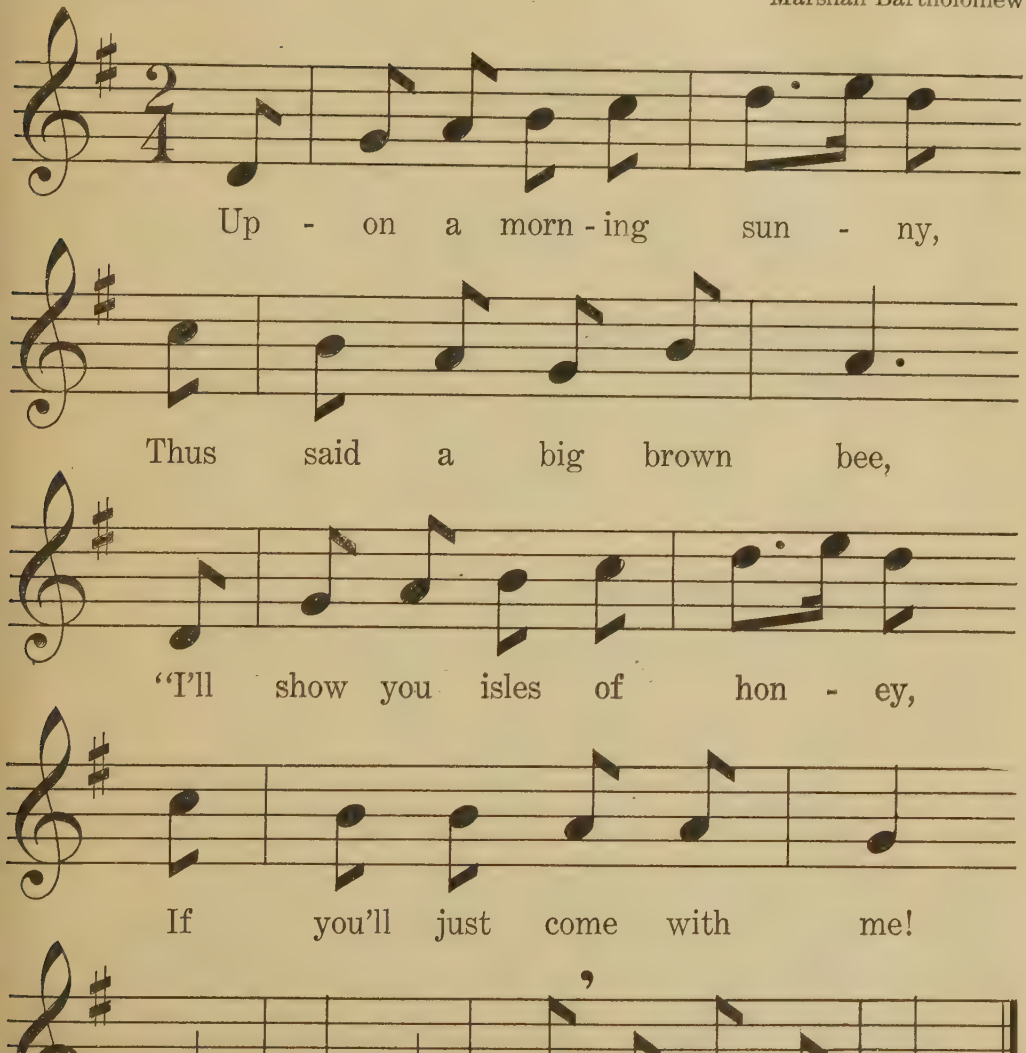
And there he fell a - sleep.
With dew - drops in his eyes!

Upon a Morning Sunny

(T. M. p. 202)

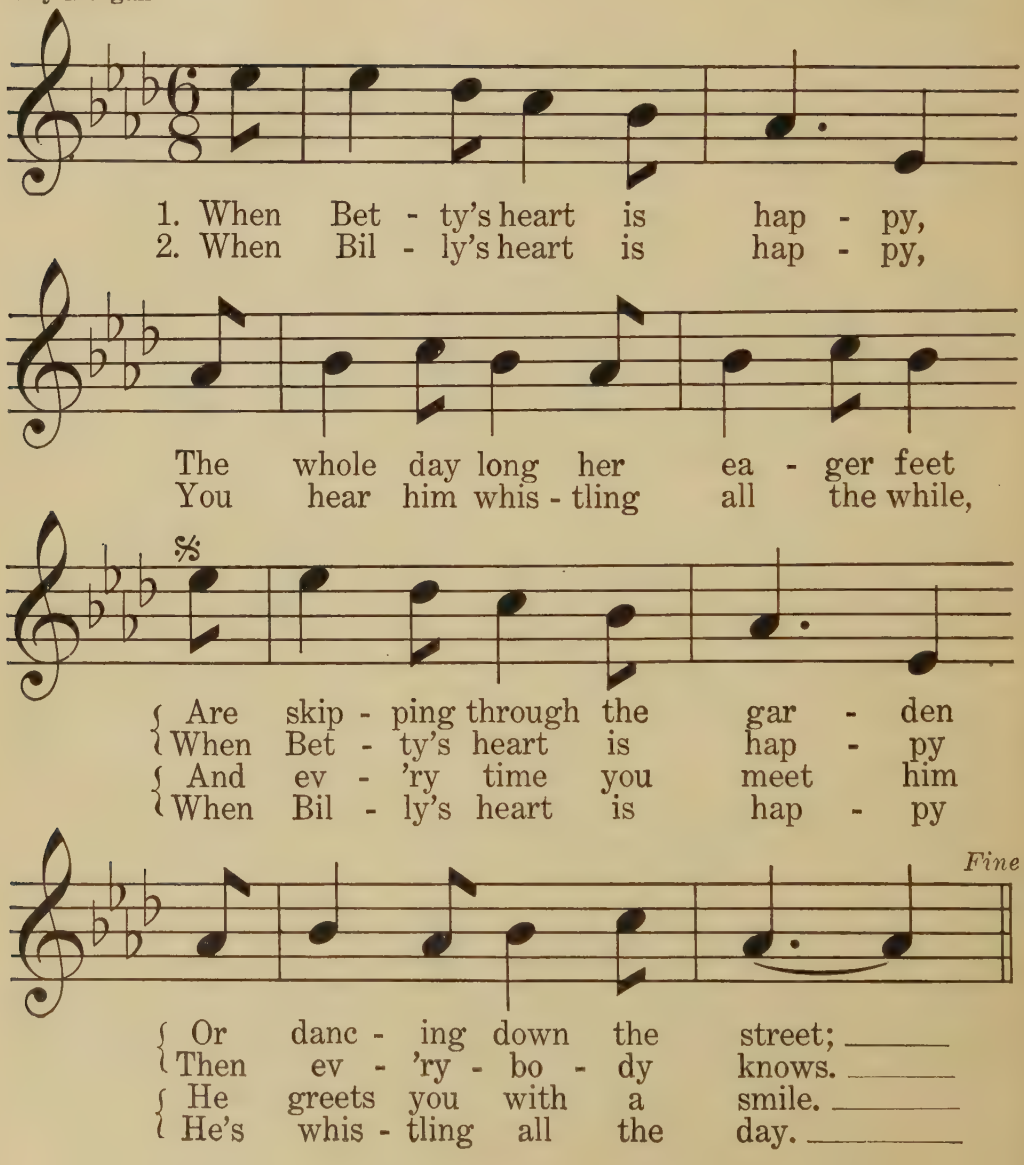
Clinton Scollard

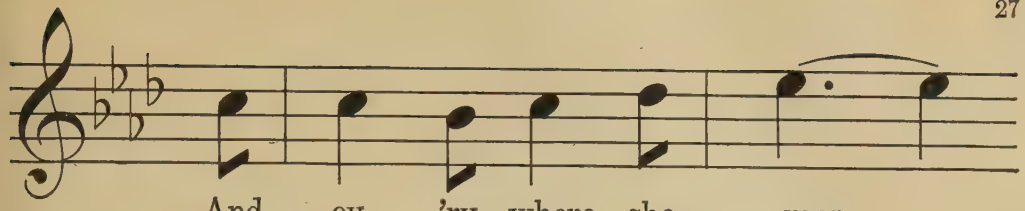
Marshall Bartholomew


Up - on a morn - ing sun - ny,
Thus said a big brown bee,
"I'll show you isles of hon - ey,
If you'll just come with me!
Buzz, buzz, With me; Buzz, buzz, With me!"

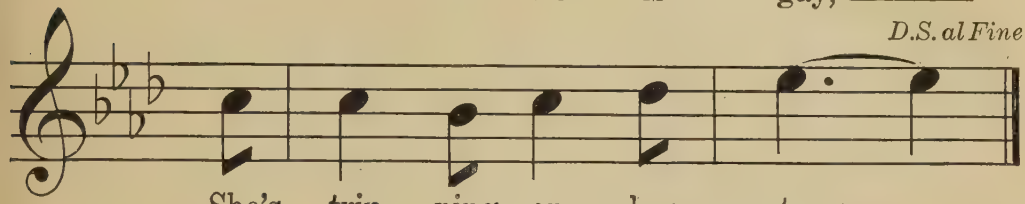
Betty and Billy

(T. M. p. 203)

May Morgan — J. B. T. Weckerlin

1. When Bet - ty's heart is hap - py,
2. When Bil - ly's heart is hap - py,
The whole day long her ea - ger feet
You hear him whis - tling all the while,
%
Are skip - ping through the gar - den
When Bet - ty's heart is hap - py
And ev - 'ry time you meet him
When Bil - ly's heart is hap - py
Fine
Or danc - ing down the street;
Then ev - 'ry - bo - dy knows.
He greets you with a smile.
He's whis - tling all the day.



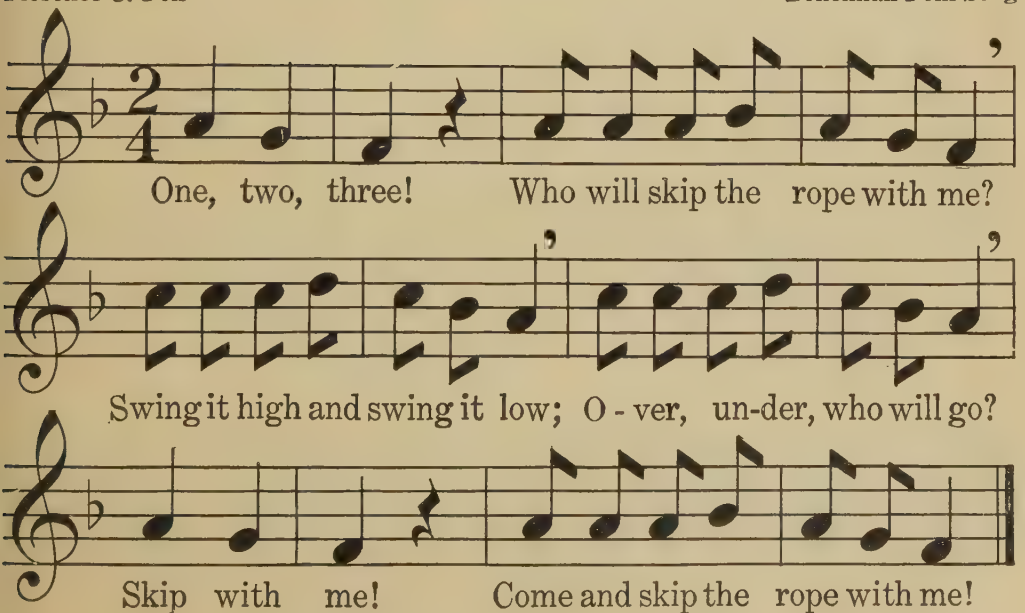
D.S. al Fine



The Skipping Rope

(T. M. p. 204)

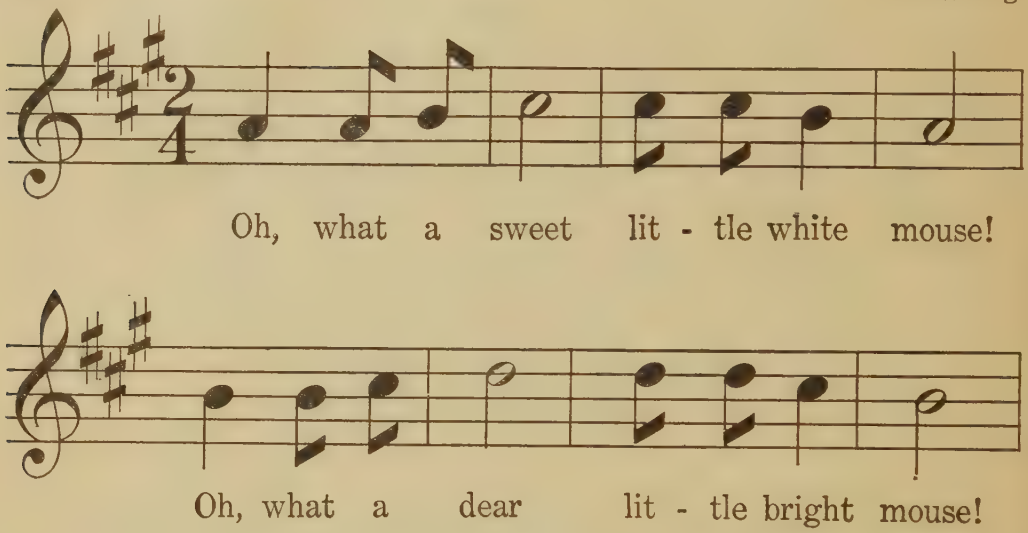
Florence C. Fox — Bohemian Folk Song


One, two, three! Who will skip the rope with me?
Swing it high and swing it low; O - ver, un-der, who will go?
Skip with me! Come and skip the rope with me!

Oh, What a Sweet Little White Mouse

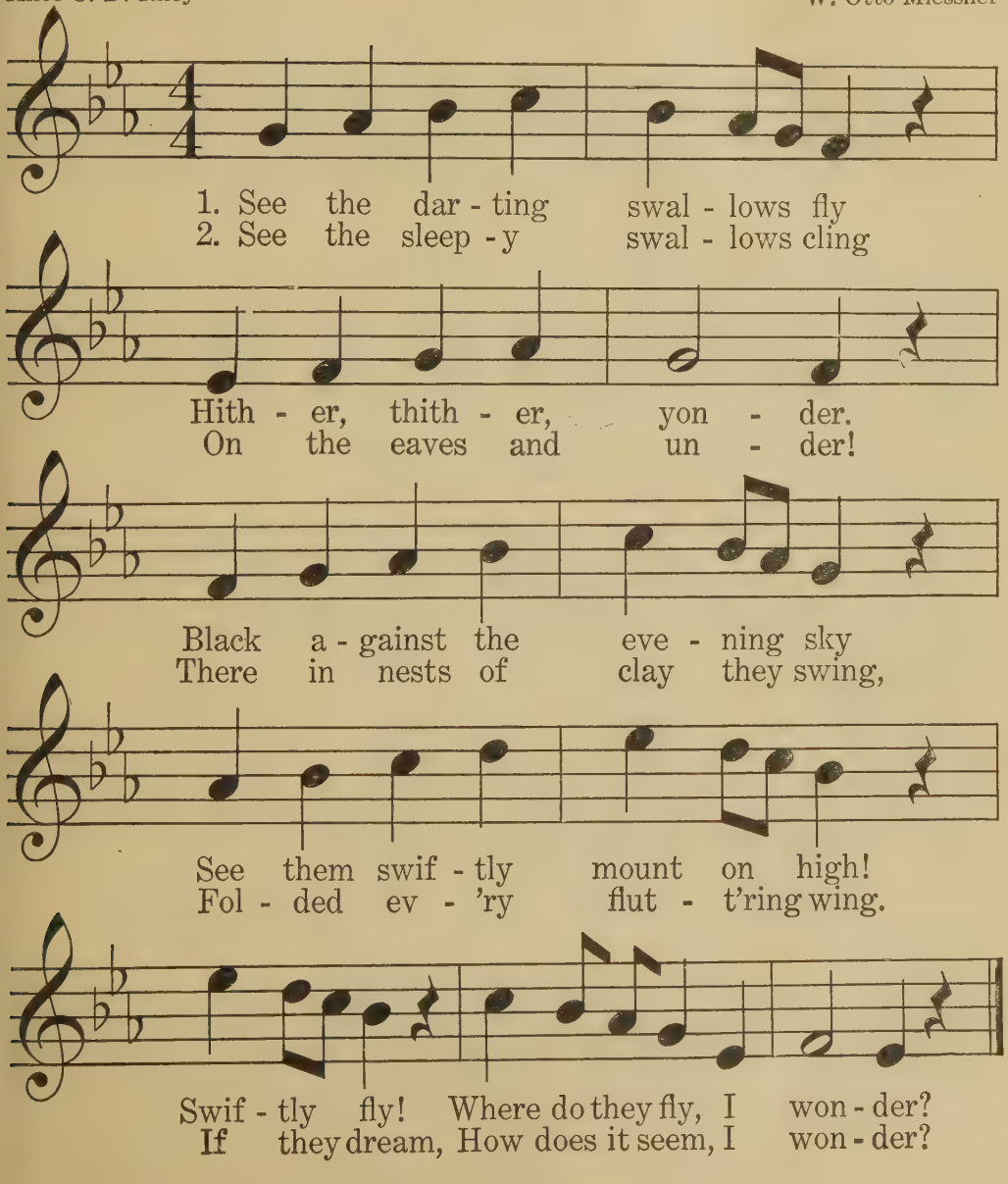
(T. M. p. 204)

Mother Goose — Adolf Weidig


Oh, what a sweet lit - tle white mouse!
Oh, what a dear lit - tle bright mouse!
With his eyes of pink — Go-ing wink-y - wink, —
Oh, what a sweet lit - tle white mouse!

The Swallows

(T. M. p. 205)

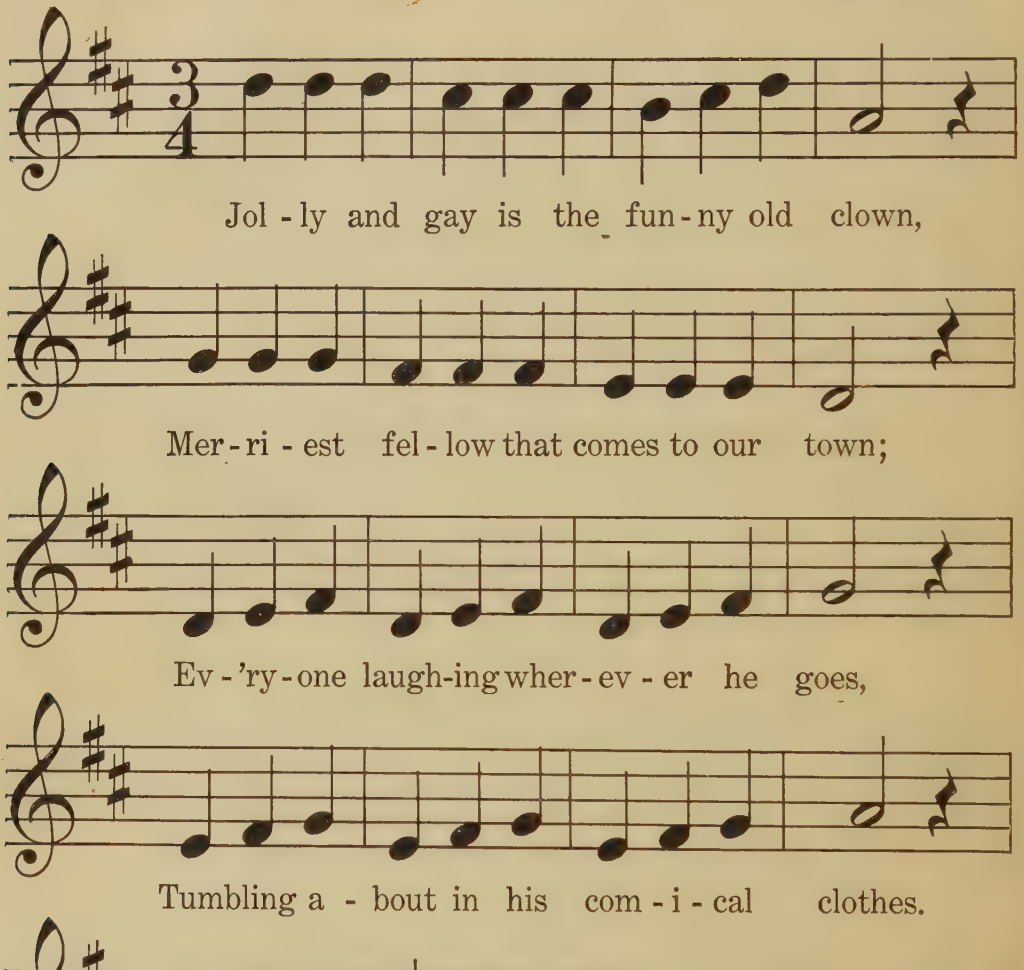
Alice C. D. Riley — W. Otto Miessner

1. See the dar - ting swal - lows fly
2. See the sleep - y swal - lows cling
Hith - er, thith - er, yon - der.
On the eaves and un - der!
Black a - gainst the eve - ning sky
There in nests of clay they swing,
See them swif - tly mount on high!
Fol - ded ev - 'ry flut - t'ring wing.
Swif - tly fly! Where do they fly, I won - der?
If they dream, How does it seem, I won - der?

The Clown

(T. M. p. 206)

Nellie Poorman

French Folk Song

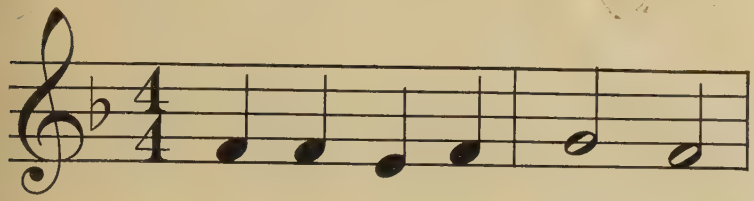

Jol - ly and gay is the fun - ny old clown,
Mer - ri - est fel - low that comes to our town;
Ev - 'ry - one laugh-ing wher - ev - er he goes,
Tumbling a - bout in his com - i - cal clothes.
When I am old e-nough I'll be a clown.

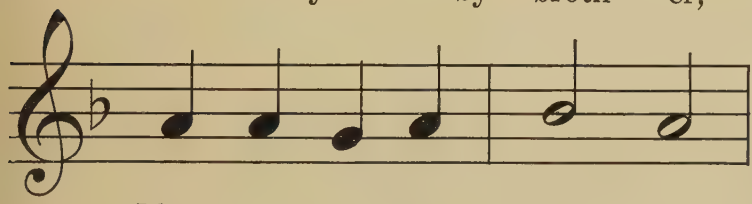
Little Sister's Lullaby

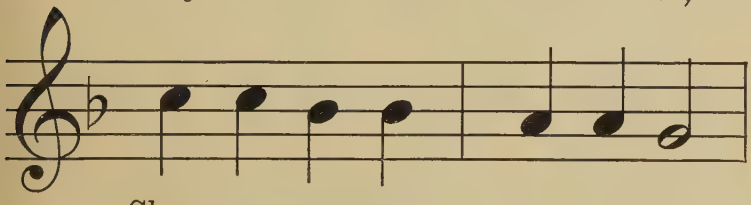
(T. M. p. 206)

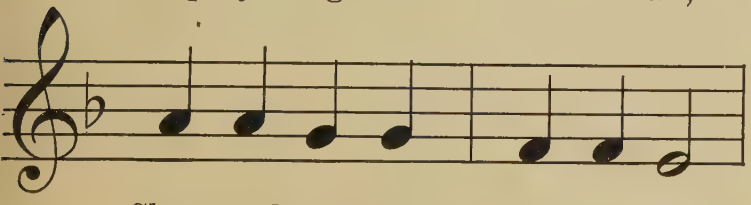
Kate Forman

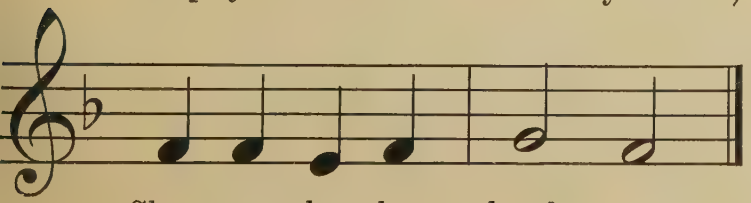
Folk Song







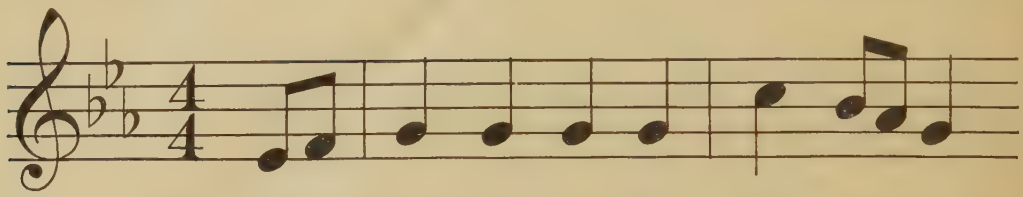




Evening Lights

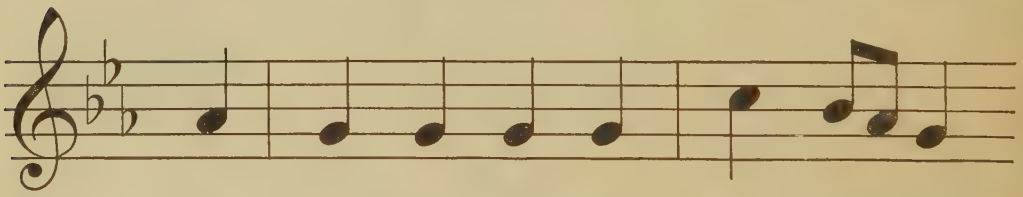
(T. M. p. 207)

Clinton Scollard — Marshall Bartholomew

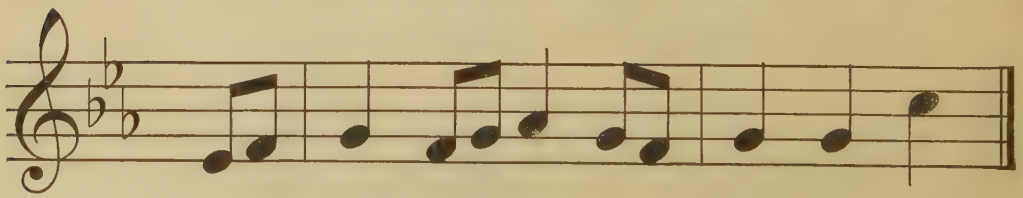


1. The cheer - y fire - flies light the dark,
2. Per - haps the rea - son why they roam,

When all but pus - sy's eyes are blind,
Each with his lit - tle lan - tern light,



Each with his lit - tle lan - tern spark;
Is just to guide the fair - ies home

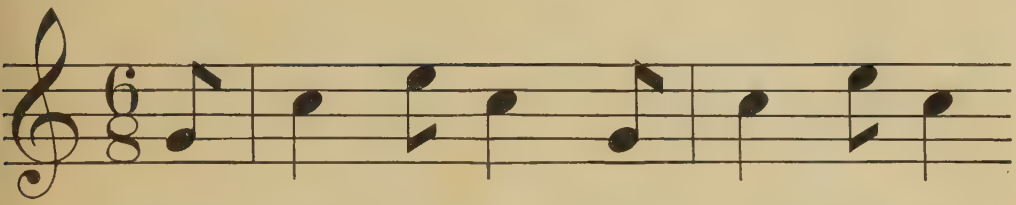


I — won - der what they seek to find!
When they have wan - dered out at night.

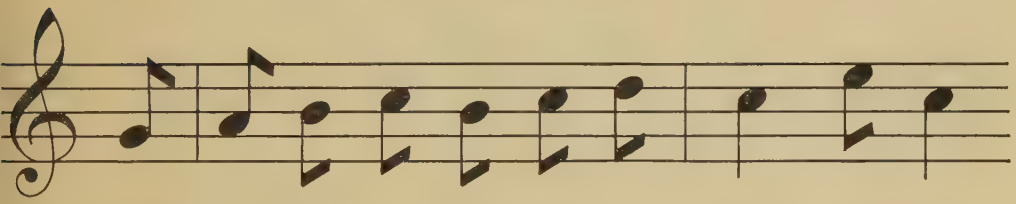
The Circus

(T. M. p. 208)

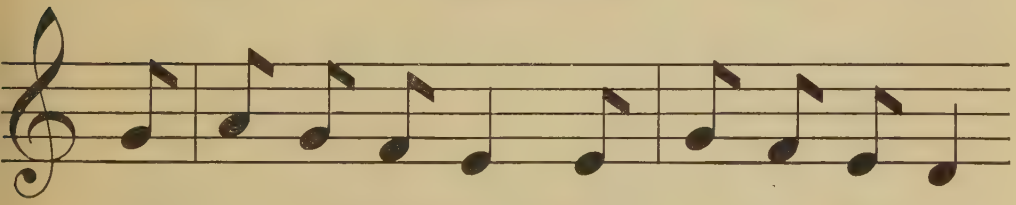
Alice C. D. Riley — Horatio Parker



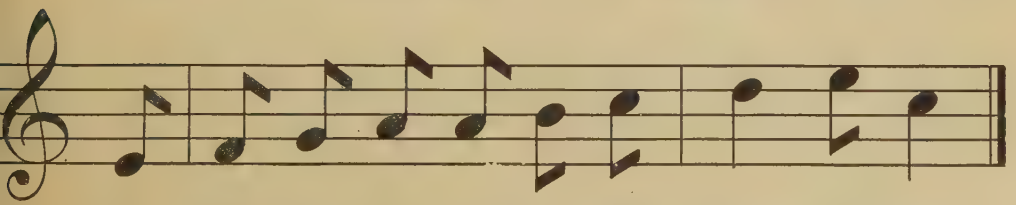
1. The trum - pets blow, the bu - gles play,
2. The tall gi - raffe and ze - bra too,



The cir - cus is com - ing to town to - day!
'Tis hard to be - lieve they are real - ly true.



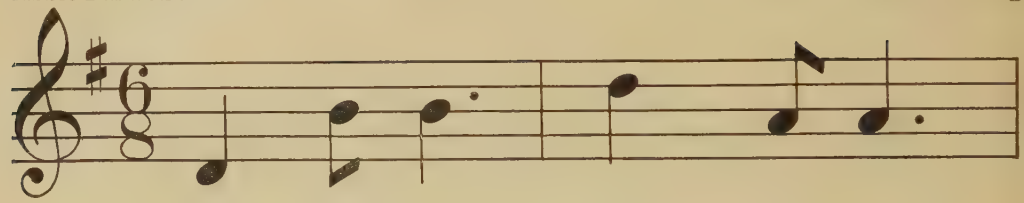
With el - e - phant big, and jol - ly old clown,
The an - i - mals roar and chat - ter and scream;

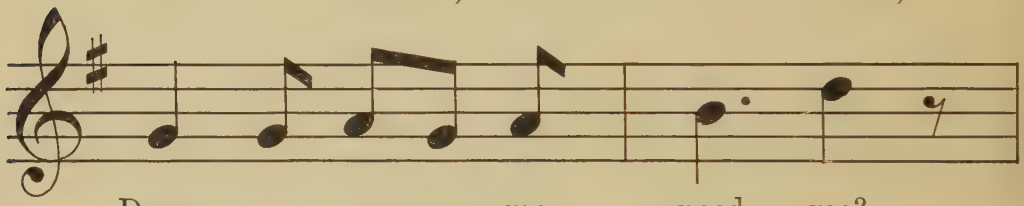


A real - ly live cir - cus has come to town.
It seems like a won - der - ful mag - ic dream.

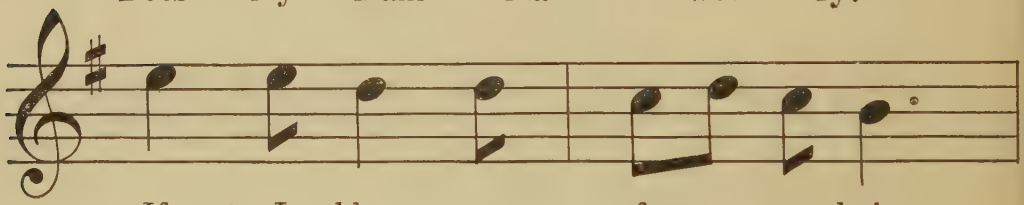
Dandelion

(T. M. p. 208)

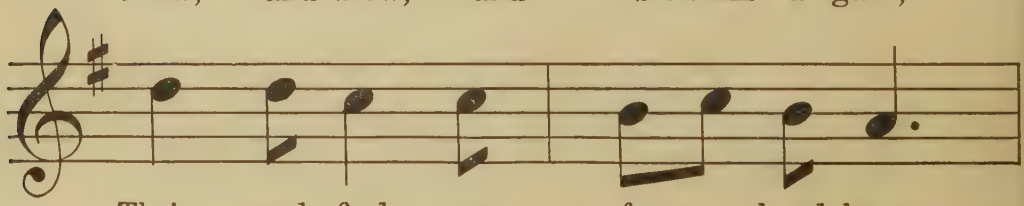
Abbie Farwell Brown — Adolf Weidig

1. Dan - de - lion, tell me true,
2. Dan - de - lion, tell me true,
3. Dan - de - lion, tell me true,



Does my mam - ma need me?
Is my mam - ma griev - ing?
Does my mam - ma wor - ry?



If I blow your fuz - zy hair
Oh, I long to stay — and play
Blow, and blow, and blow — a - gain;



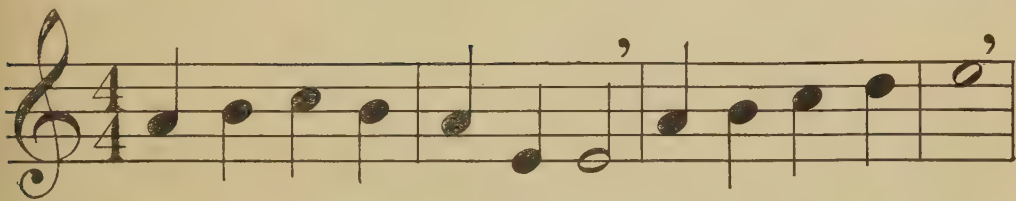
Thrice and find your fore - head bare,
In the mea - dow, if — I may.
Lit - tle fuz - zies still — re - main,

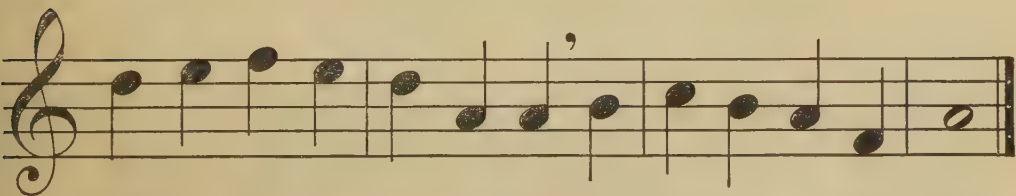
Home the charm ___ shall lead me.
Say, must I _____ be leav - ing?
So I need ___ not hur - ry.

Kind Old Winter

(T. M. p. 209)

Ann Underhill W. Otto Miessner



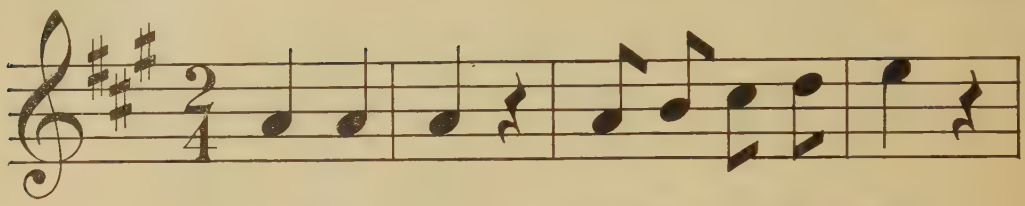
1. When the Sum-mer shuts her eyes, Wicked Autumn Breeze
2. Then they stand so bare and cold In the fros - ty air,
3. Kind old Win - ter pit - ies them, When the tempests blow,

Steals a - way the pret - ty leaves From all the patient trees.
Till old Win - ter comes a - long And finds them shiv'ring there.
So he wraps them snug and warm In cloaks of fur - ry snow.

Playing Soldier

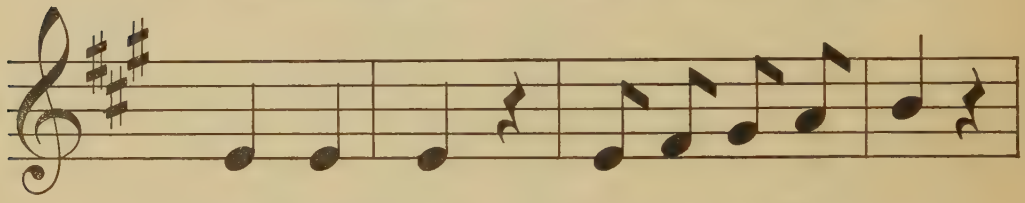
(T. M. p. 209)

Nellie Poorman

Nellie Poorman



1. Boom, boom, boom! Hear the stir-ring drum.
2. Bang, bang, bang! Such a nois-y gun!



Boom, boom, boom! See the sol-diers come.
Bang, bang, bang! He-roes do not run.

Flags a - wav - ing, Dan - ger brav - ing,
Loud - ly cheer - ing, Nev - er fear - ing,

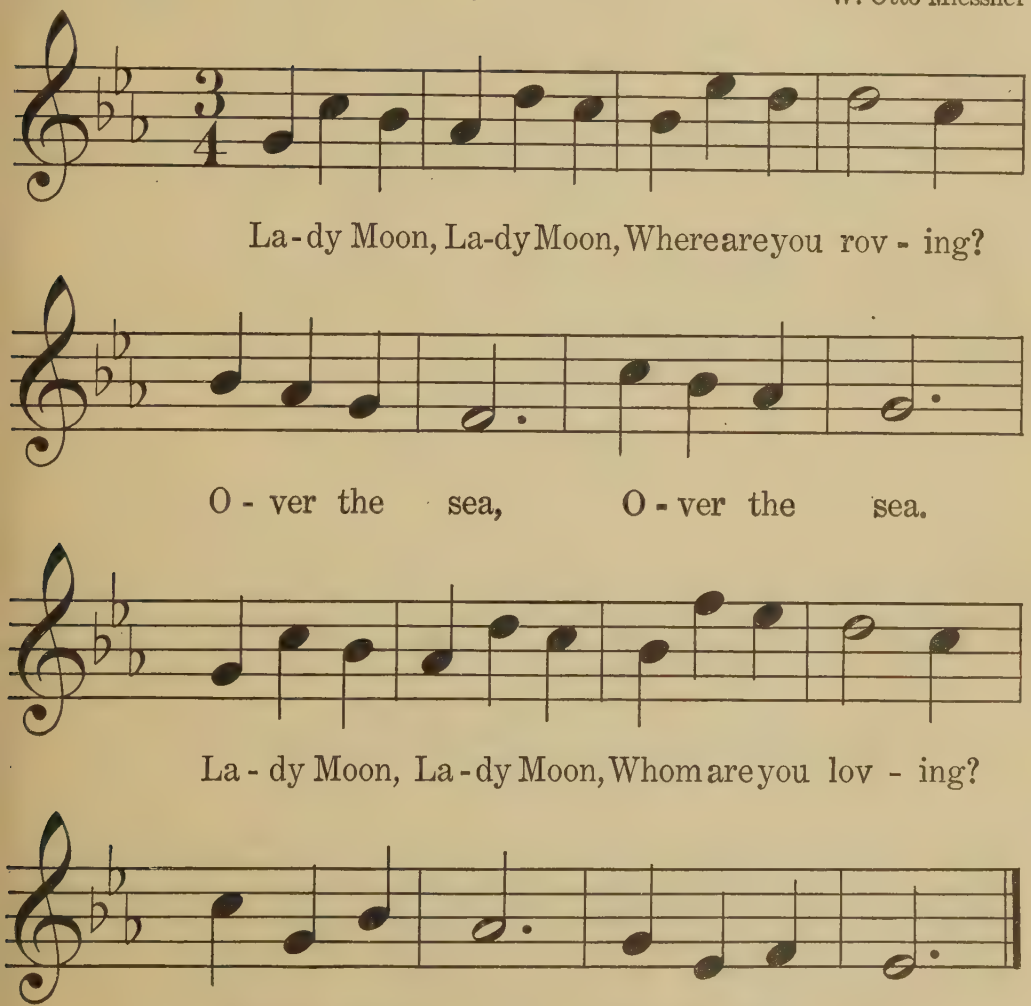
Boom, boom, boom! How the bul - lets hum!
Bang, bang, bang! Now the bat - tle's won!

Lady Moon

(T. M. p. 210)

Lord Houghton

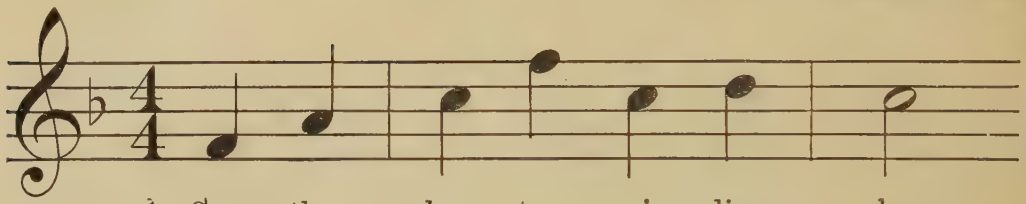
W. Otto Miessner


La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, Where are you rov - ing?
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea.
La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, Whom are you lov - ing?
All that love me, All that love me.

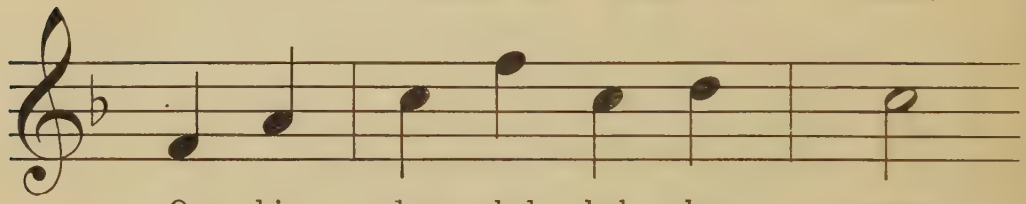
The Little Huntsman

(T. M. p. 210)

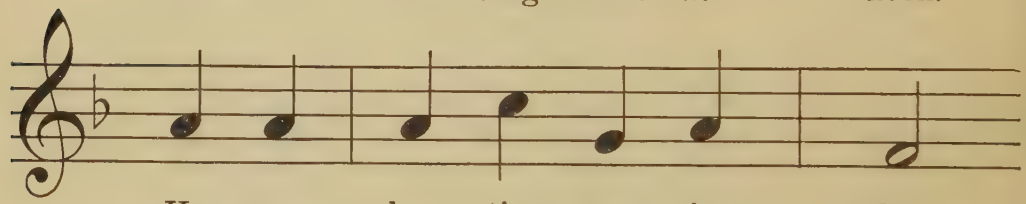
From the French French Folk Song



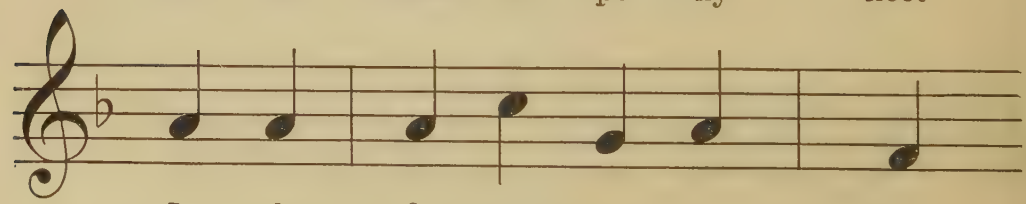
1. See the hun - ter ri - ding by,
2. On his arm he bears a gun,
3. He re - turns to Moth - er soon,



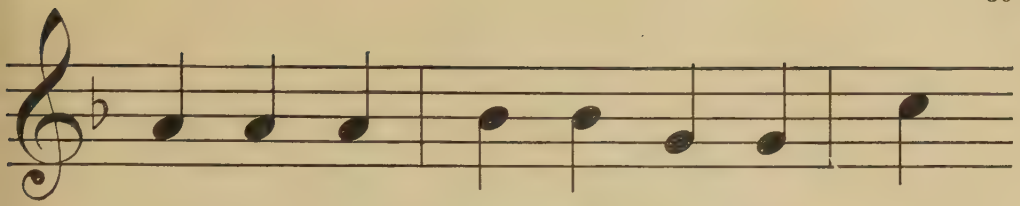
On his dap - pled hob - by spry;
Squir - rels scam - per, rab - bits run;
Comes a - ri - ding home at noon.

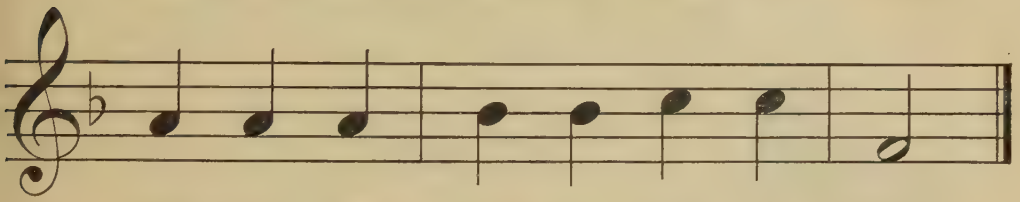


He goes hun - ting ev - 'ry day
Hid - den ev - 'ry feath - ered thing,
Hun - ter brave and po - ny fleet



In the for - est far a - way.
Not a note they dare to sing.
Stop a - while to rest and eat.

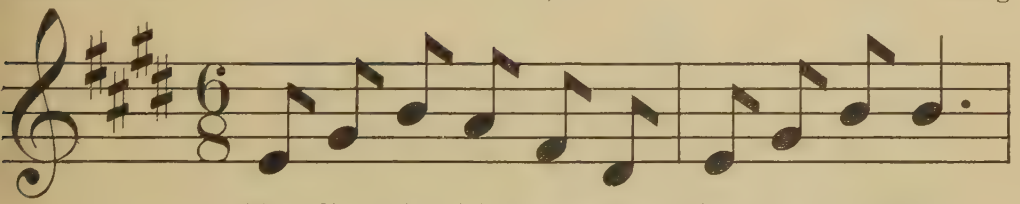


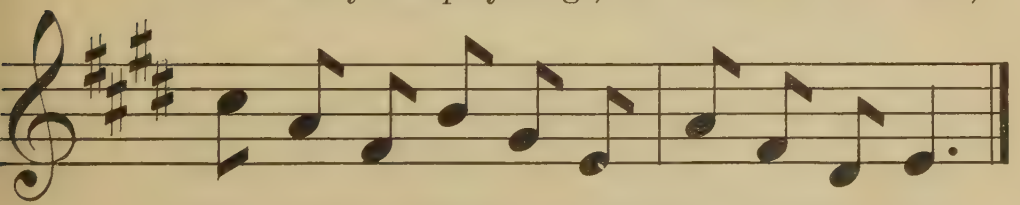


Kittens

(T. M. p. 211)

Anna M. Pratt — Adolf Weidig


1. Six lit - tle kit - tens Are bu - sy at play,
2. Two have white no - ses, And one has white paws;
3. Now they are playthings, The dear lit - tle cats;

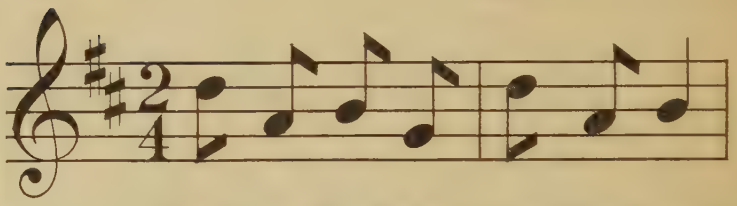

Three of them black ones And three of them gray.
All have long whis-kers, And all have sharp claws.
When they grow big - ger They'll frigh-ten the rats.

False Alarm

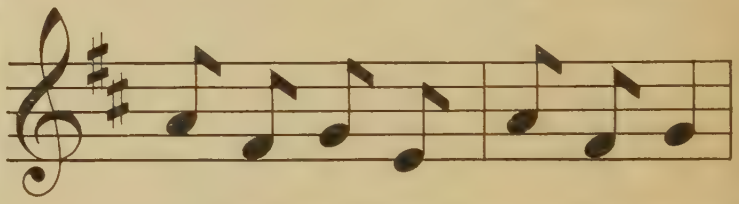
(T. M. p. 212)

Florence C. Fox

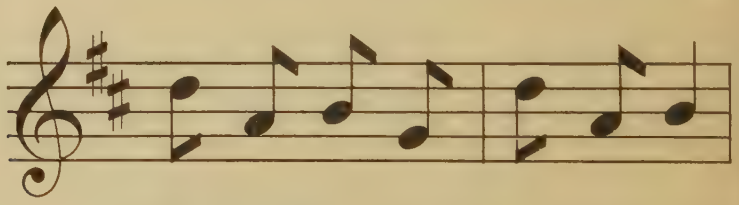
Marshall Bartholomew

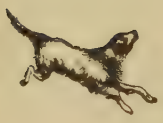


1. Hear the fire bells, "Ding, ding, dong!"
2. Hear the fire bells, "Ding, ding, dong!"

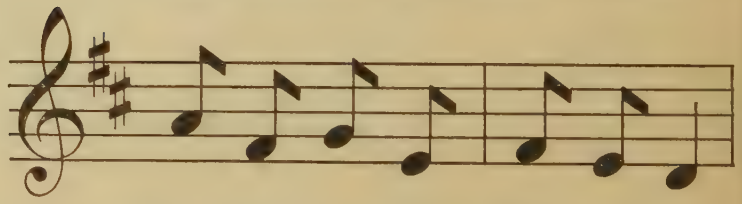


Up the street there's something wrong;
All the peo - ple rush a - long;

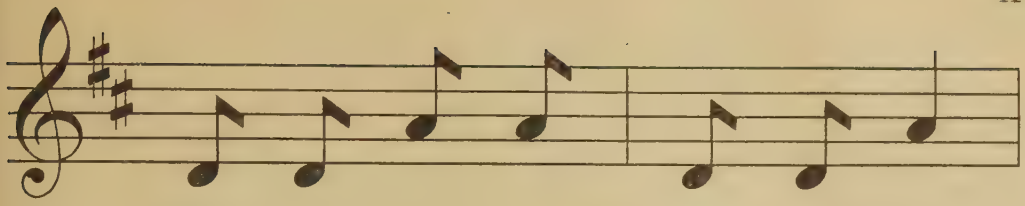




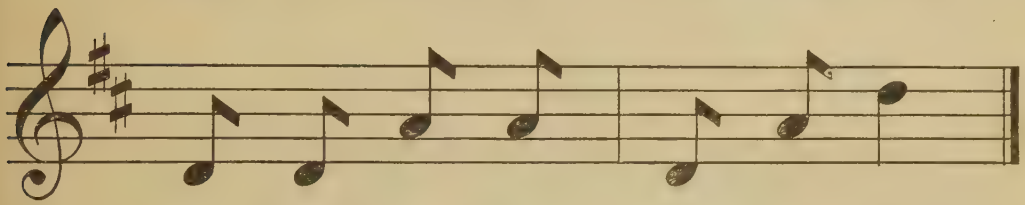
Fire - men shout, "Look out, look out!"
"Clear the track, They're com - ing back!"



"Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong!"
"Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong!"



"Num - ber nine!" the fire bells ring,
"False a - larm!" the fire bells ring,

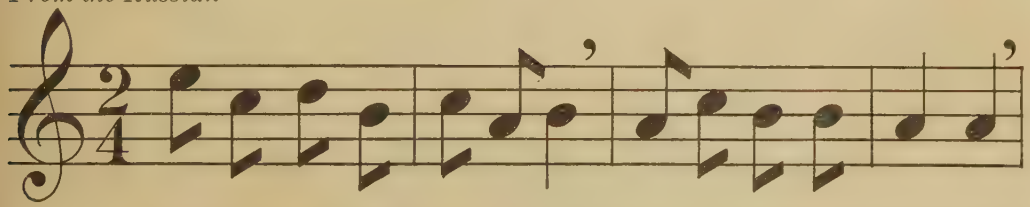


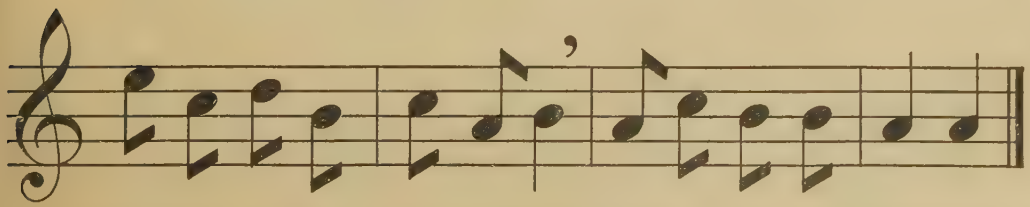
"Ding, ding, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding!"

Snowflakes

(T. M. p. 212)

Margaret Aliona Dole
From the Russian

Russian Folk Song

Snowflakes, snowflakes, ev-'rywhere, Gay as laughing sunbeams!

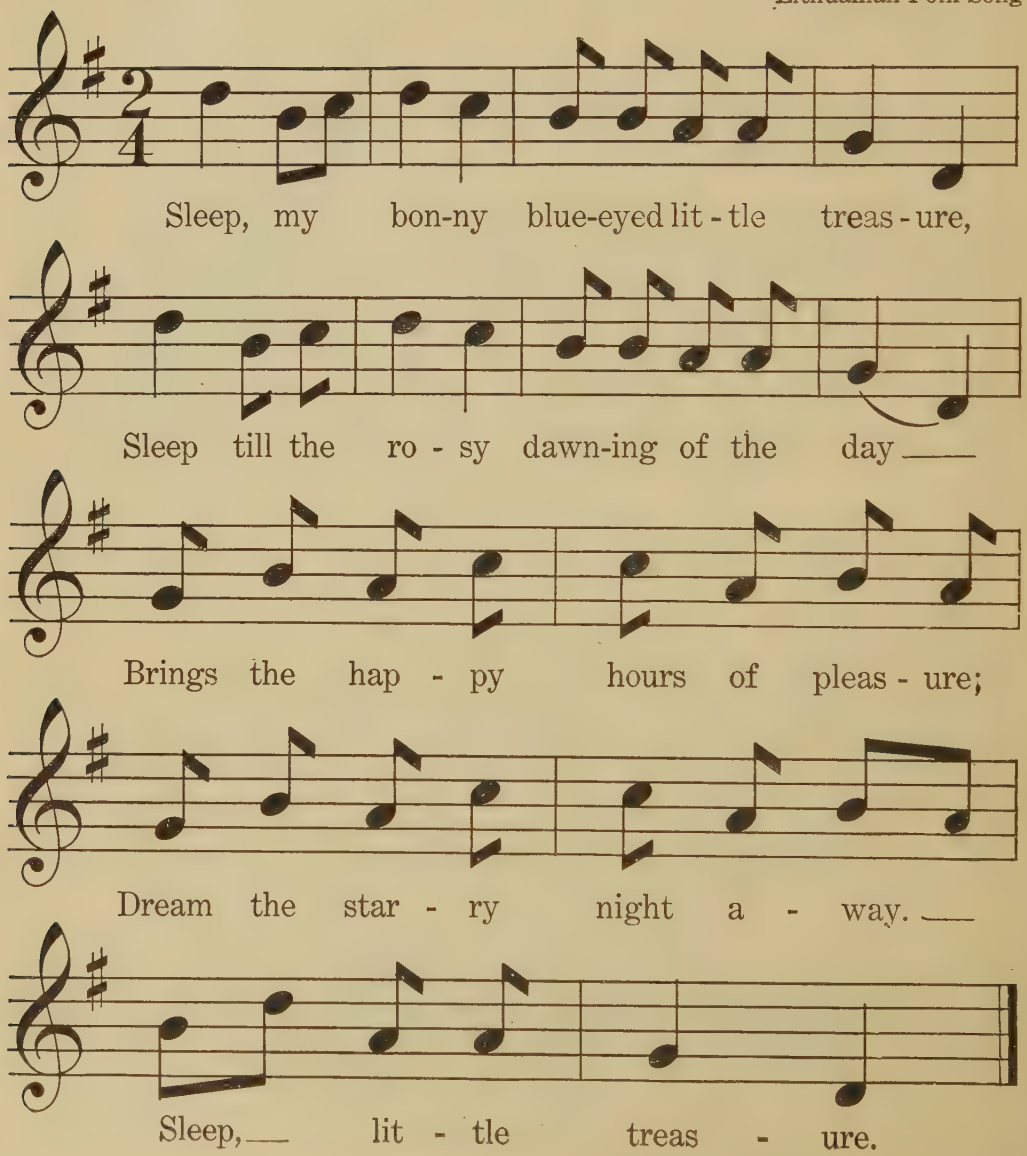


Danc-ing, danc-ing in the air; Turning in - to tear-drops!

Sleep, Little Treasure

(T. M. p. 213)

Lithuanian Folk Song

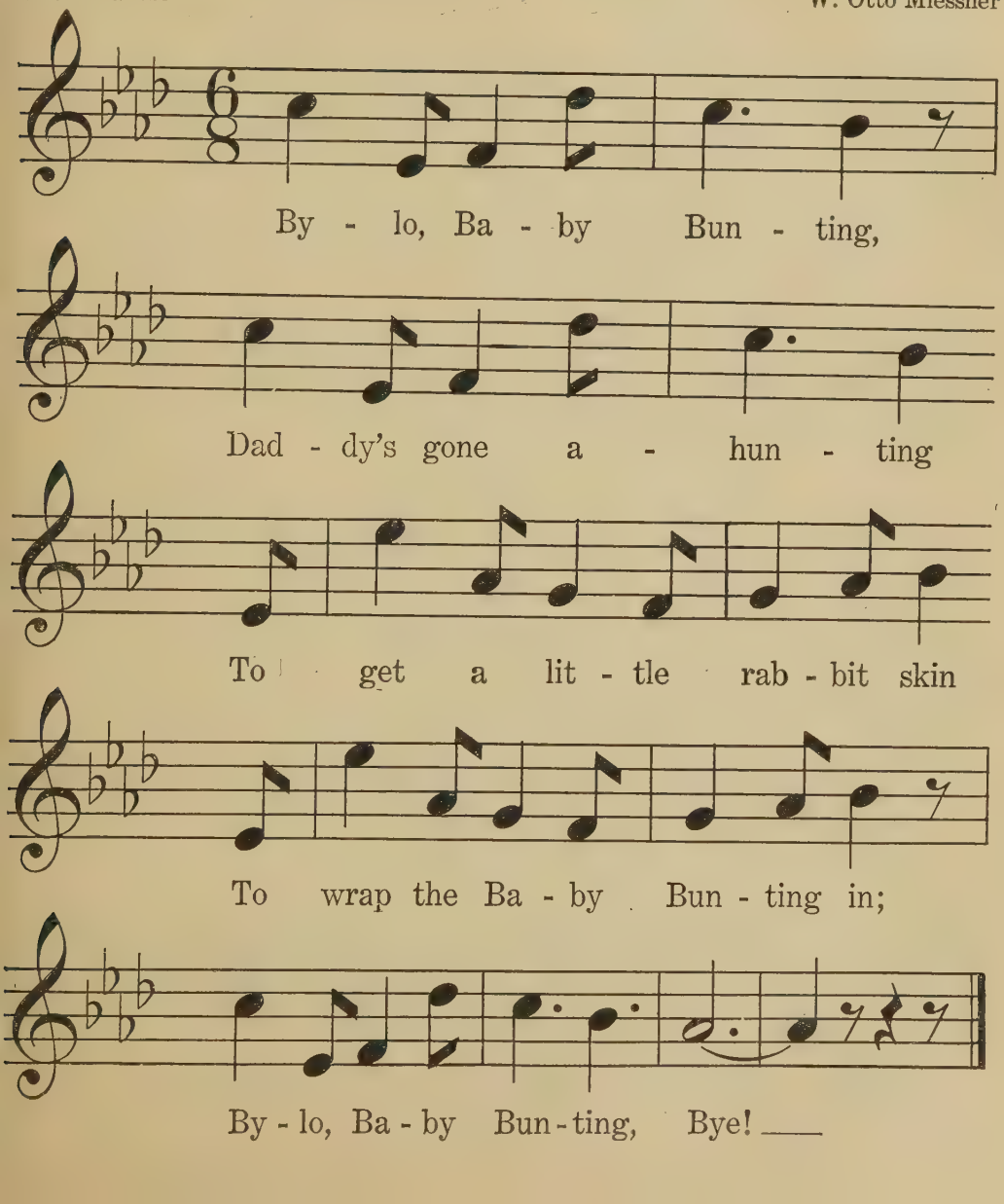

Sleep, my bon-ny blue-eyed lit-tle treas-ure,
Sleep till the ro-sy dawn-ing of the day
Brings the hap-py hours of pleas-ure;
Dream the star-ry night a-way.
Sleep, lit-tle treas-ure.

Bylo, Baby Bunting

(T. M. p. 214)

Mother Goose

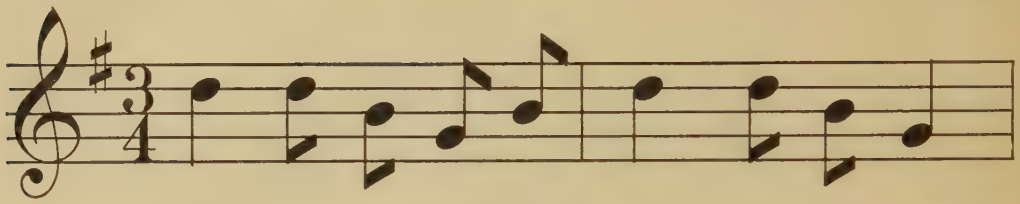
W. Otto Miessner



In Wooden Shoes

(T. M. p. 214)

M. Louise Baum — Swedish Folk Song

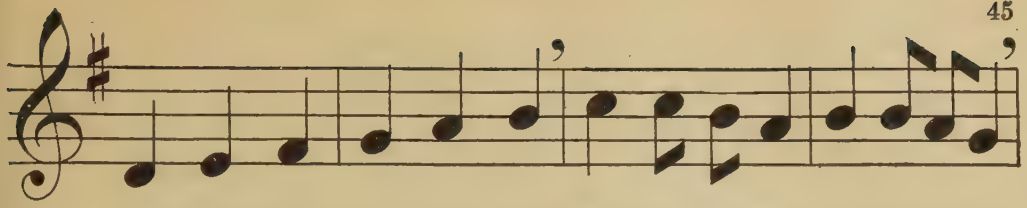


1. Come join our dance and swing to our rhyme;
2. Bob, then, and bow and curt - sey with me,

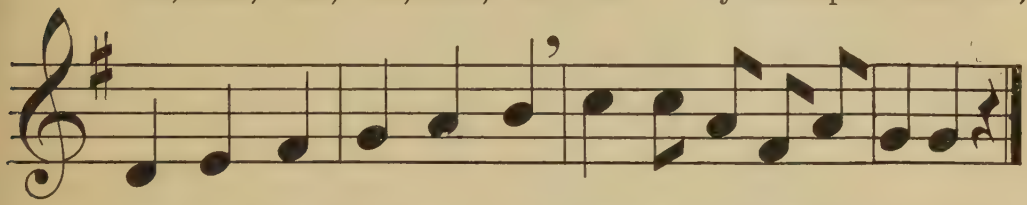
Now all ad - vance and tap to the time;
Stam - ping it now with one, two, and three;

Sing, swing, and glance, our voic - es a - chime,
Yes, that is how we're foot - ing it free,

While wood - en shoes are tap - ping.
While wood - en shoes are tap - ping.



Click, clack, clack, click, clack, clack! Hear ev - 'ry shoe tap loud and true;

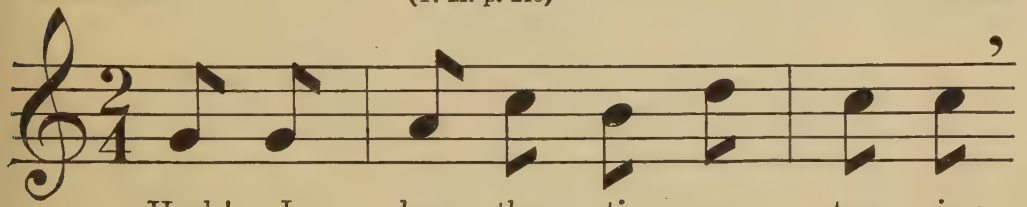


Click, clack, clack, click, clack, clack! Hear how the shoes are tap-ping.

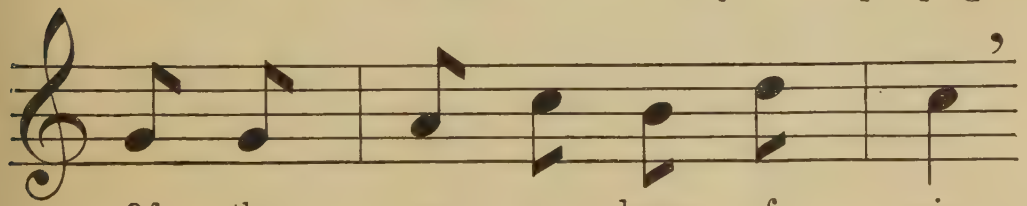
Raindrops

(T. M. p. 215)

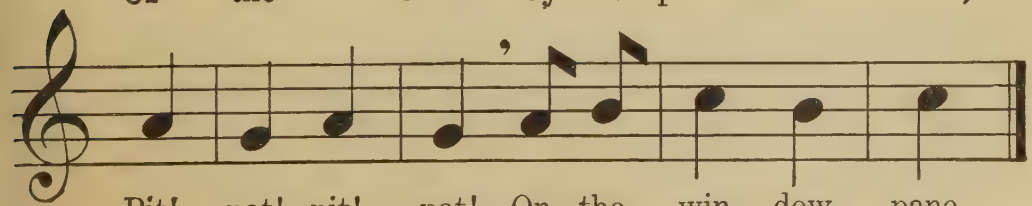
Virginia Baker — J. B. T. Weckerlin



Hark! I hear the ti - ny tap - ping



Of the mer - ry drops of rain;

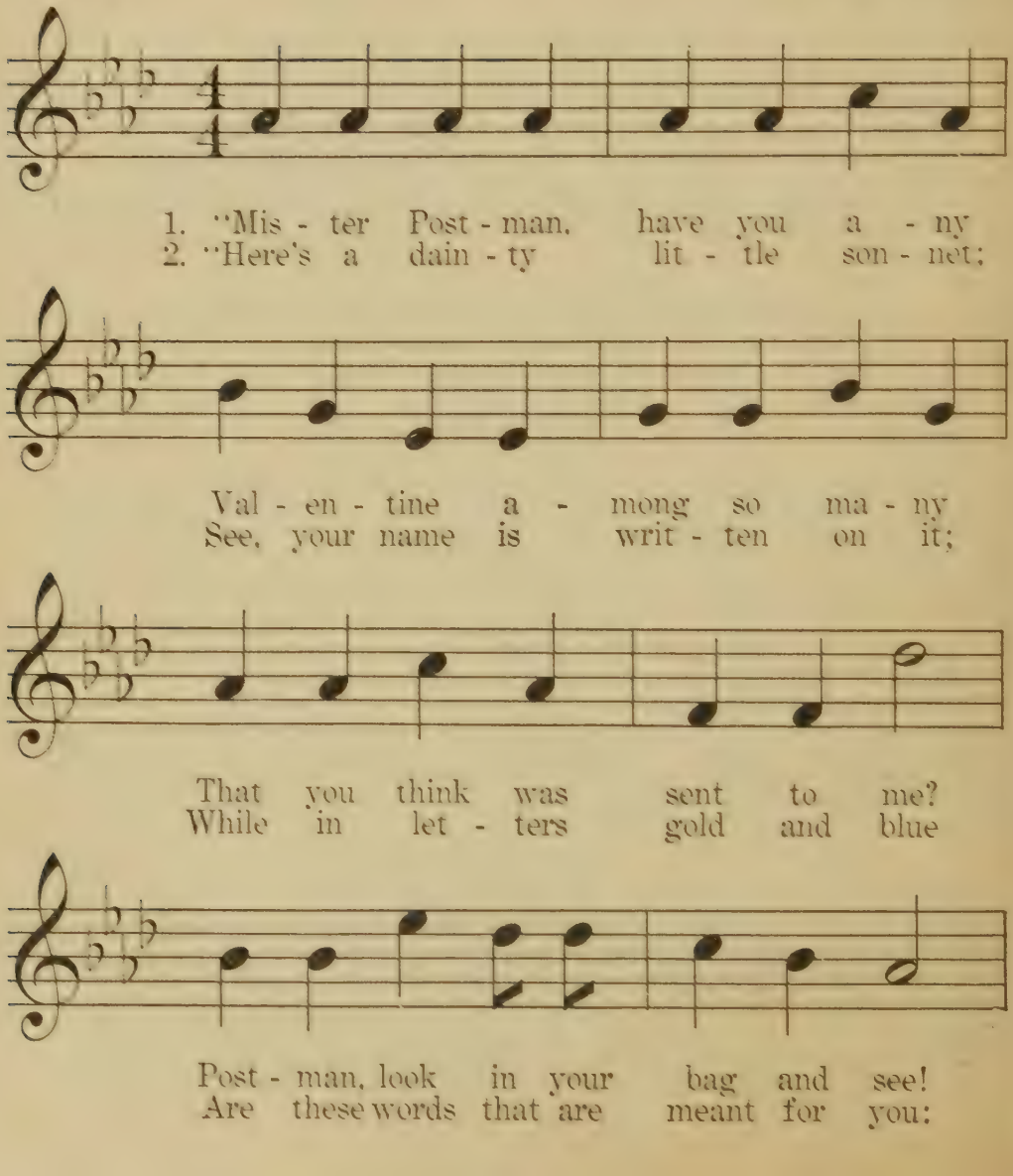


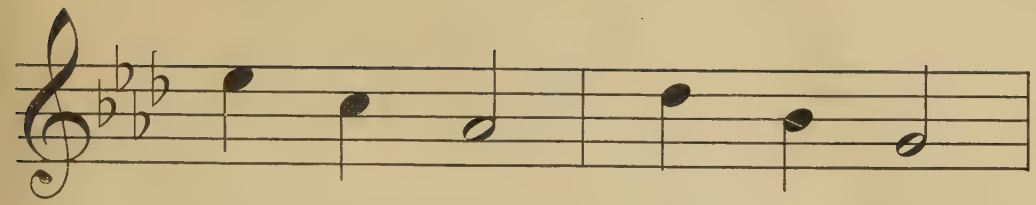
Pit! pat! pit! pat! On the win - dow - pane.

Valentine Song

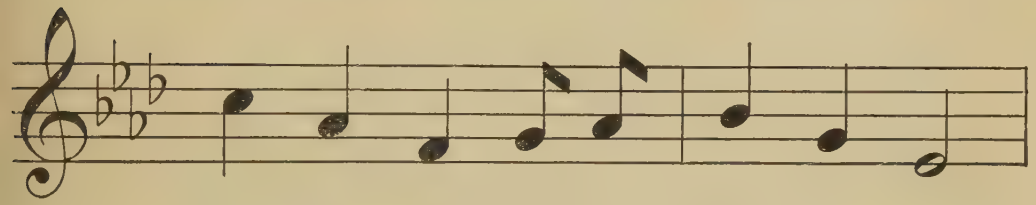
(T. M. p. 216)

Florence C. Fox — English Folk Song

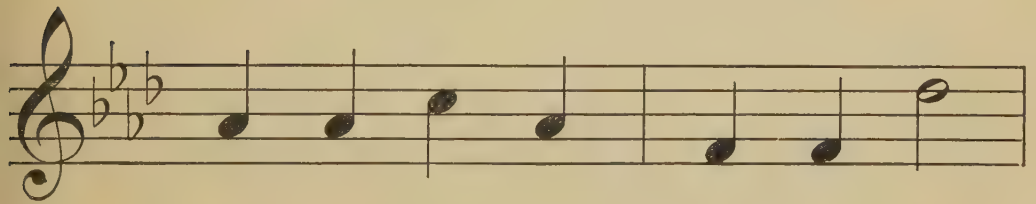

1. "Mis - ter Post - man, have you a - ny
2. "Here's a dain - ty lit - tle son - net;
Val - en - tine a - mong so ma - ny
See, your name is writ - ten on it;
That you think was sent to me?
While in let - ters gold and blue
Post - man, look in your bag and see!
Are these words that are meant for you:



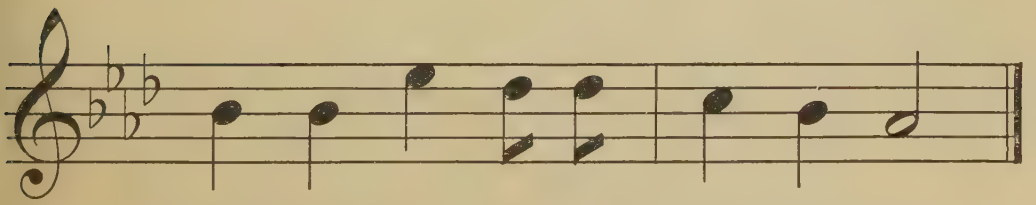
Val - en - tine, Val - en - tine,
'Val - en - tine, Val - en - tine,



Is there one that you know is mine?
Be my own lit - tle val - en - tine!'



Post - man, please to look and see
This I know was sent to you



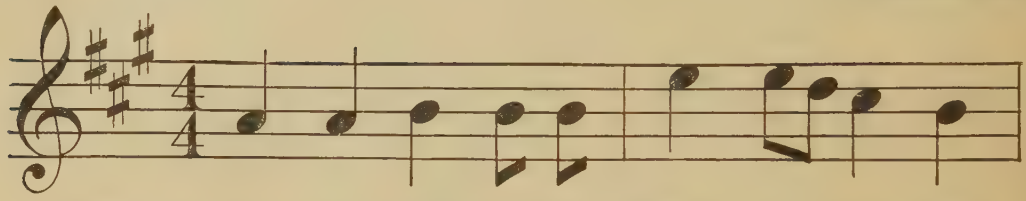
If there's one in your bag for me."
From a friend who is tried and true."

Will You Come With Me

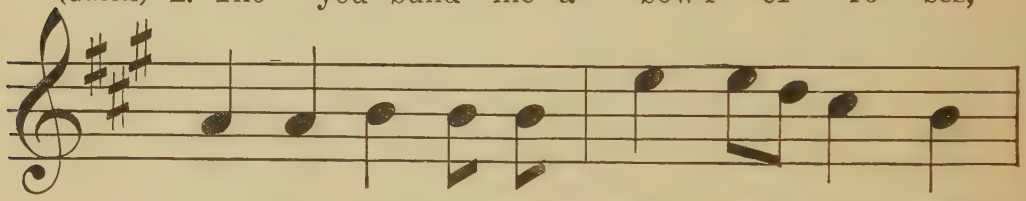
ACTION SONG*

(T. M. p. 217)

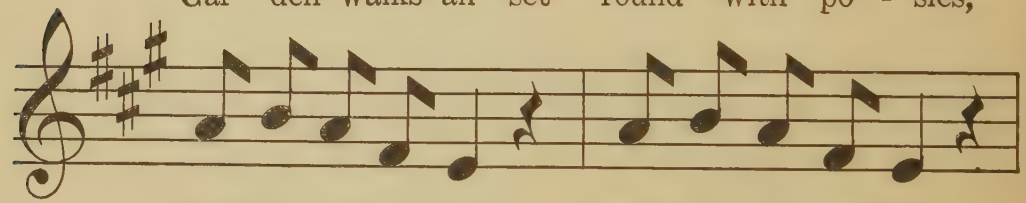
Alice C. D. Riley — Old English Song



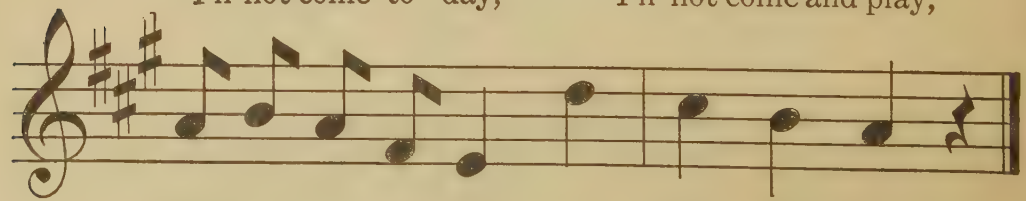
(*Hosts*) 1. If I build you a bow'r of ro - ses,
(*Guests*) 2. Tho' you build me a bow'r of ro - ses,



Gar - den walks all set round with po - sies,
Gar - den walks all set round with po - sies,



Will you come and play, Will you come to - day,
I'll not come to - day, I'll not come and play,

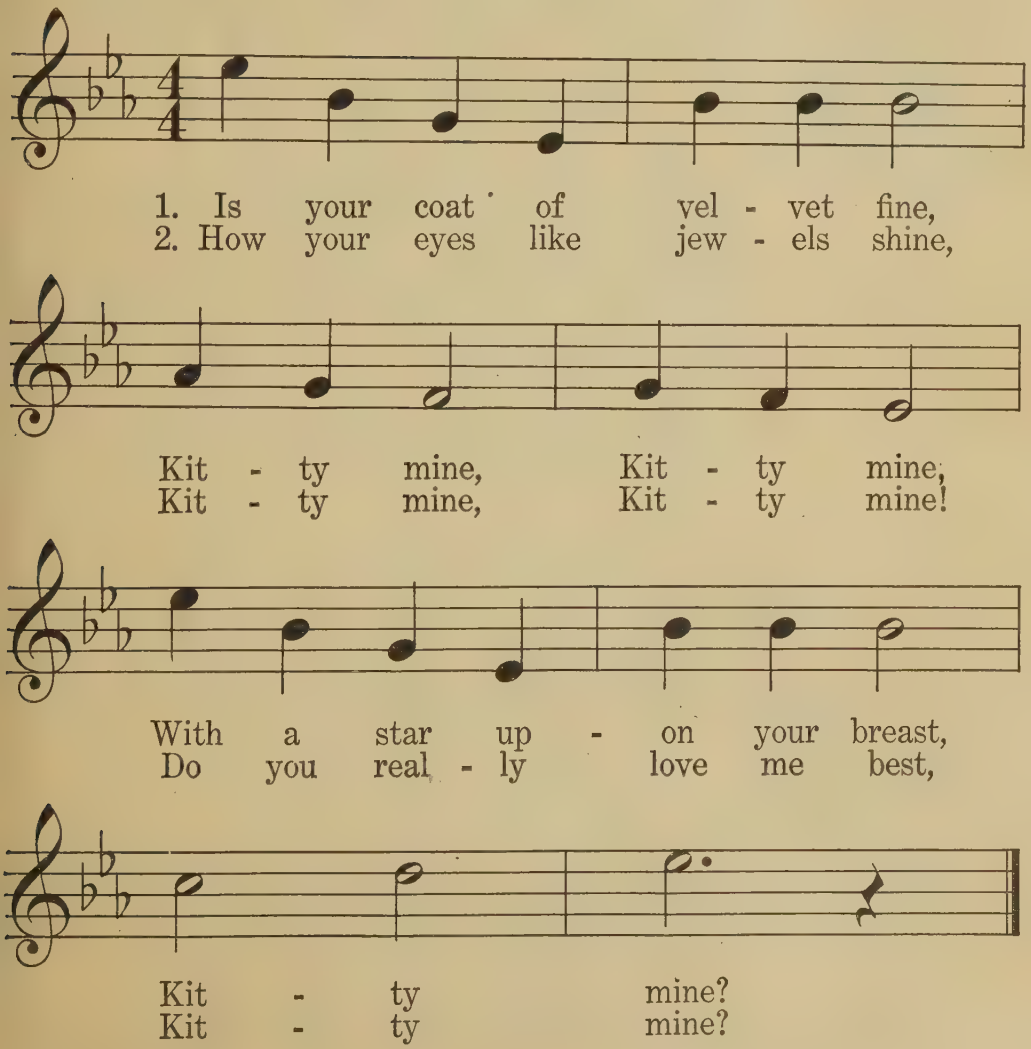


Will you come to - day and play with me?
I'll not come to - day and play with you.

* *Directions and additional stanzas in the Teacher's Manual*

Kitty Mine

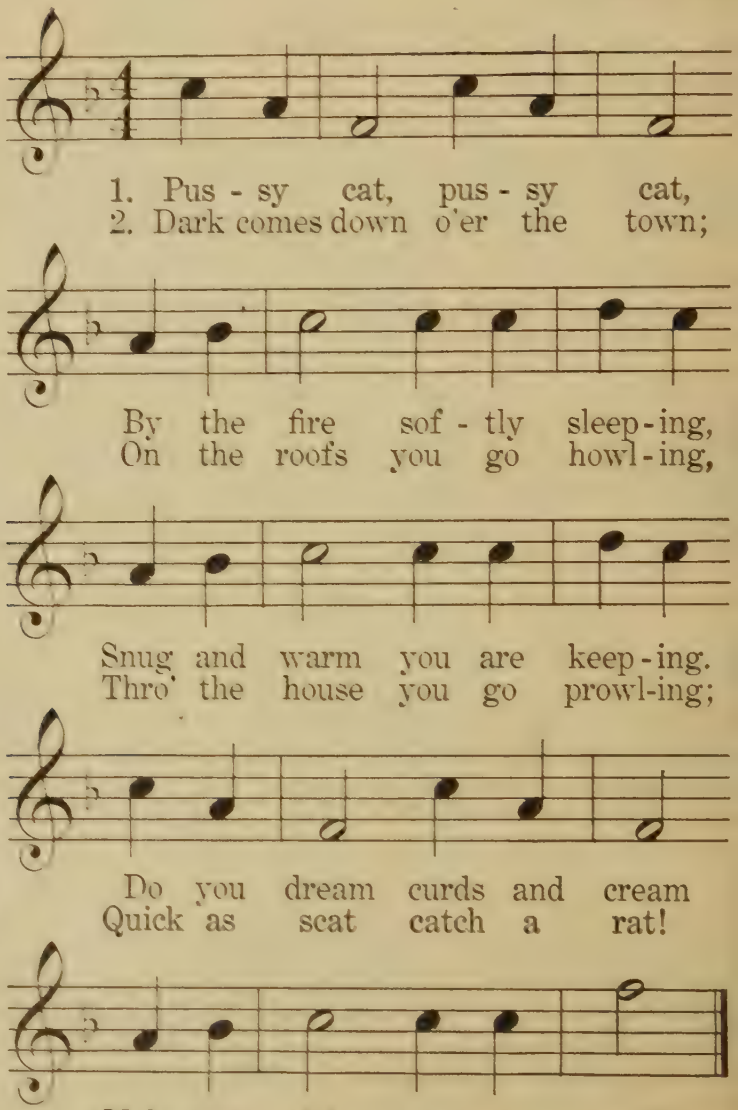
Laurence Alma-Tadema | W. Otto Miessner


1. Is your coat of vel - vet fine,
2. How your eyes like jew - els shine,
Kit - ty mine, Kit - ty mine,
Kit - ty mine, Kit - ty mine!
With a star up - on your breast,
Do you real - ly love me best,
Kit - ty mine?
Kit - ty mine?

Before and After Dark

(T. M. p. 218)

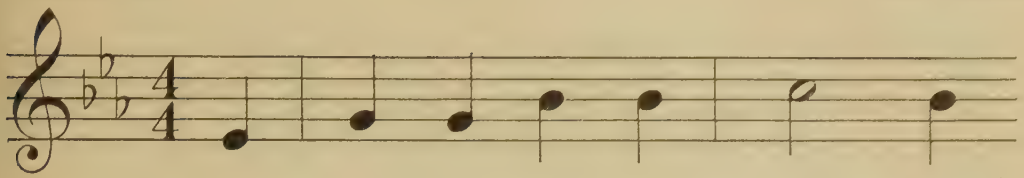
Alice C. D. Riley — Laure Collin


1. Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat,
2. Dark comes down o'er the town;
By the fire sof - tly sleep - ing,
On the roofs you go howl - ing,
Snug and warm you are keep - ing.
Thro' the house you go prowl-ing;
Do you dream curds and cream
Quick as scat catch a rat!
Make you fat, pus - sy cat?
Think of that, pus - sy cat!

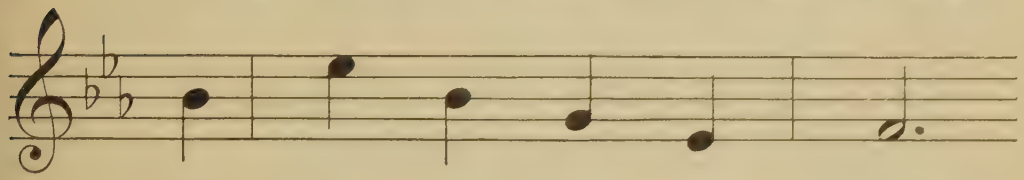
The Airship

(T. M. p. 218)

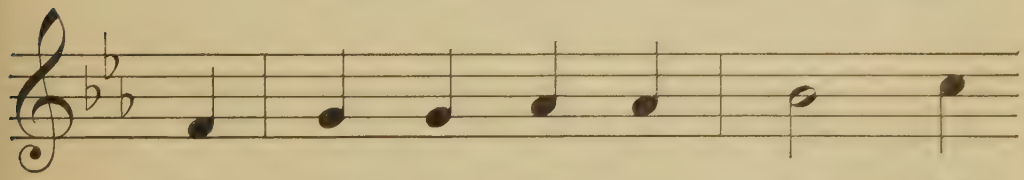
Virginia Baker — Adolf Weidig



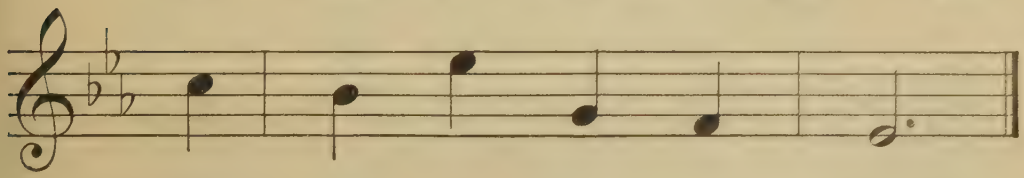
1. I saw a fair - y air - ship
2. The sau - cy lit - tle bird - man
3. And then, a - cross the mea - dow,



Go floa - ting down the lane;
Looked like an elf, in - deed;
He steered his air - ship, light,



The breez - es bore it up - ward,
I asked, "What is your name, sir?"
And soon, a - mong the gras - ses,

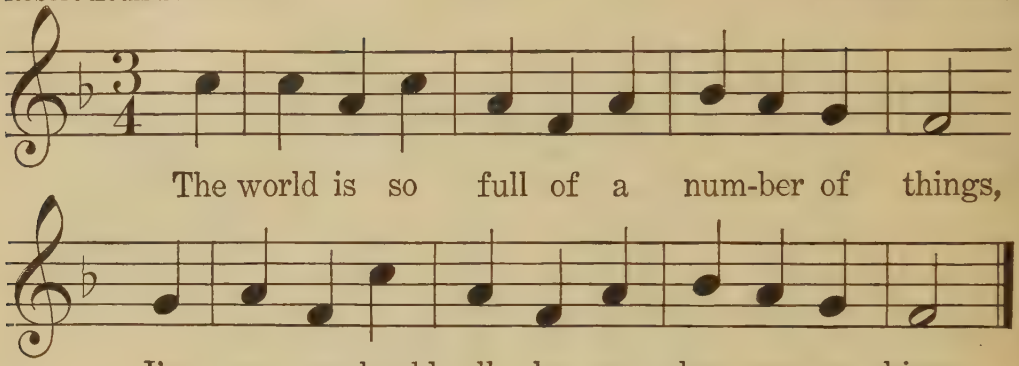


Then let it down a - gain.
He an - swered, "This - tle Seed."
It dis - ap - peared from sight.

Happy Thought

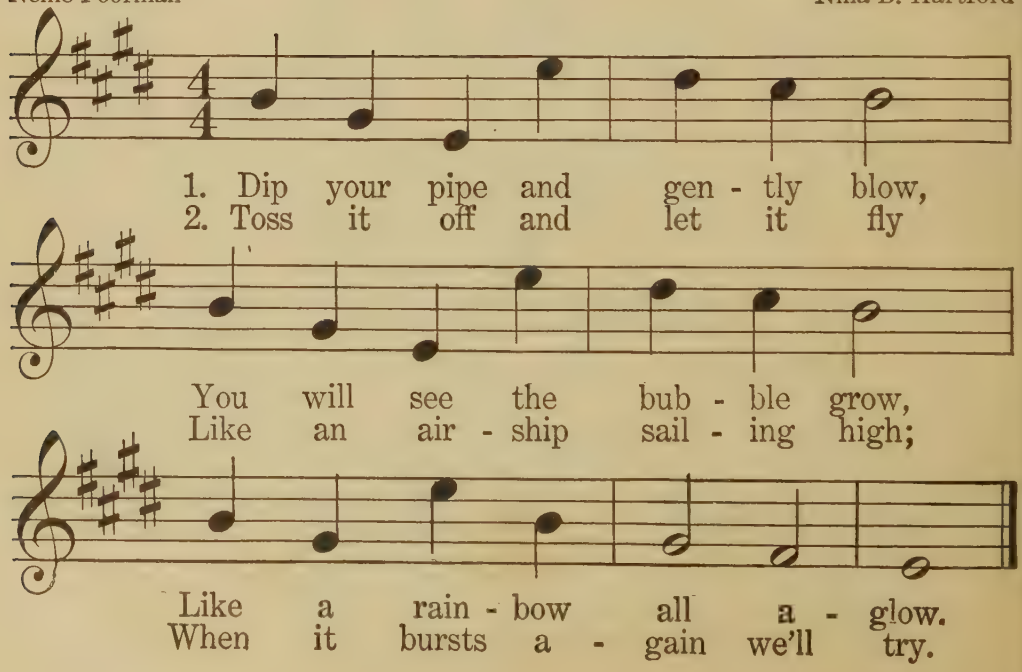
(T. M. p. 219)

Robert Louis Stevenson — Old English Song



Blowing Bubbles

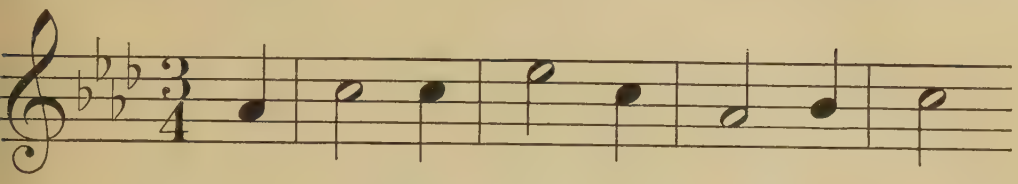
Nellie Poorman — Nina B. Hartford


1. Dip your pipe and gen - tly blow,
2. Toss it off and let it fly
You will see the bub - ble grow,
Like an air - ship sail - ing high;
Like a rain - bow all a - glow.
When it bursts a - gain we'll try.

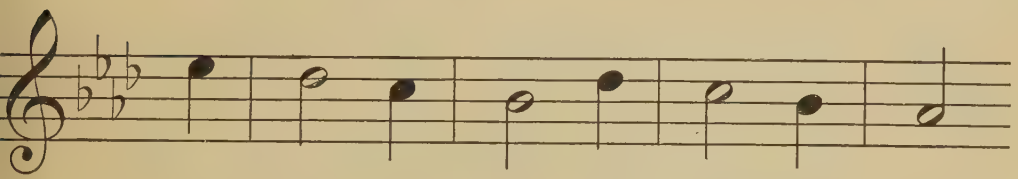
At Night When I Have Gone to Bed

(T. M. p. 219)

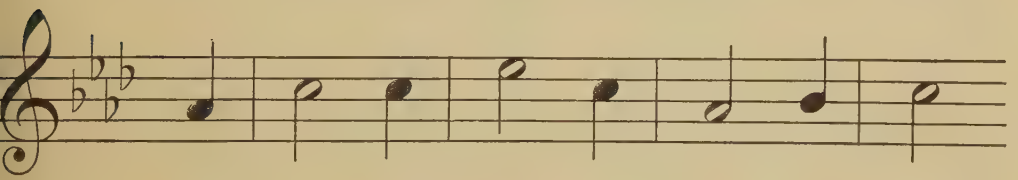
Harriet Fairchild Blodgett — Paul Bliss



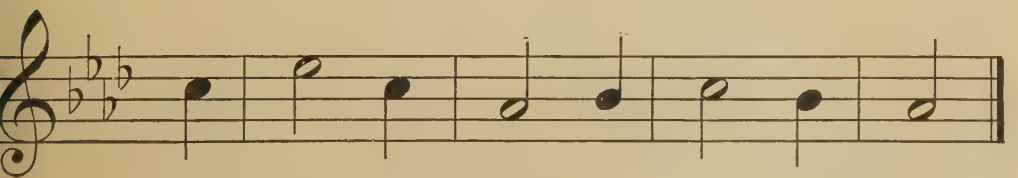
1. At night when I have gone to bed,
2. And there, with - in the sha - ded light,



All fol - ded close and safe from harm,
She al - ways smiles and seems to say,



My dol - ly lies with cur - ly head
When I have kissed her for good night,

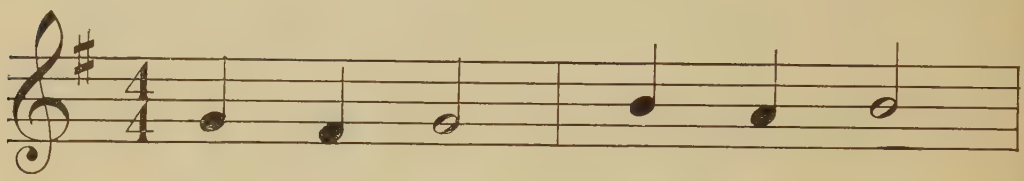


Up - on the pil - low of my arm.
"We've had a ve - ry hap - py day."

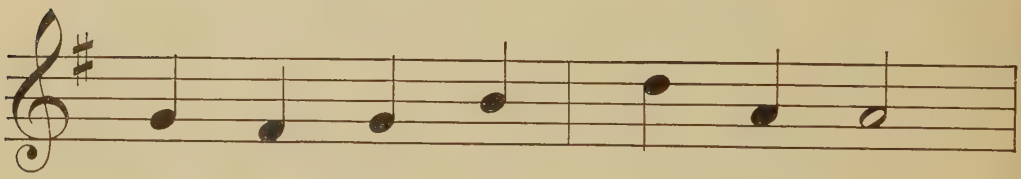
Smiling Girls, Rosy Boys

Mother Goose

Edward B. Birge

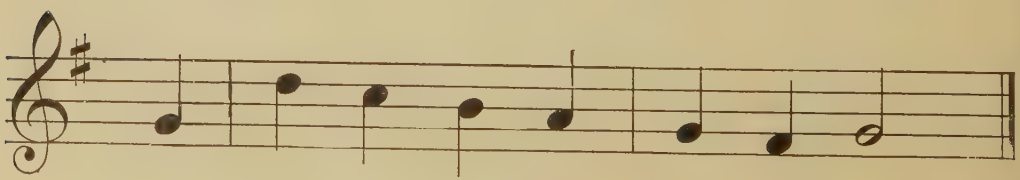


Smi - ling girls, ro - sy boys,



Come and buy my lit - tle toys;

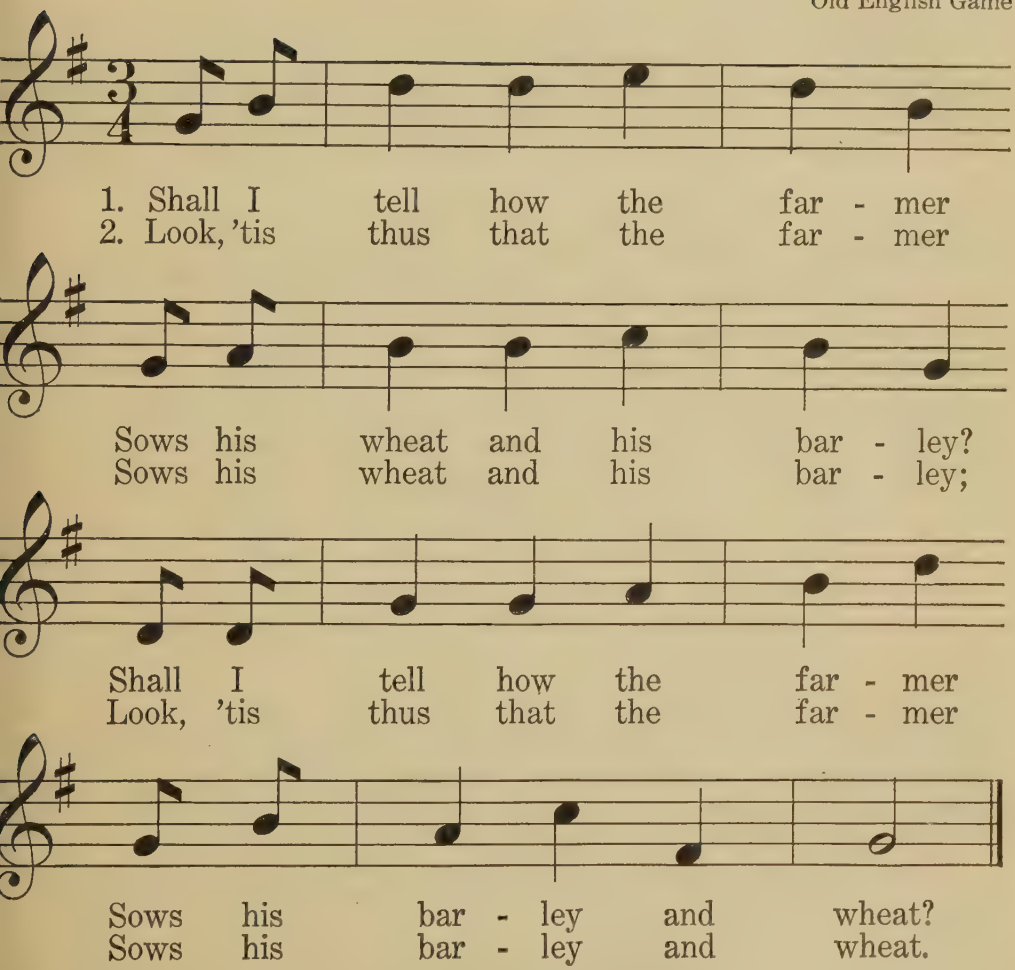
Mon - keys made of gin - ger - bread



And su - gar hors - es pain - ted red.

The Farmer

(T. M. p. 220)

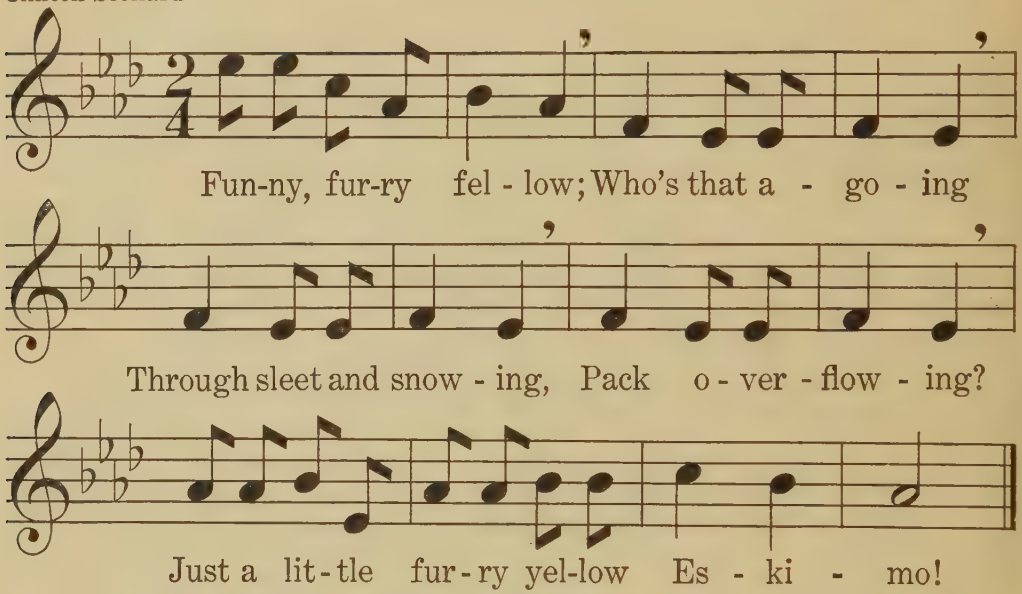
Old English Game

1. Shall I tell how the far - mer
2. Look, 'tis thus that the far - mer
Sows his wheat and his bar - ley?
Sows his wheat and his bar - ley;
Shall I tell how the far - mer
Look, 'tis thus that the far - mer
Sows his bar - ley and wheat?
Sows his bar - ley and wheat.

3. Shall I tell how the farmer Reaps his wheat and his barley? etc.
4. Look, 'tis thus that the farmer Reaps his wheat and his barley.
5. Shall I tell how the farmer Threshes wheat, threshes barley?
6. Look, 'tis thus that the farmer Threshes wheat, threshes barley.

The Eskimo Hunter

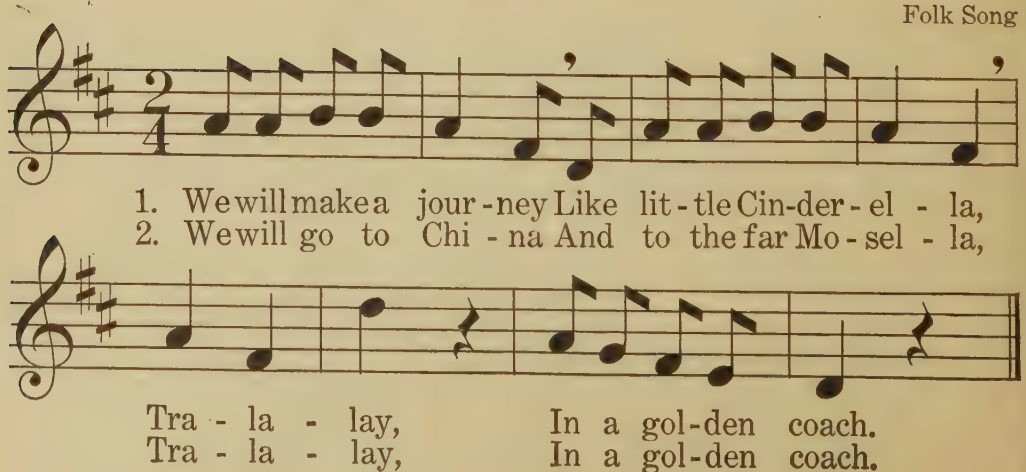
(T. M. p. 220)

Clinton Scollard — Eskimo Folk Song



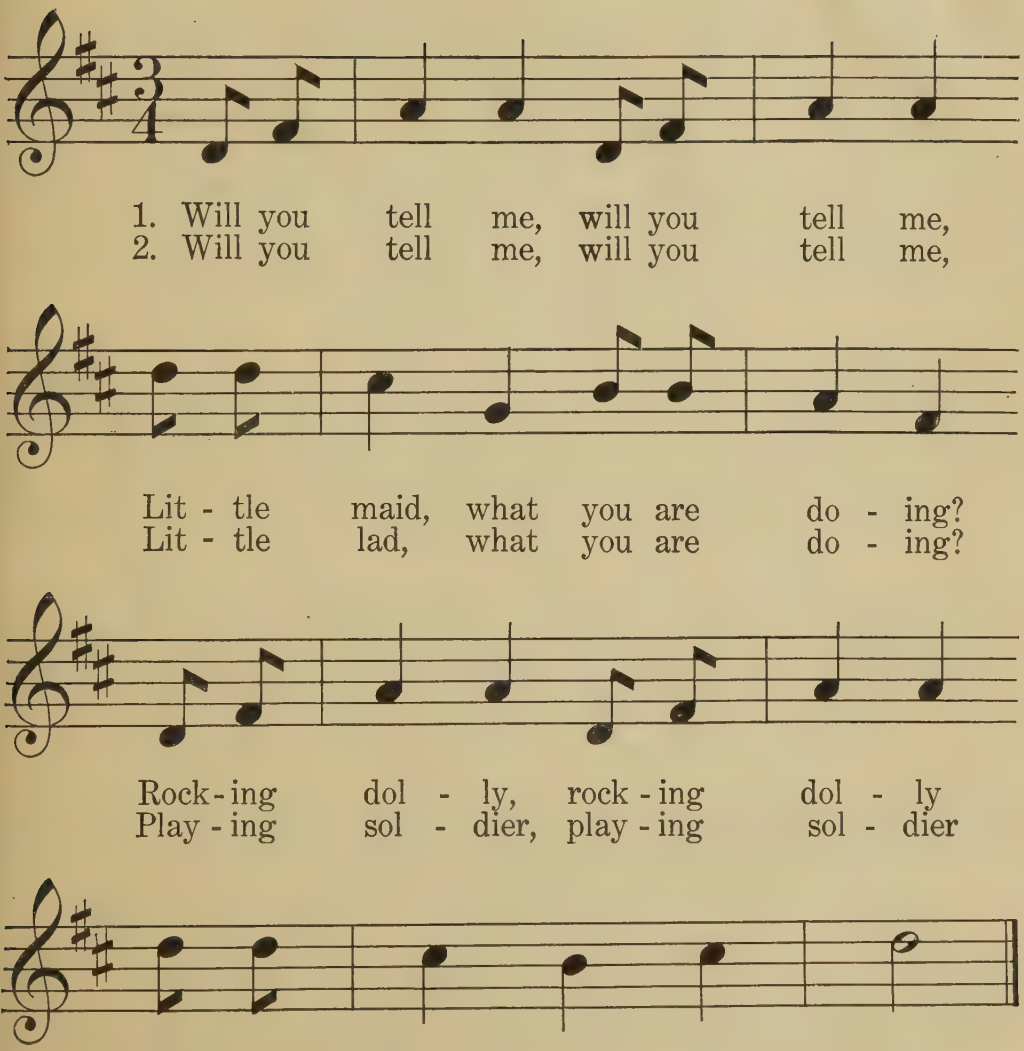
The Golden Coach

Folk Song


1. We will make a jour-ney Like lit-tle Cin-der-el - la,
2. We will go to Chi - na And to the far Mo-sel - la,
Tra - la - lay, In a gol-den coach.
Tra - la - lay, In a gol-den coach.

Busy Folks

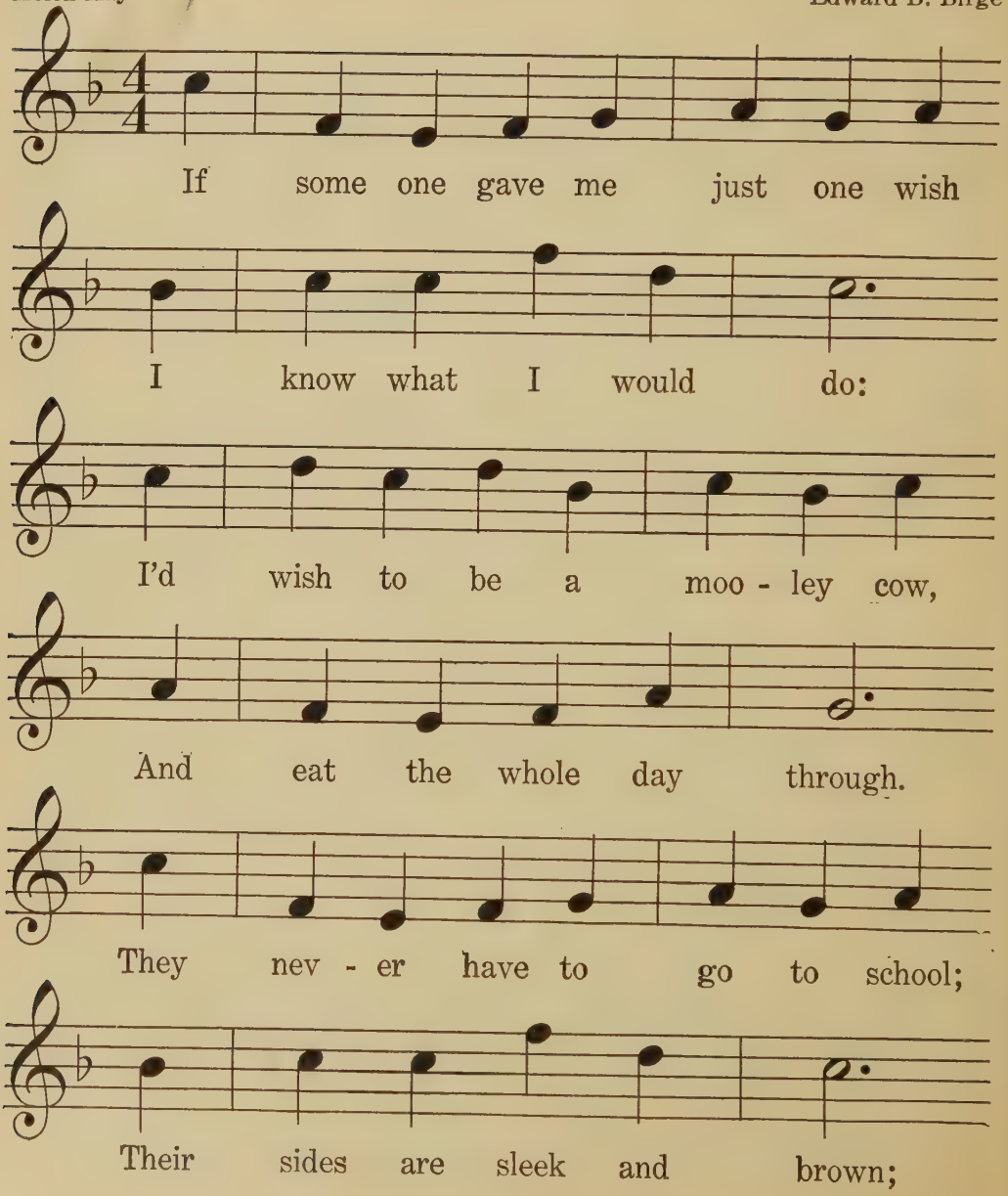
(T. M. p. 221)

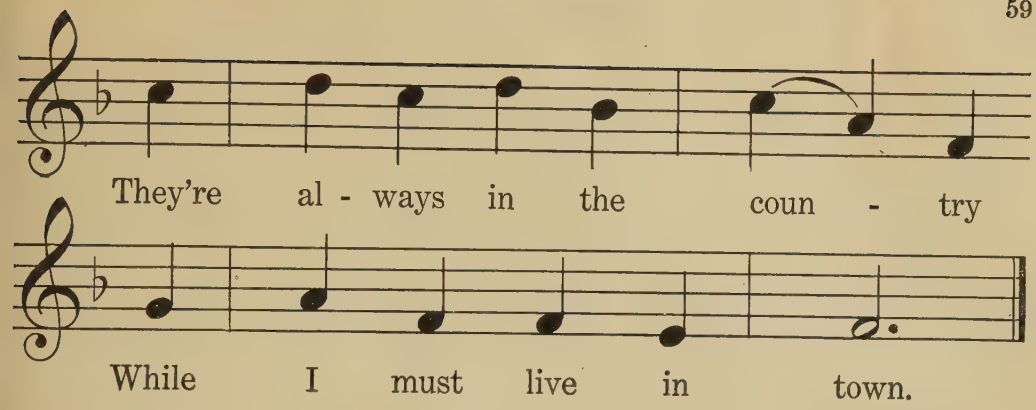
Folk Song

1. Will you tell me, will you tell me,
2. Will you tell me, will you tell me,
Lit - tle maid, what you are do - ing?
Lit - tle lad, what you are do - ing?
Rock-ing dol - ly, rock - ing dol - ly
Play - ing sol - dier, play - ing sol - dier
With a sweet lul - la - by.
With a flag wav - ing high.

The Mooley Cow

Helen Hay

Edward B. Birge


If some one gave me just one wish
I know what I would do:
I'd wish to be a moo - ley cow,
And eat the whole day through.
They nev - er have to go to school;
Their sides are sleek and brown;

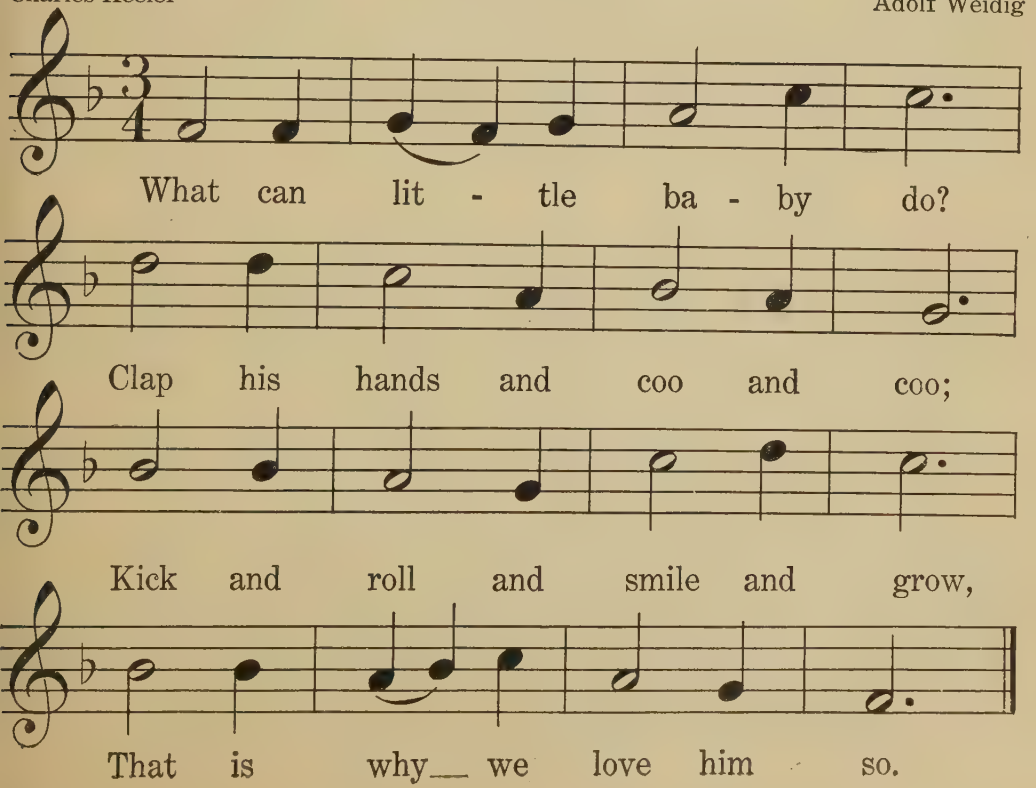


Baby Life

(T. M. p. 221)

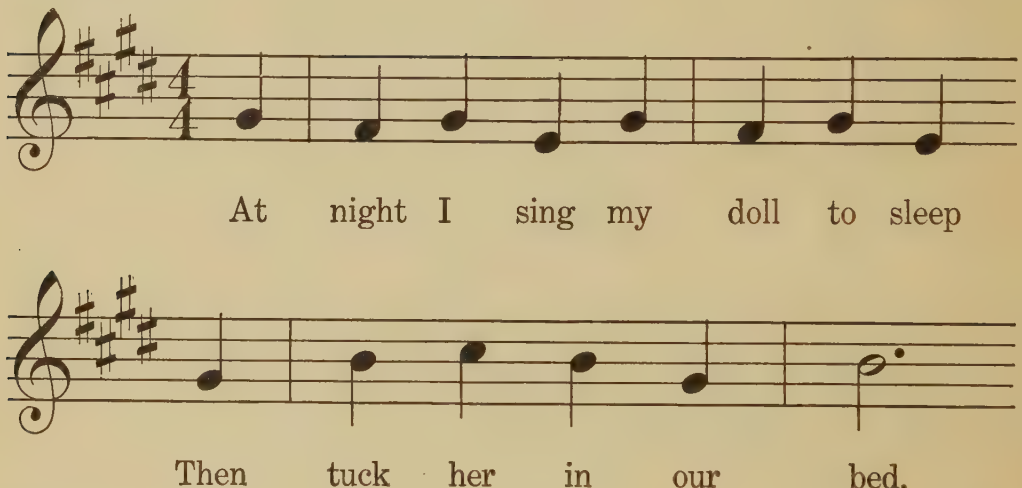
Charles Keeler

Adolf Weidig



Sleepyhead

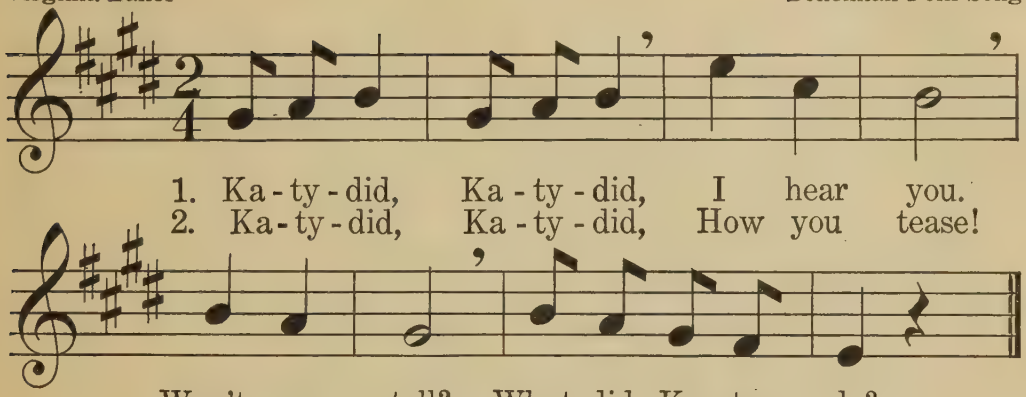
Louise Ayres Garnett — Will Earhart



Katydid

(T. M. p. 222)

Virginia Baker — Bohemian Folk Song

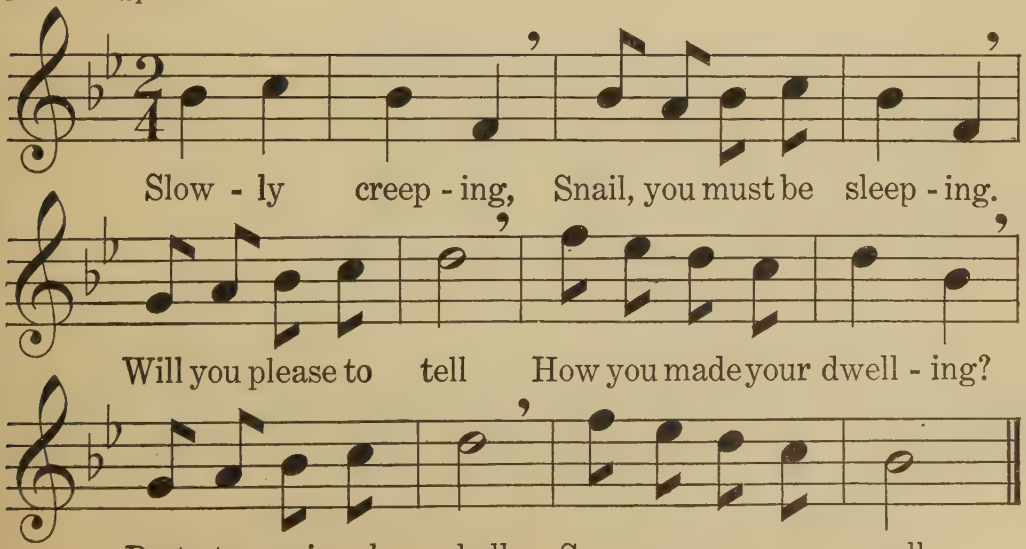

1. Ka - ty - did, Ka - ty - did, I hear you.
2. Ka - ty - did, Ka - ty - did, How you tease!
Won't you tell? What did Ka - ty do?
Who was Kate? Won't you tell me, please?

The Snail

(T. M. p. 222)

Nellie Poorman
From the Spanish

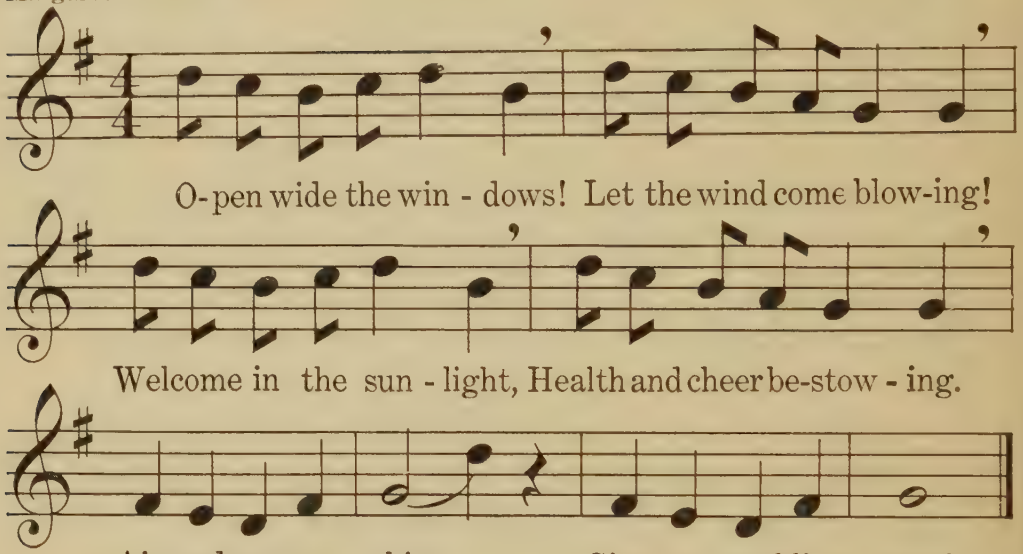
Domingo Mas y Serracant


Slow - ly creep - ing, Snail, you must be sleep - ing.
Will you please to tell How you made your dwell - ing?
Pret - ty spi - ral shell Serves you ve - ry well.

Air and Sunlight

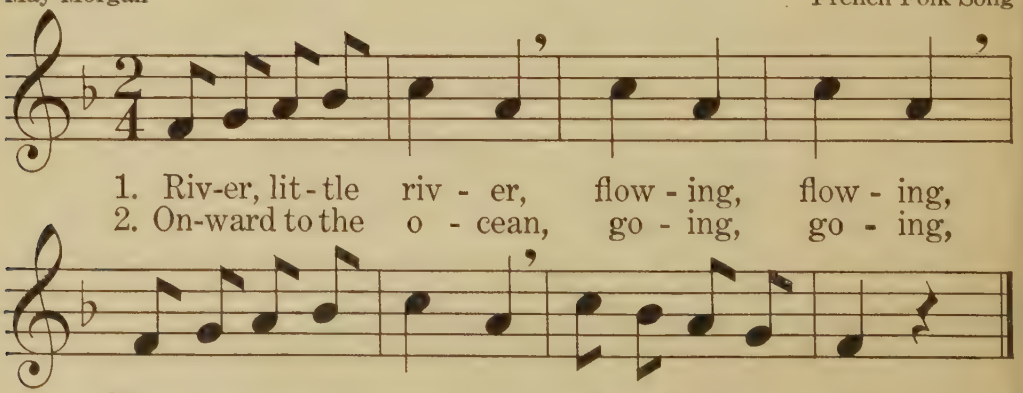
(T. M. p. 223)

Margaret Aliona Dole — Russian Folk Song


O-pen wide the win - dows! Let the wind come blow-ing!
Welcome in the sun - light, Health and cheer be-stow - ing.
Air and sun-ny skies — Give us sparkling eyes!

To a River

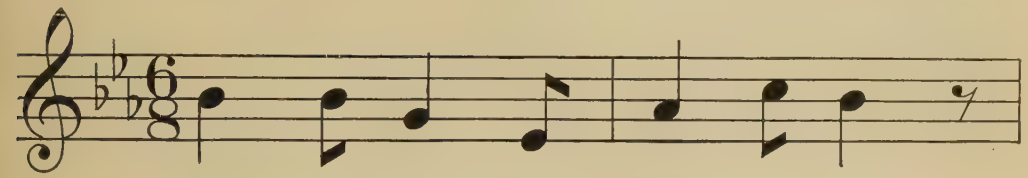
May Morgan — French Folk Song


1. Riv-er, lit - tle riv - er, flow - ing, flow - ing,
2. On-ward to the o - cean, go - ing, go - ing,
From the dis - tant moun - tain, On-ward to the sea.
Riv - er, lit - tle riv - er, Take my boat and me.

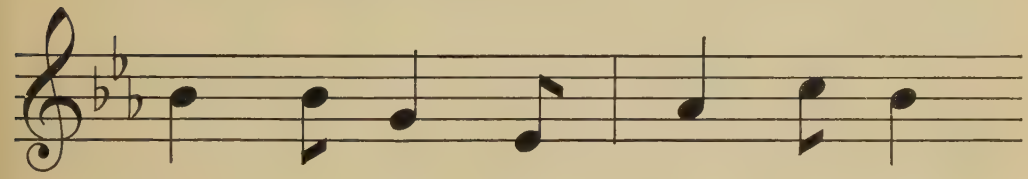
The Flowers' Friends

(T. M. p. 223)

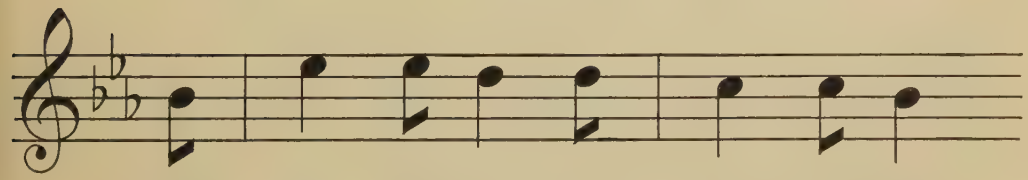
Anna M. Pratt — Old English Song



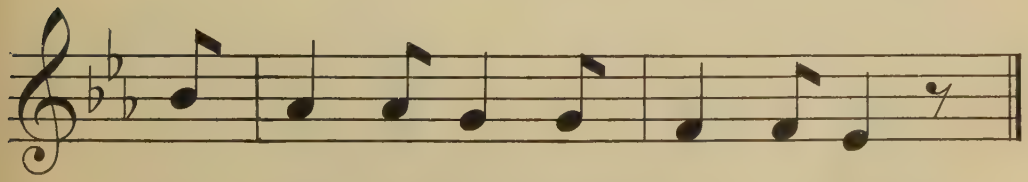
1. Lit - tle snow - flakes ligh - tly fall,
2. Lit - tle rain - drops fall - ing fast



Form a blan - ket o - ver all;
Wake the flow'rs when win - ter's past;



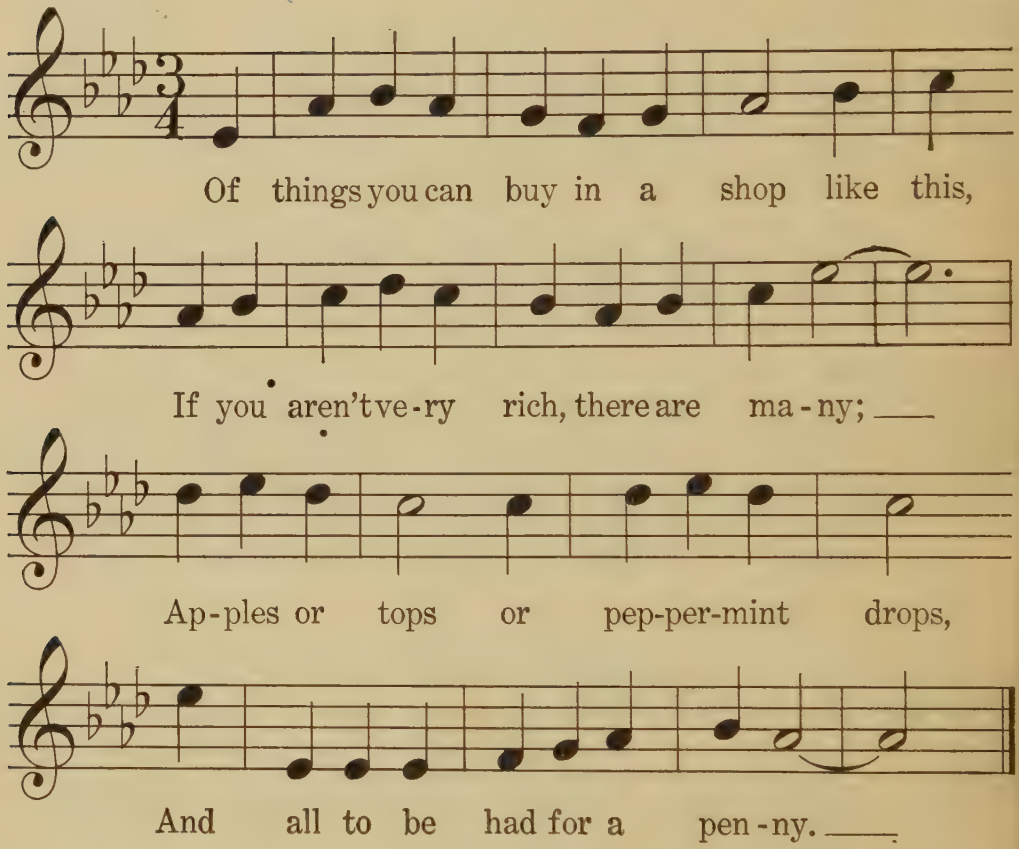
They cov - er up the sleep - ing flow'rs
And lit - tle sun - beams shine to show



And keep them warm through win - ter hours.
The ba - by buds 'tis time to grow.

Of Things You Can Buy

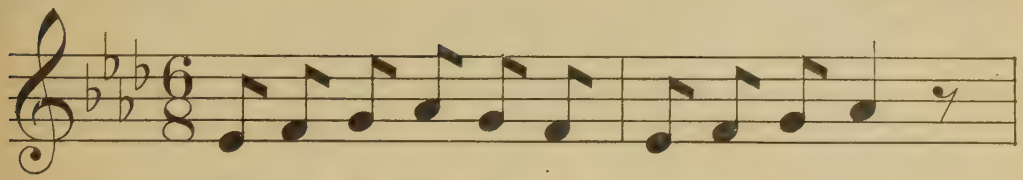
Githa Sowerby — Edward B. Birge


Of things you can buy in a shop like this,
If you aren't ve-ry rich, there are ma-ny;
Ap-ples or tops or pep-per-mint drops,
And all to be had for a pen-ny.

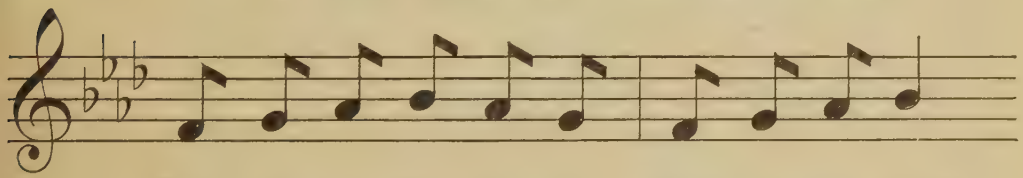
Higgledy, Piggledy

(T. M. p. 224)

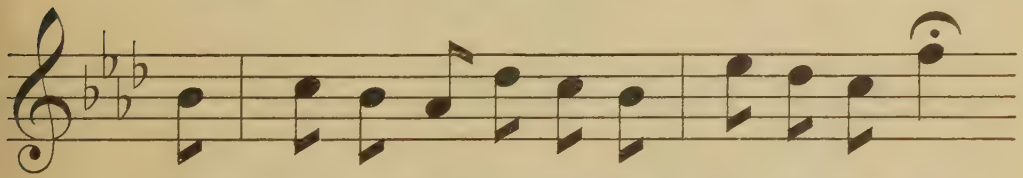
Kate Greenaway — Horatio Parker



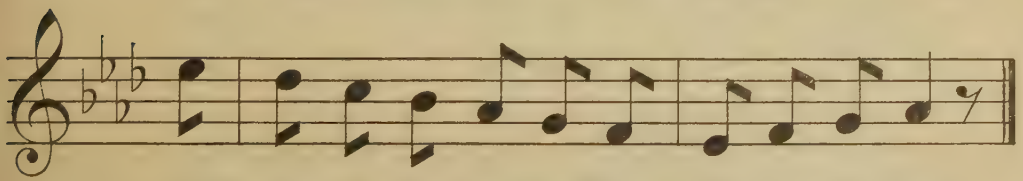
1. Hig-gle - dy, Pig - gle - dy, see how they run!
2. Hig-gle - dy, Pig - gle - dy, how can I tell?



Hop - per - ty, Pop - per - ty, what is the fun?
Hop - per - ty, Pop - per - ty, hark to the bell!



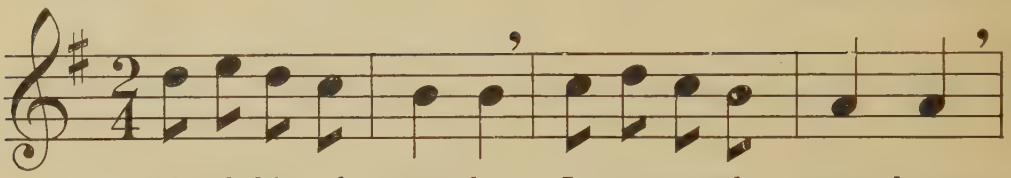
Has sun or has moon tumbled in - to the sea?
The rats and the mice ev - en scamper a - way;



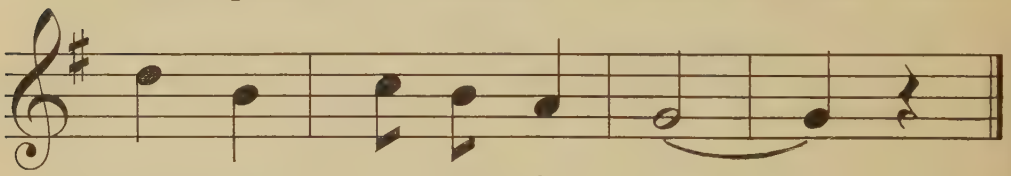
Oh, what is the mat - ter? Pray, tell it to me!
Oh, who can say what may not hap - pen to day!

Signs

Annie N. Bourne — English Folk Song



1. Lit-tle bit of scar-let In among the green leaves
2. Little patch of white-ness In among the dead leaves

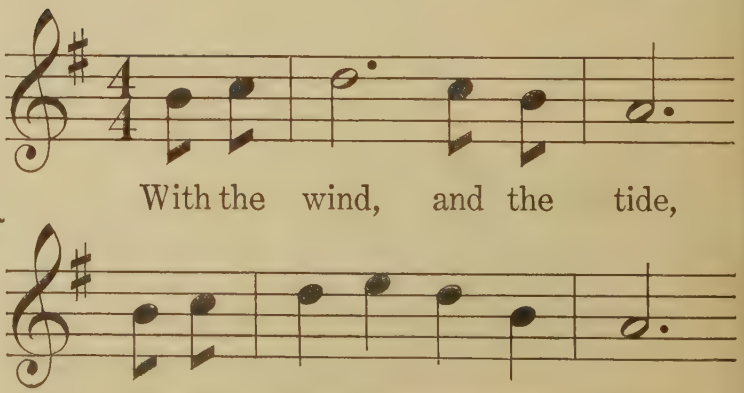


Shows that au-tumn is near.
Shows that win-ter is here.

The Boat

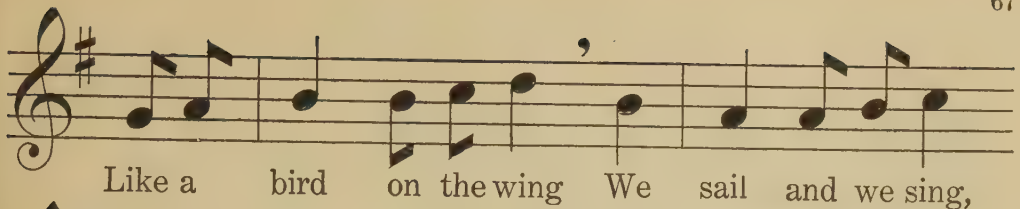
(T. M. p. 225)

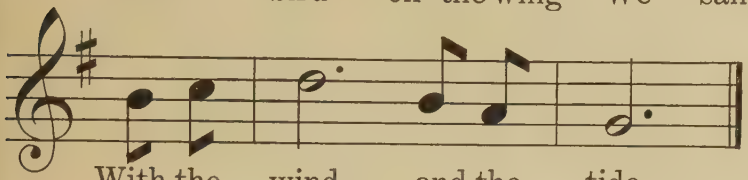
Abbie Farwell Brown — Adolf Weidig



With the wind, and the tide,

O'er the danc-ing waves we glide;



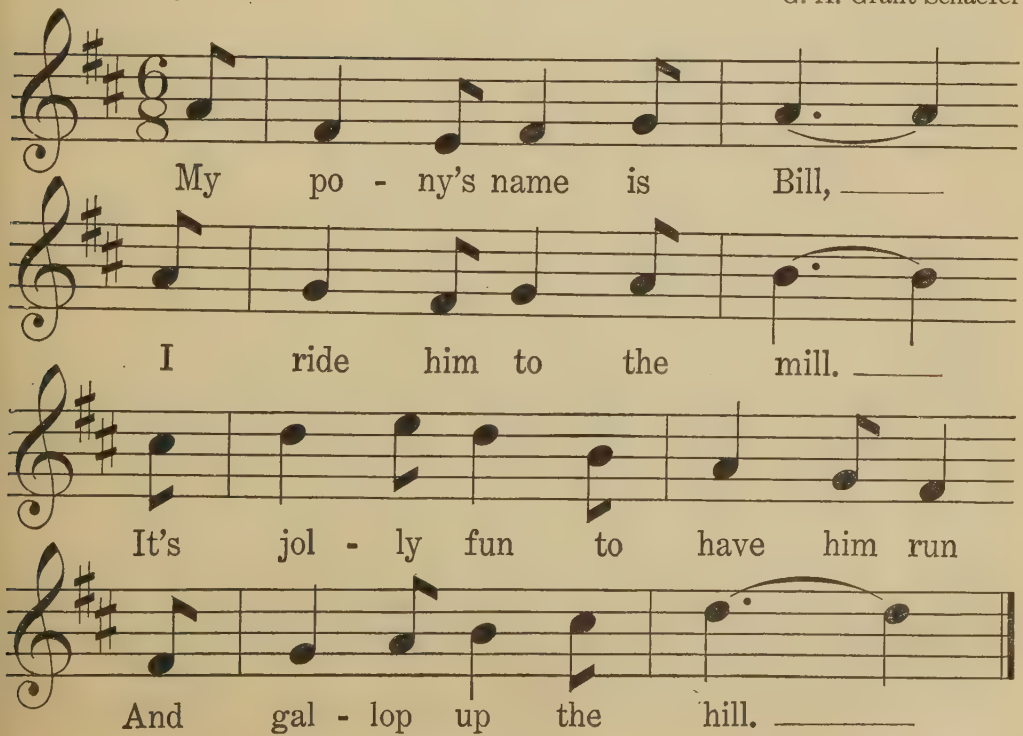


My Pony

(T. M. p. 225)

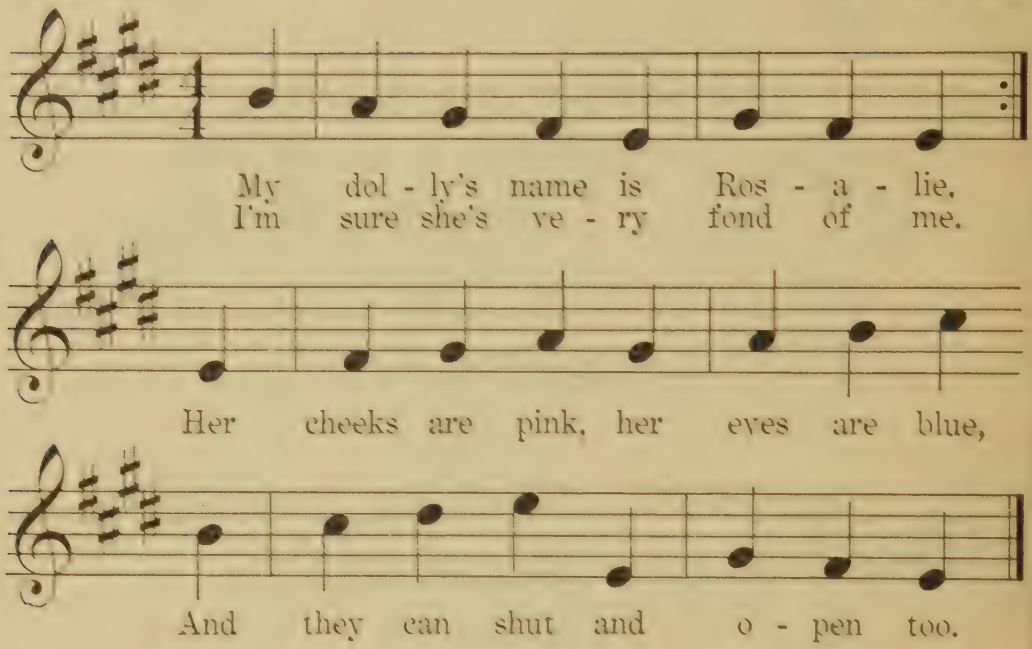
Anna M. Pratt

G. A. Grant-Schaefer



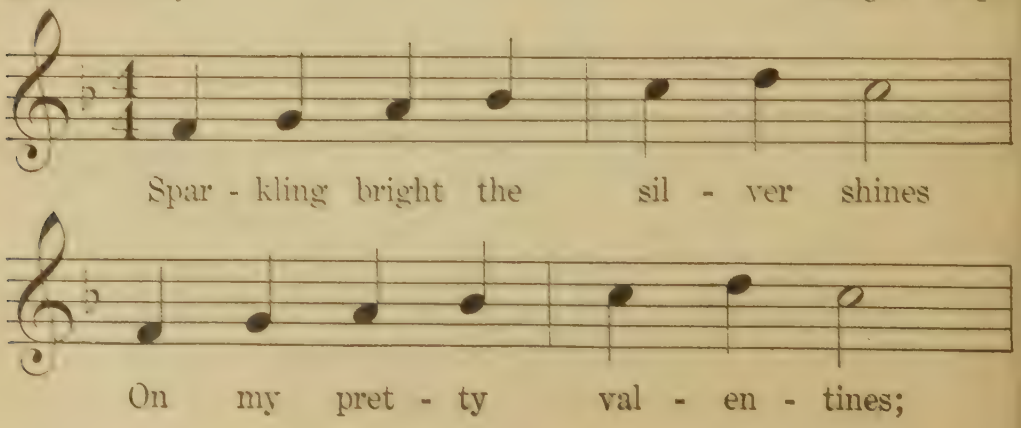
My Dolly's Name

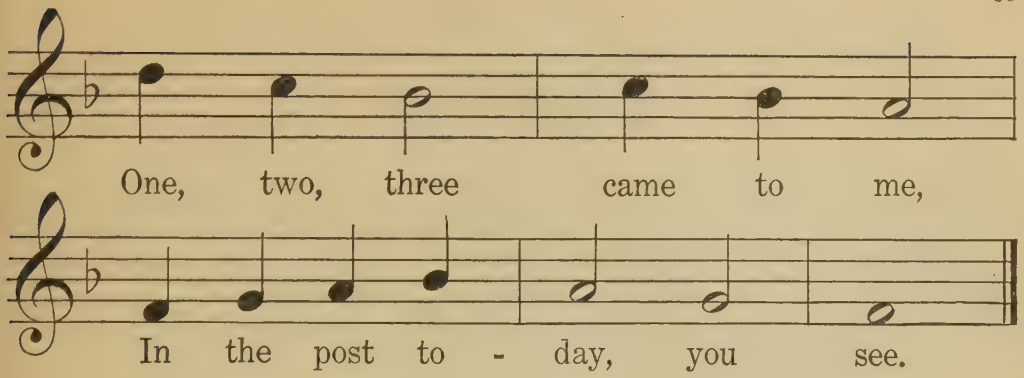
Virginia Baker — Edward B. Birge



My Valentines

Mildred L. Gray — George L. Wright

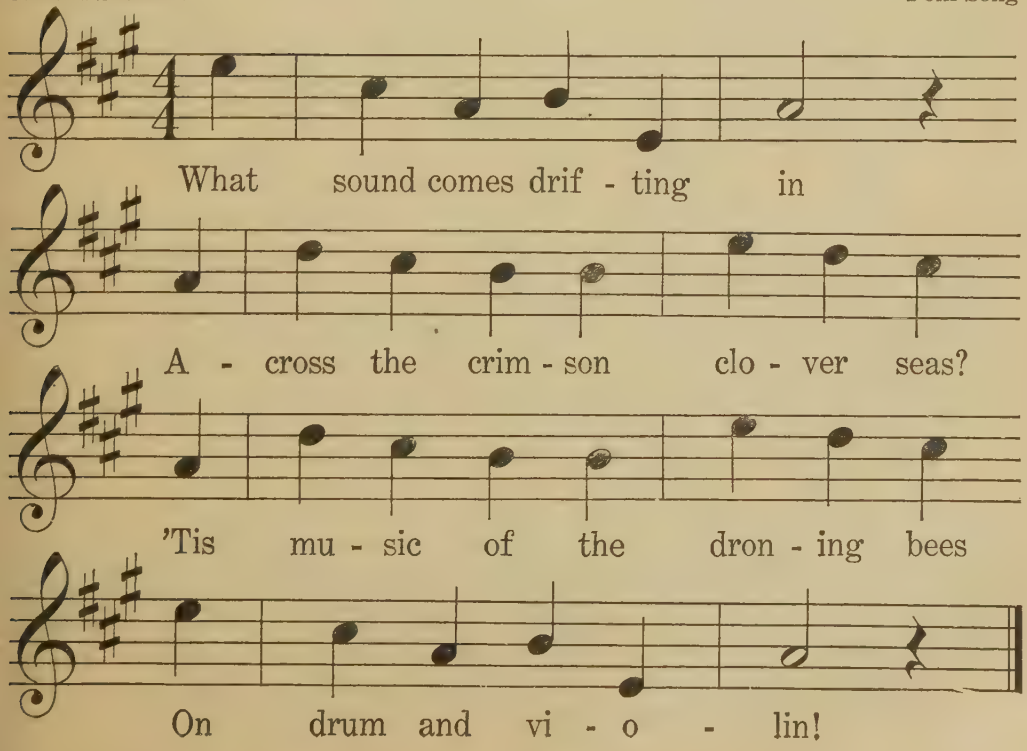




Bee Song

(T. M. p. 226)

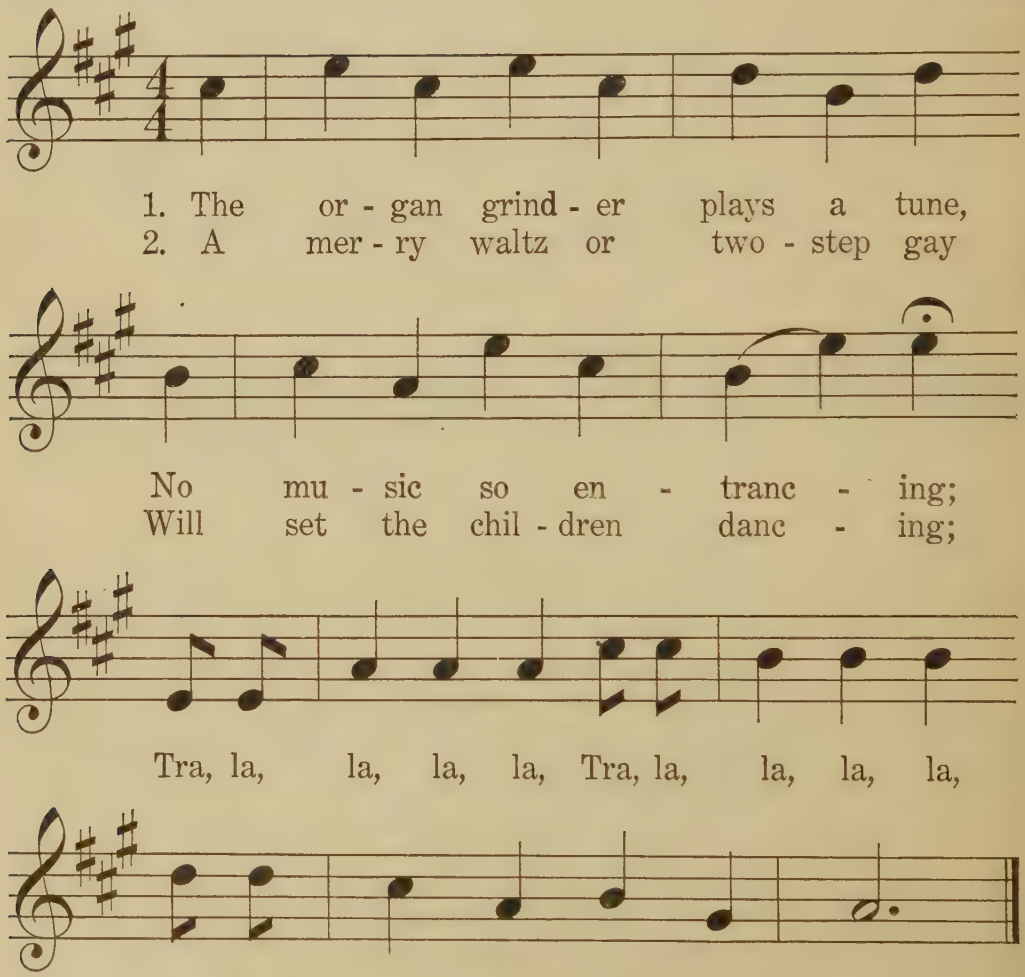
Clinton Scollard — Folk Song



Street Music

(T. M. p. 226)

Nellie Poorman — Folk Song

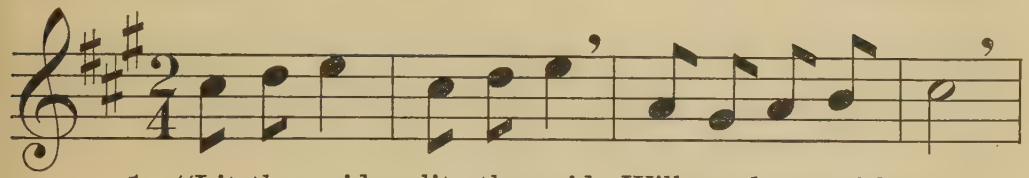

1. The or - gan grind - er plays a tune,
2. A mer - ry waltz or two - step gay
No mu - sic so en - tranc - ing;
Will set the chil - dren danc - ing;
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la!

At the Dance

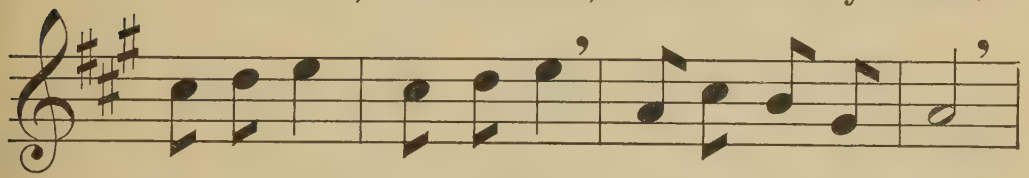
(T. M. p. 126)

Abbie Farwell Brown

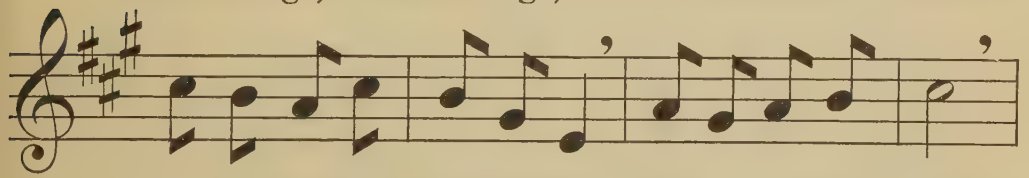
Finnish Melody



1. "Lit-tle maid, lit - tle maid, Will you dance with me?"
2. Rea-dy now, make a bow, Bend-ing with the knee;
3. In and out, round a - bout, Glide the mer - ry feet!



"Thank you, Sir, thank you, Sir! Hap - py I shall be."
Up a - gain, turn-ing then, Ea - sy as can be!
Here we go, there we go, To the mu - sic sweet!



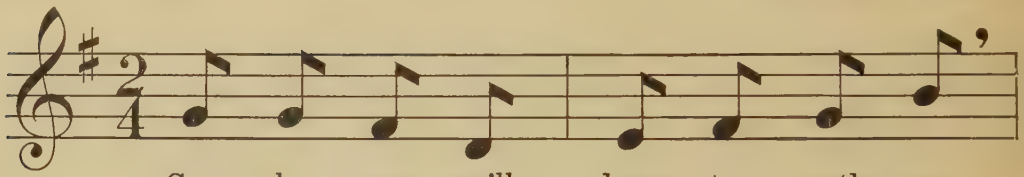
"Let us join the oth-ers now, Give to me your hand;
Sli-ding with the lit - tle foot, Pointing out the toe,
Ro - sy cheeks and laughing eyes, Col-ors gay and bright,

First a curt-sey then a bow; Lis - ten to the band!"
Now the oth - er forward put, There's the way to go!
Like a flock of but-ter-flies, Flit - ting in the light.

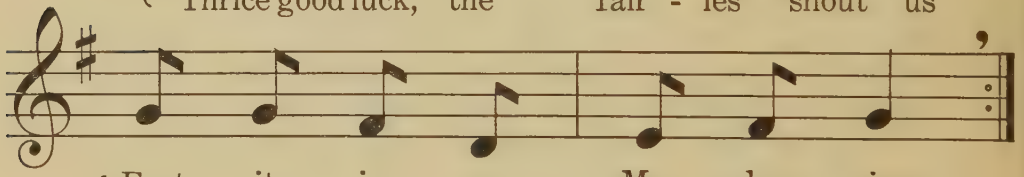
The Maypole Dance

(T. M. p. 227)

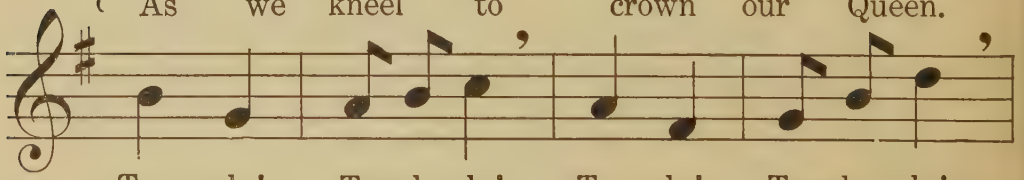
Alice C. D. Riley — Swedish Folk Dance



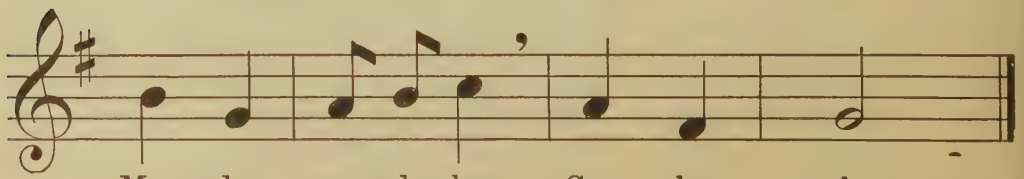
1. Gay - ly now we'll dance to - geth - er,
   Gone is cold and storm - y weath - er,
2. Rib - bands green and rib - bands gol - den
   And the col - ors gay em - bol - den
3. Fair - y rings are all a - bout us
   "Thrice good luck," the fair - ies shout us



Foot it in a May - day ring;
Come are all the joys of spring.
Brave - ly deck the May - pole high,
Ev - 'ry lad his lass to spy.
As we dance up - on the green;
As we kneel to crown our Queen.



Tra - la! Tra-la - la! Tra - la! Tra-la - la!



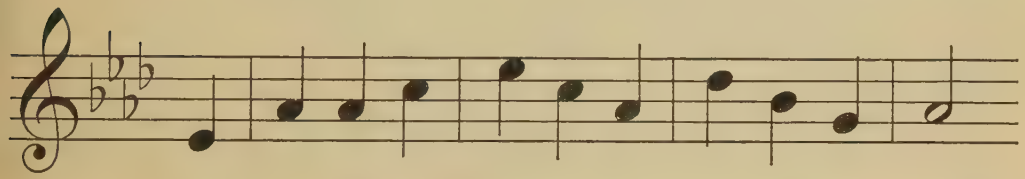
May - day roun-de - lay Gay - ly sing.

Feeding the Flock

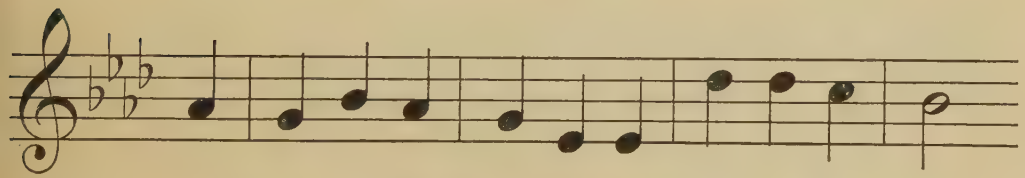
Dora H. Stockman

Folk Song

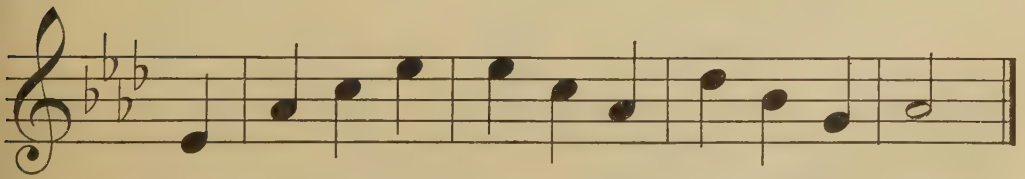
1. Come Bid - dy, come Spec-kle, come chick-a - chick-chick,
2. You dear ba - by chicks, with your ti - ny peep, peep,



And old Cock-a - doo-dle, come run-ning, quick, quick;
All cuddled 'neath mother-hen, go - ing to sleep,



Come White-y, fly down from your nest in the hay
See here is your sup-per of yel - low corn - bread,



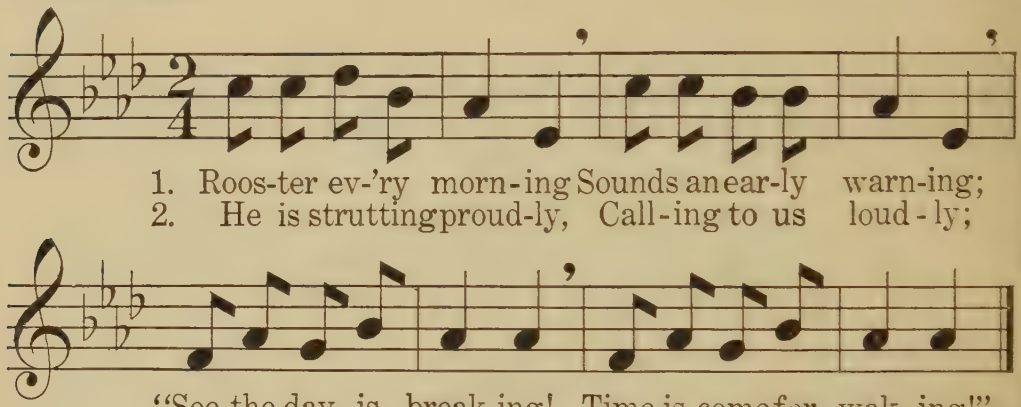
Where you have been pa-tien-tly sit - ting all day.
Now eat it and then you can all go to bed.

The Rooster's Good Morning

(T. M. p. 228)

M. Louise Baum
From the Russian

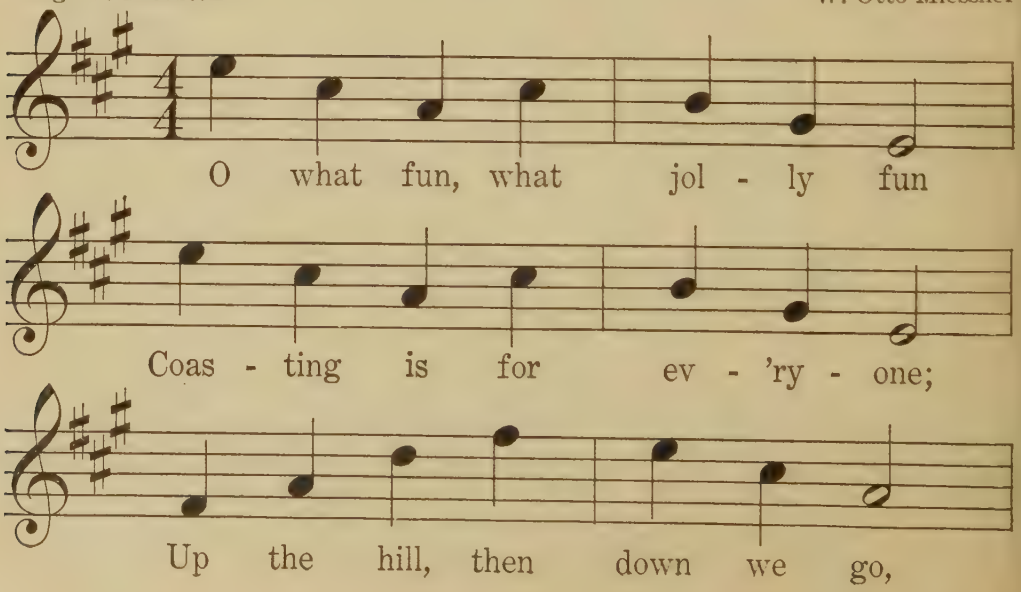
Russian Folk Song

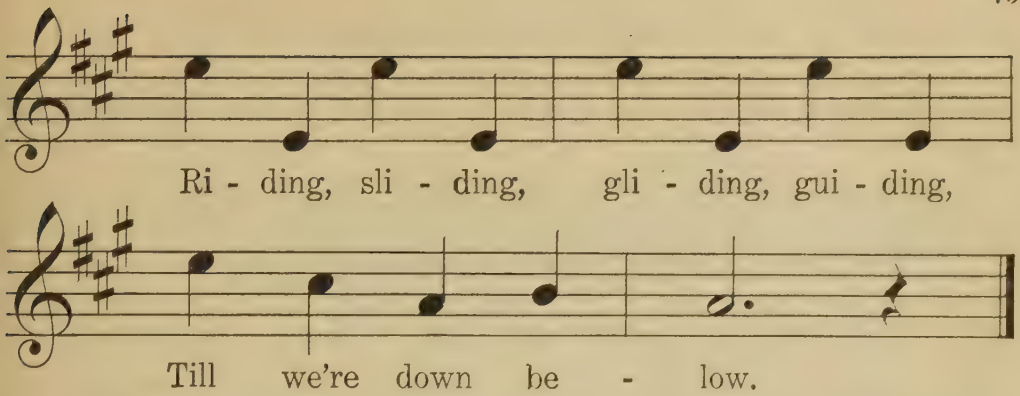

1. Roos-ter ev-'ry morn-ing Sounds an ear-ly warn-ing;
2. He is strutting proud-ly, Call-ing to us loud-ly;
"See the day is break-ing! Time is come for wak-ing!"
May-be he is shout-ing, "Come and take an out-ing!"

Coasting

Margaret Thurston

W. Otto Miessner

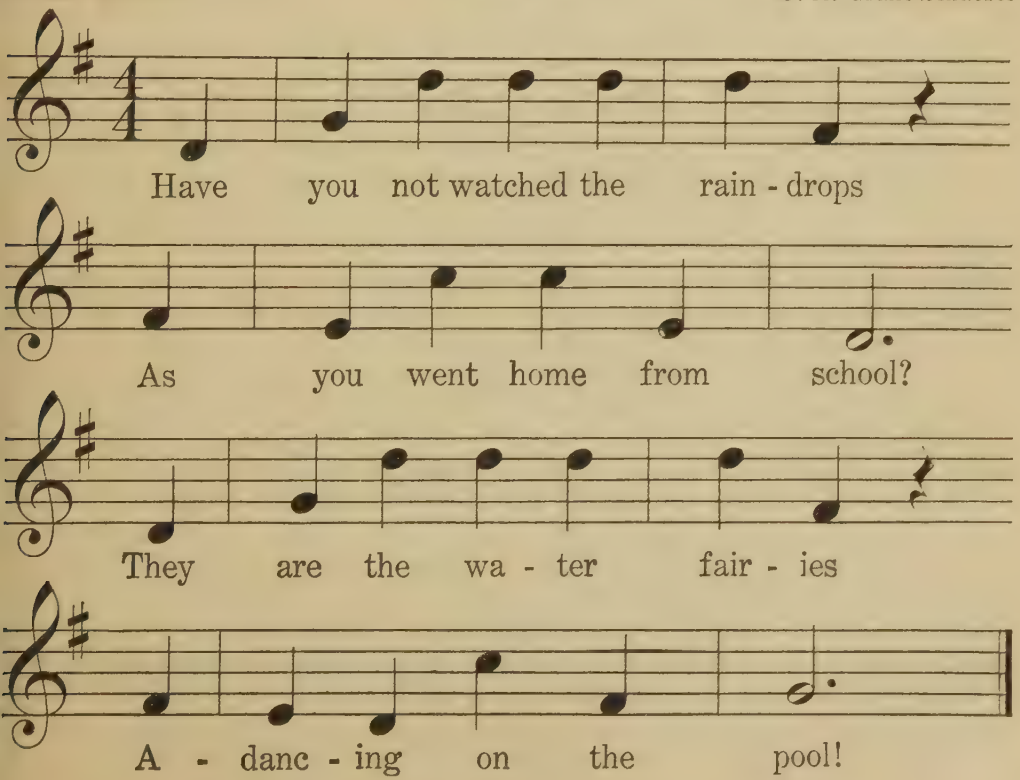




Dancing Raindrops

(T. M. p. 228)

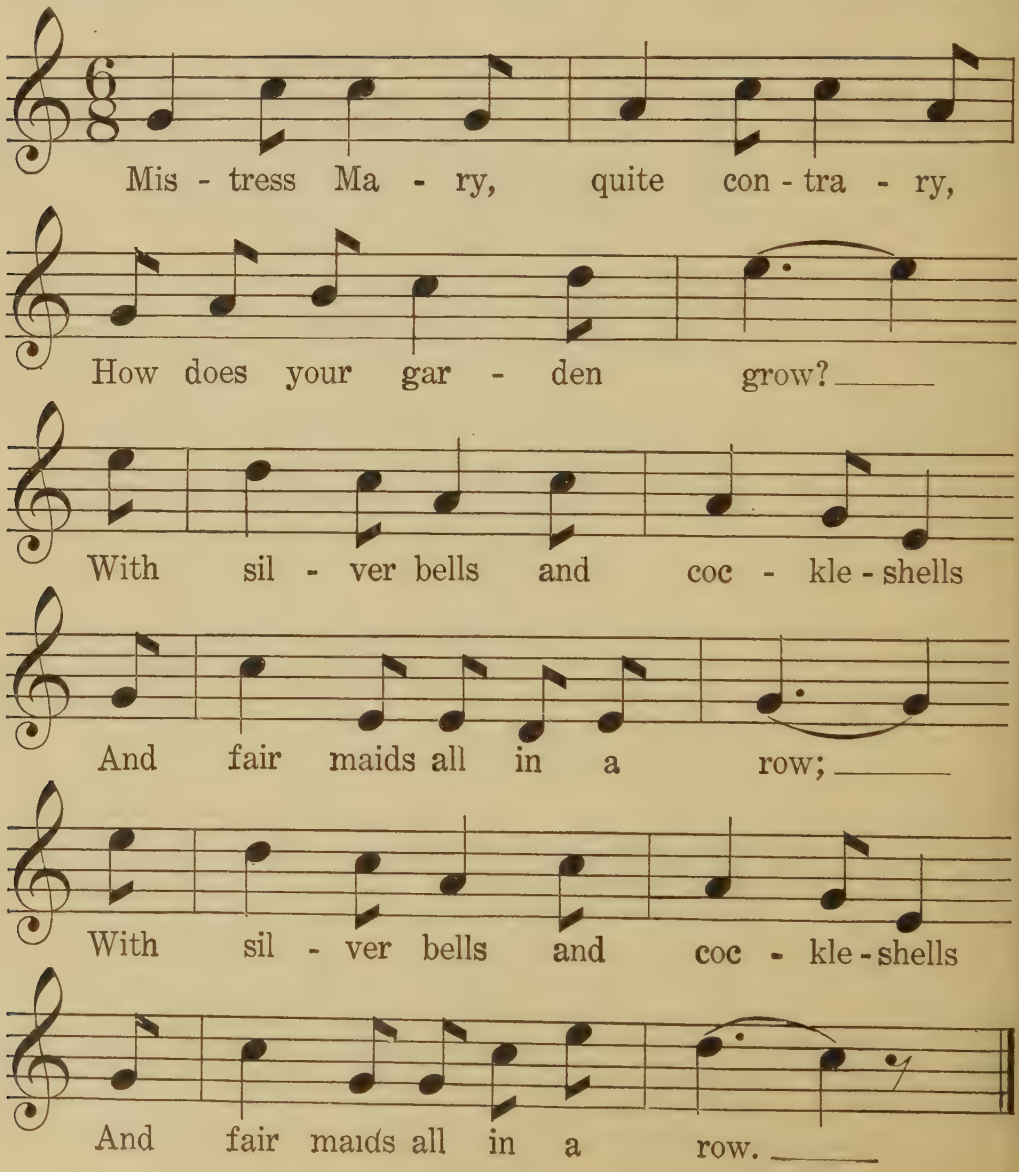
Clinton Scollard — G. A. Grant-Schaefer



Mistress Mary

(T. M. p. 229)

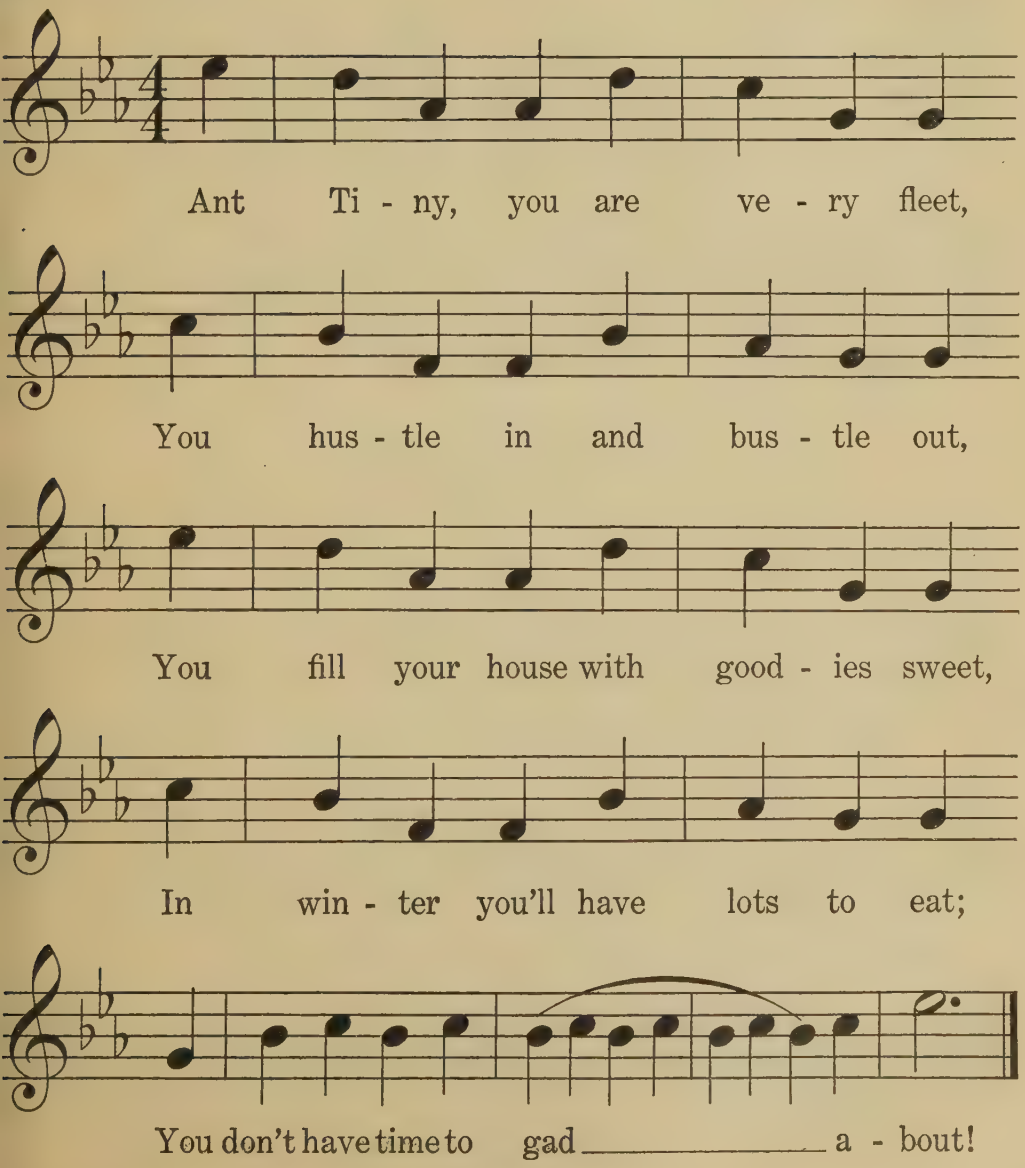
Mother Goose — Arthur Whiting


Mis - tress Ma - ry, quite con - tra - ry,
How does your gar - den grow?
With sil - ver bells and coc - kle - shells
And fair maids all in a row;
With sil - ver bells and coc - kle - shells
And fair maids all in a row.

Ant Tiny

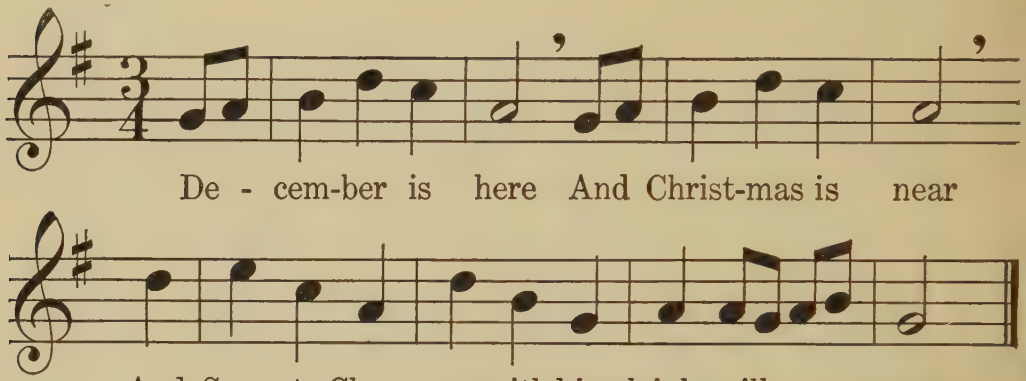
Margaret Thurston

W. Otto Miessner


Ant Ti - ny, you are ve - ry fleet,
You hus - tle in and bus - tle out,
You fill your house with good - ies sweet,
In win - ter you'll have lots to eat;
You don't have time to gad a - bout!

December

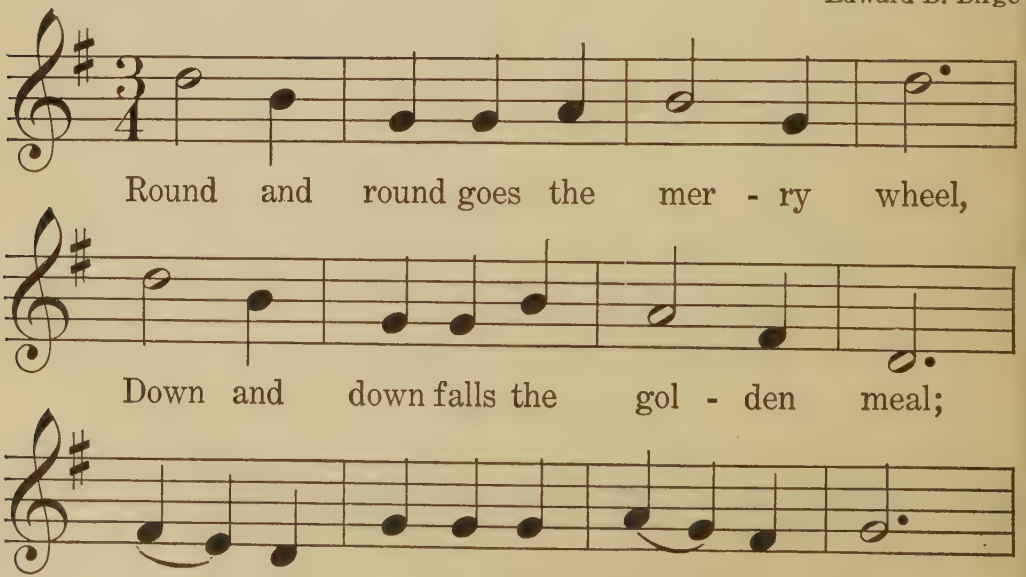
Anna M. Pratt — Folk Song

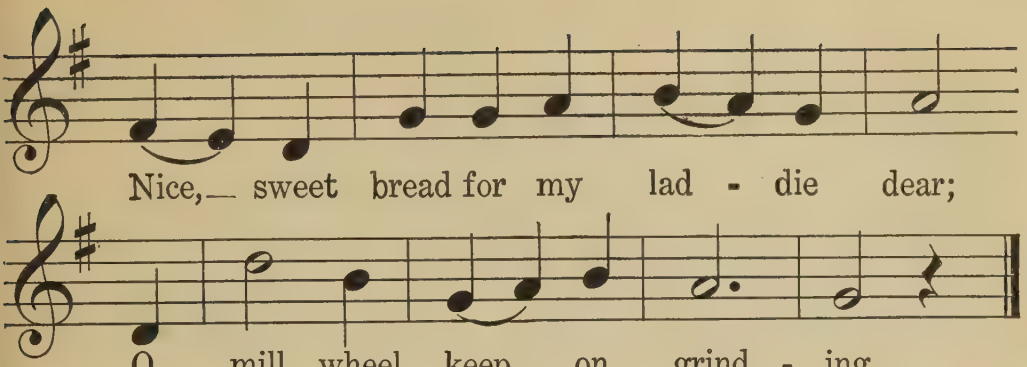


The Mill Wheel

(T. M. p. 230)

Kate Louise Brown — Edward B. Birge

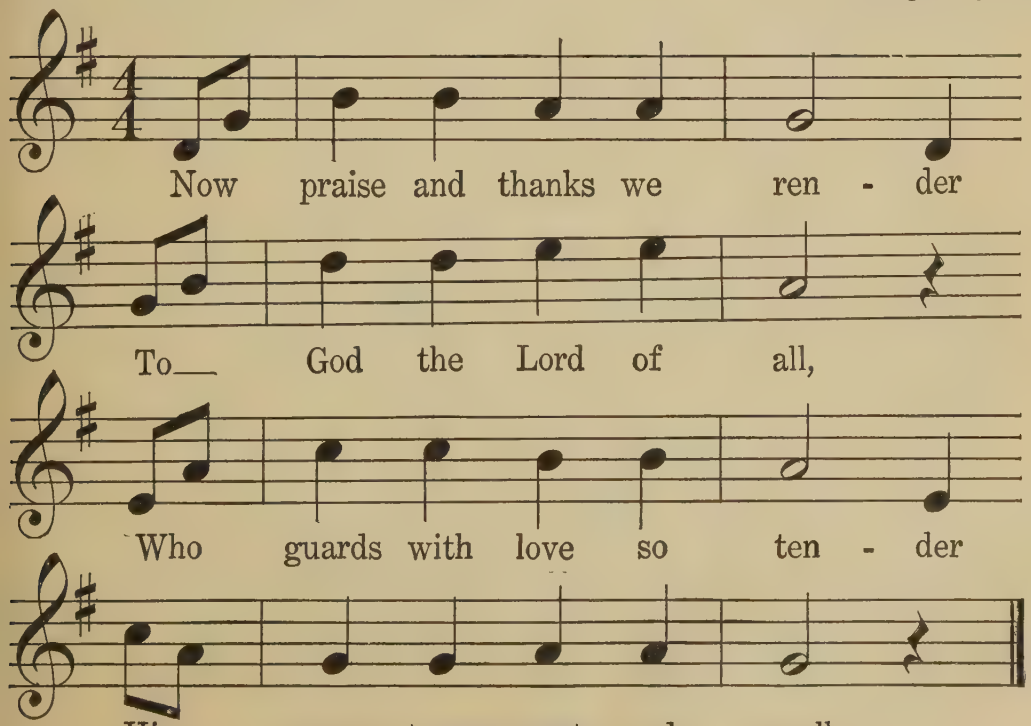




...ESTER SCHOO

Song of Praise

Abbie Farwell Brown — Joseph Haydn



A Song Without Words

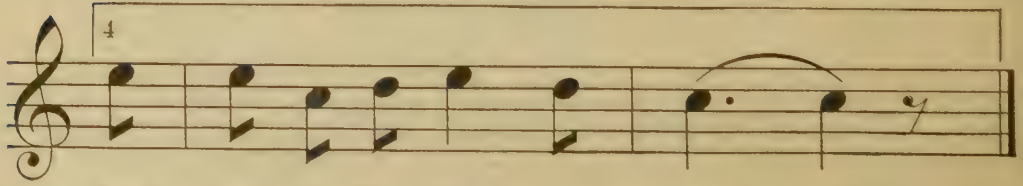
(T. M. p. 231)

Wilhelmina Seegmiller — Robert Just

1. Oh, a song with - out the words Is like sing-ing
2. First you see a patch of blue Sail-ing thro' a
3. Then a breeze goes play - ing by And you see a
4. Oh, a song with - out the words Is like sing-ing

of the birds, For you sing, "Tra - la - la - le!"
tree at you, And you sing, "Tra - la - la - le!"
but - ter - fly; A great bee buz - zes a - long,
of the birds, For you sing, "Tra - la - la - le!"

And put in the things you see. _____
And put in the sky and tree. _____
So you put them in the song. _____



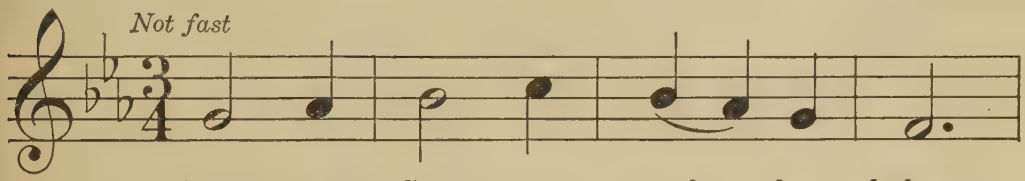
And put in the things you see. _____

Peek-a-boo

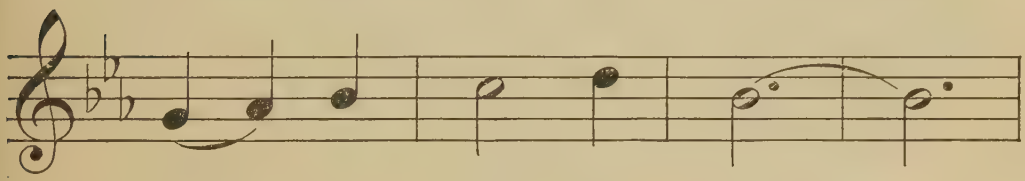
(T. M. p. 232)

Pauline Frances Camp — Horatio Parker

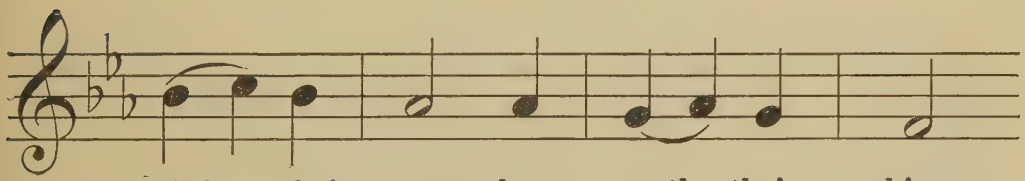
Not fast



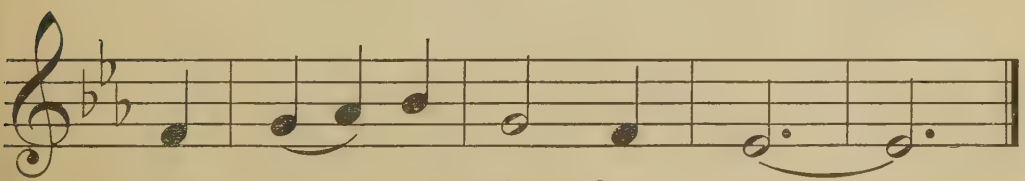
1. Moth - er Cro - cus woke her babes;
2. Out they popped in - to the sun;



Washed their fac - es clean;
"Peek - a - boo!" they cried.



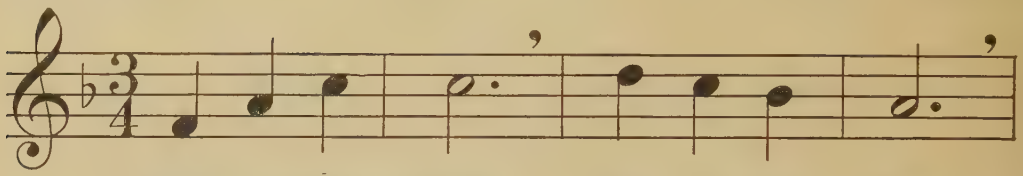
Tied their caps be - neath their chins
Gave old Win - ter such a fright



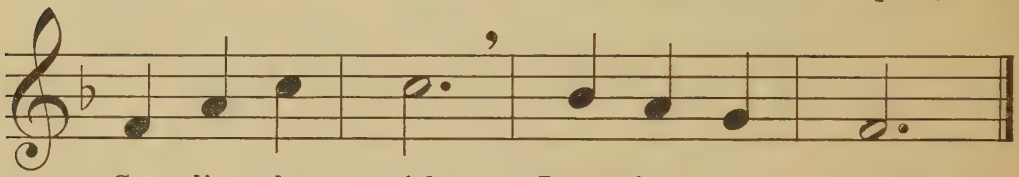
With bows of rib - bon green.
He ran a - way to hide!

Sewing School

Anna M. Pratt — W. Otto Miessner



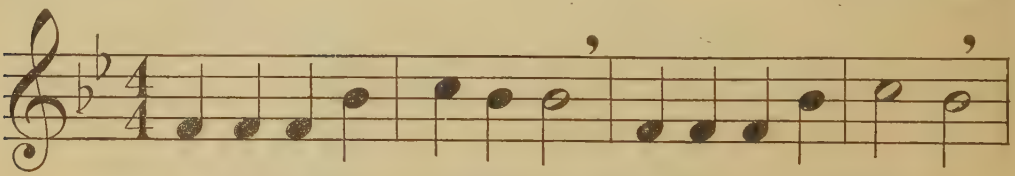
1. Four lit - tle girls Sat in a row;
2. Nee - dle and thread, Thim - ble and spool;



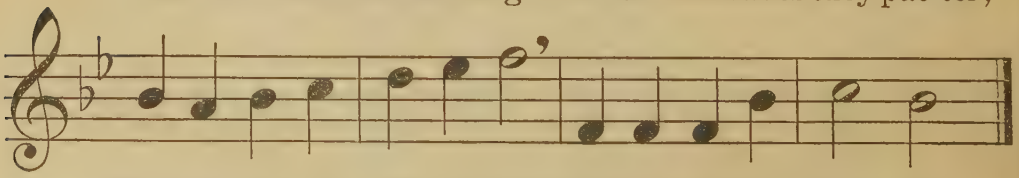
Gay lit - tle girls, Learn-ing to sew.
Oh, it is fun Sew - ing at school.

Nutting

Minnie Leona Upton — Edward B. Birge



1. Oh, the glad Oc - to-ber days, When the nuts are fall - ing;
2. See the nuts come tumbling down! On the leaves they pat-ter;

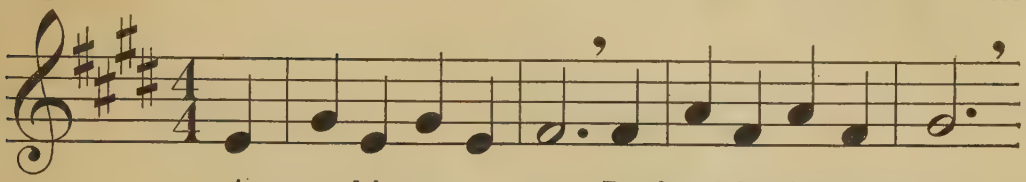


When the air is soft with haze And Bobwhite is call - ing.
Lit - tle squirrels, ruddy brown, Wonder what's the mat-ter.

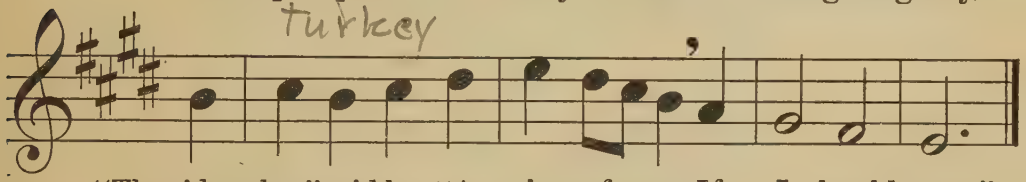
The Frightened Pumpkin

(See "The Chimes of Dunkirk" T. M. p. 119)

Virginia Baker — Scotch Folk Dance



A pumpkin ran a - way Be-fore Thanksgiving Day.



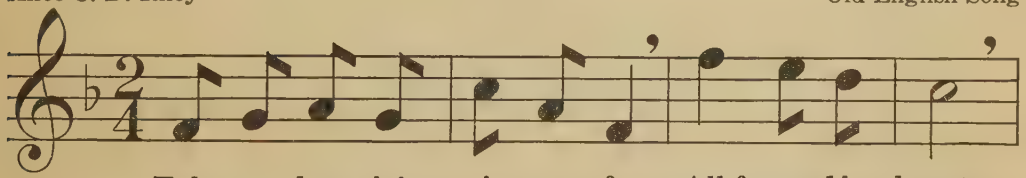
"They'd make," said he, "A pie of me If I should stay."

roast

A Recipe for a Valentine

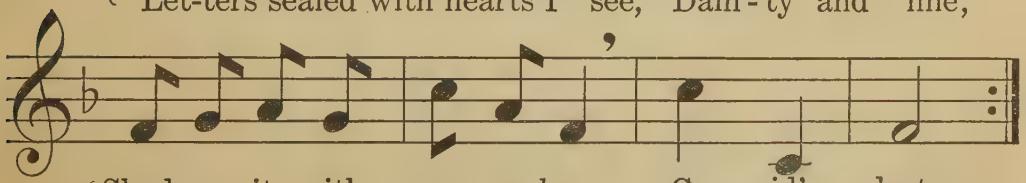
(T. M. p. 232)

Alice C. D. Riley — Old English Song



1. Take a las - sie's win-some face, All framed in hearts;
   Write a verse o' po - e - sy: "My heart is thine,

2. Quick! The postman's go - ing by! Go, pret - ty thing!
   Let-ters sealed with hearts I see, Dain - ty and fine;

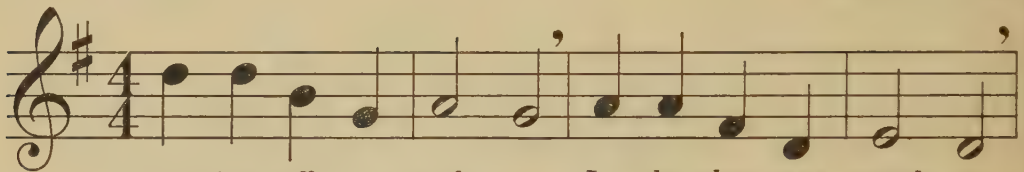


Shad-ow it with pa - per lace, Cu - pid's darts;
All my life to thee I'd be Val - en - tine!"

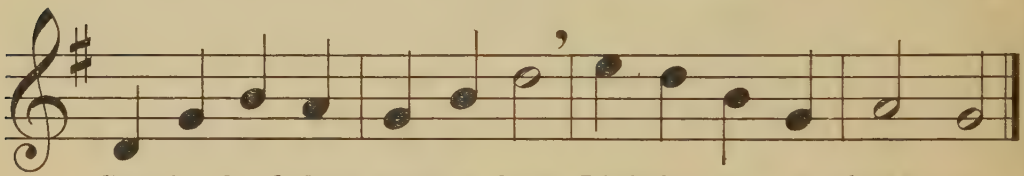
How the lov - ing mis-sives fly! Love's a - wing.
Oh! I hope he brings to me Val - en - tine!

Cloud Pictures

Kate Louise Brown — Edward B. Birge



1. Sail - ing off to - geth - er In the pleas-ant weath - er,
2. Now they turn to hors - es Prancing in their cours - es.
3. Ba - by lambs are sun - ning, Fleecy white and cun - ning;



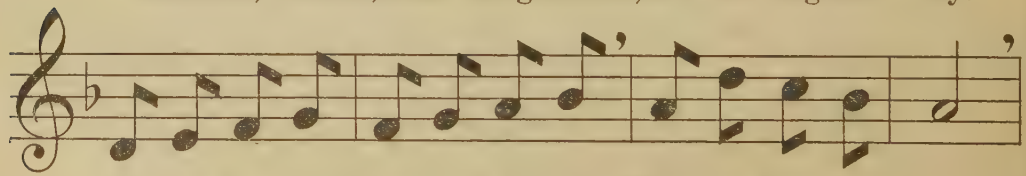
See the cloud ships move a - long Lightly as a feath - er.
Then there comes a captain strong Marching with his forc - es.
But the shepherd drives them on, See how fast they're running!

The Thunder

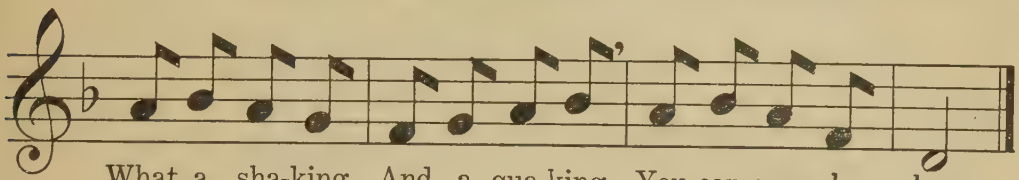
(T. M. p. 233)

Minnie Leona Upton — Marshall Bartholomew

Rum-ble, rum-ble, Hear him grum-ble, All a - long the sky!

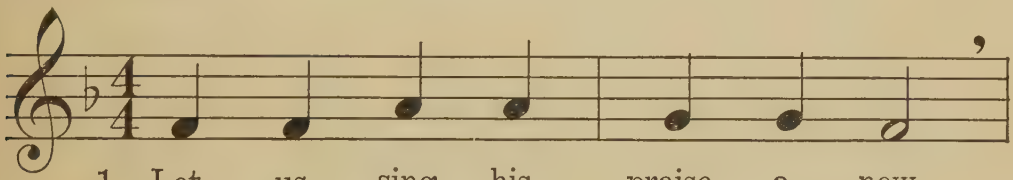


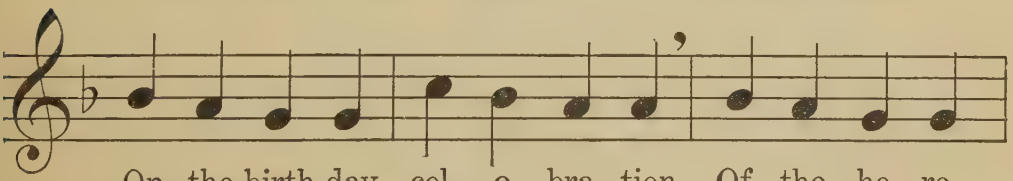
Peo - ple scur - ry, Home-ward hur-ry, When he blus-ters by.

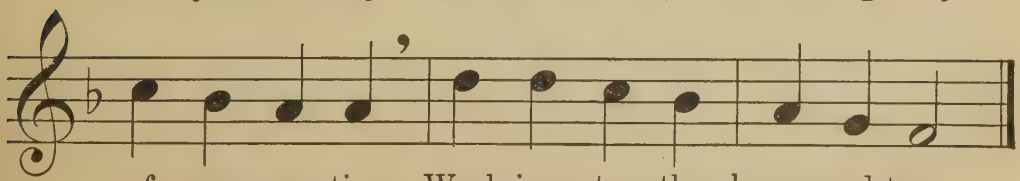


Washington's Birthday

Anna M. Pratt — J. Chr. Weeber



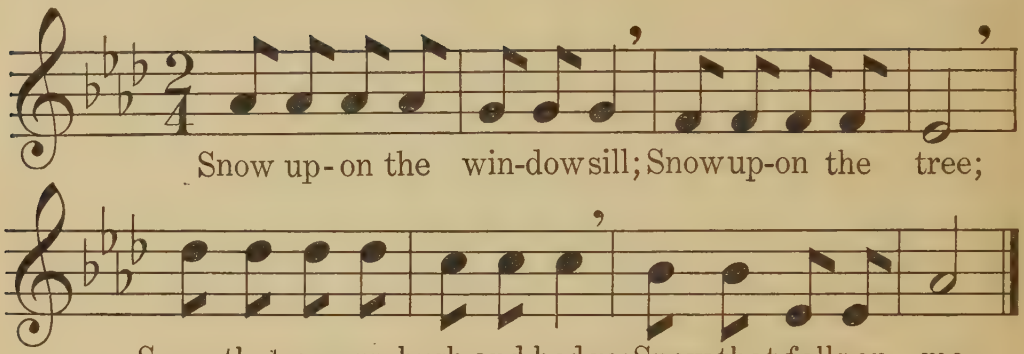




Snow

Will Earhart

Will Earhart

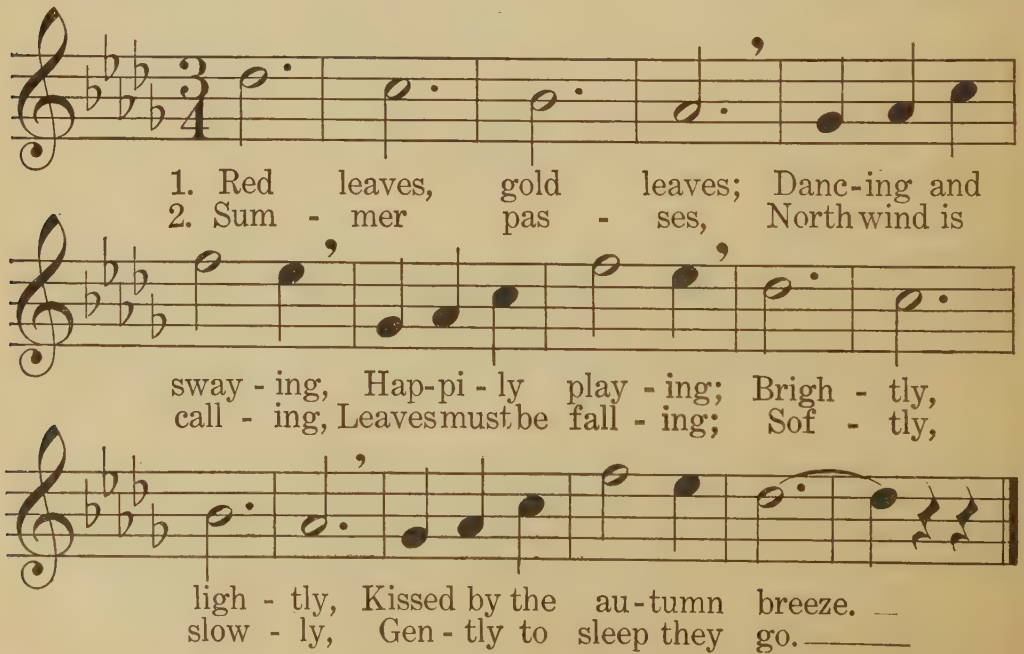


Autumn Leaves

(T. M. p. 234)

Nina B. Hartford

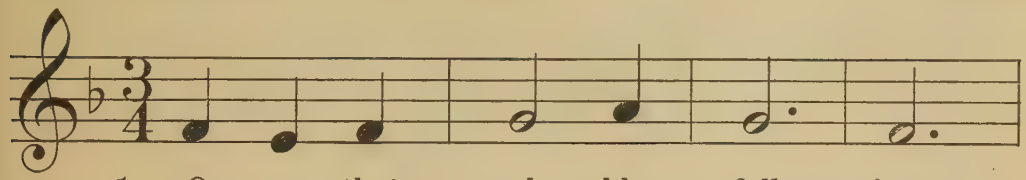
Nina B. Hartford


1. Red leaves, gold leaves; Danc-ing and
2. Sum - mer pas - ses, North wind is
sway - ing, Hap-pi - ly play - ing; Brigh - tly,
call - ing, Leaves must be fall - ing; Sof - tly,
ligh - tly, Kissed by the au-tumn breeze.
slow - ly, Gen - tly to sleep they go.

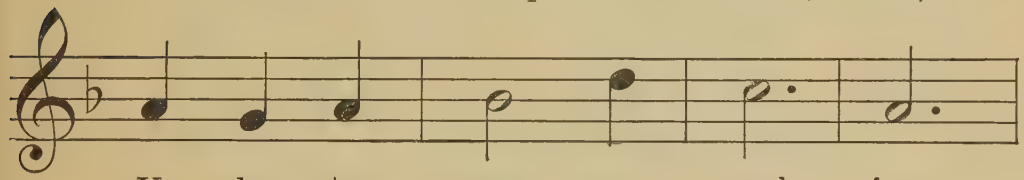
The River

(T. M. p. 235)

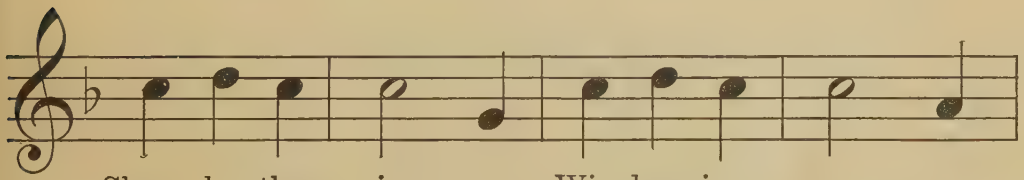
Abbie Farwell Brown — Adolf Weidig



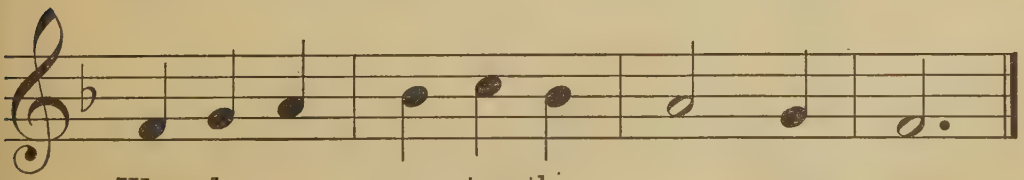
1. O - ver the peb - bles fall - ing,
2. Now with a rip - ple glanc - ing,
3. On with a leap and tum - ble,



Un - der the gras - ses crawl - ing,
Mer - ri - ly on - ward danc - ing,
In - to the roar and rum - ble,



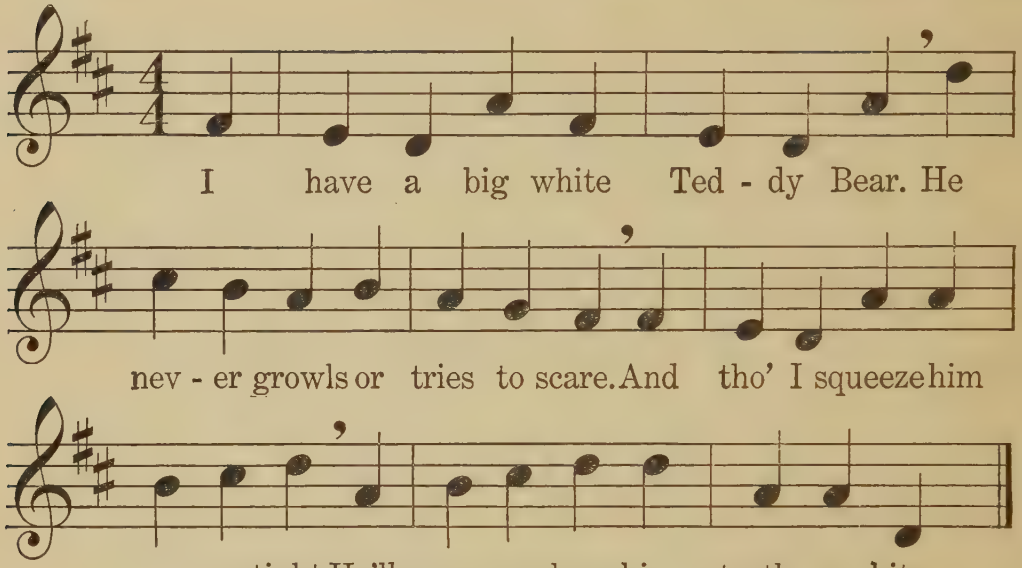
Slow - ly the riv - er, Wi - den - ing ev - er,
Out of the mea - dow In - to the shad - ow,
Deep - er and strong - er, Riv - er no long - er,



Wan - ders a - way to the o - pen sea.
Mak - ing a way to the o - pen sea.
Now it is part of the o - pen sea.

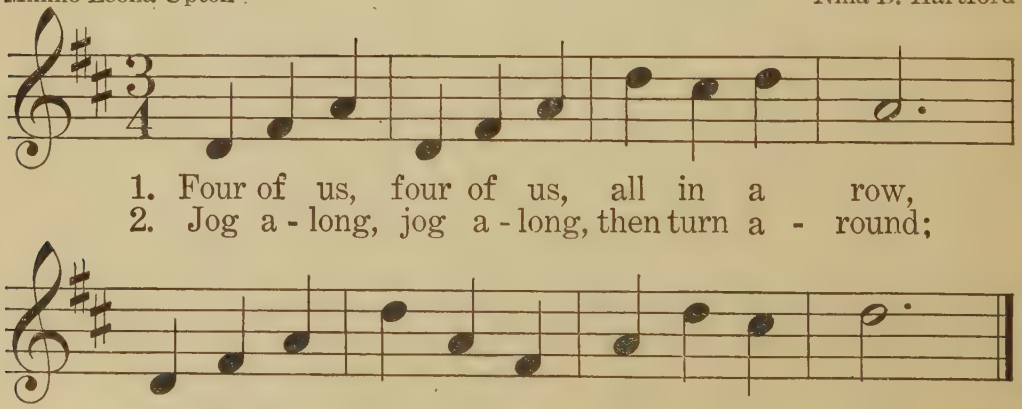
My Teddy Bear

Virginia Baker — Edward B. Birge


I have a big white Ted - dy Bear. He
nev - er growls or tries to scare. And tho' I squeeze him
ve - ry tight He'll nev - er show his teeth or bite.

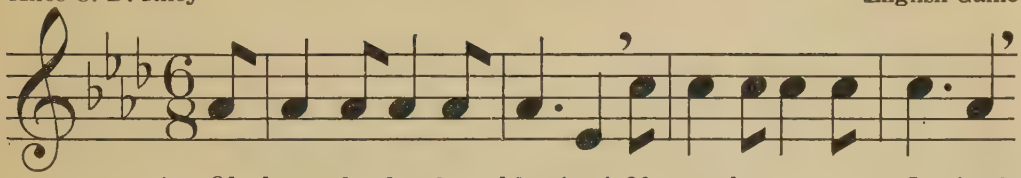
Riding Old Dobbin

Minnie Leona Upton — Nina B. Hartford

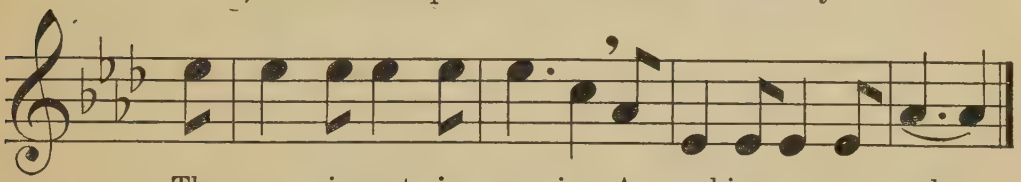

1. Four of us, four of us, all in a row,
2. Jog a - long, jog a - long, then turn a - round;
Ri - ding old Dob - bin we joy - ful - ly go.
Home a - gain, home a - gain, all safe and sound.

Flag Song

Alice C. D. Riley — English Game



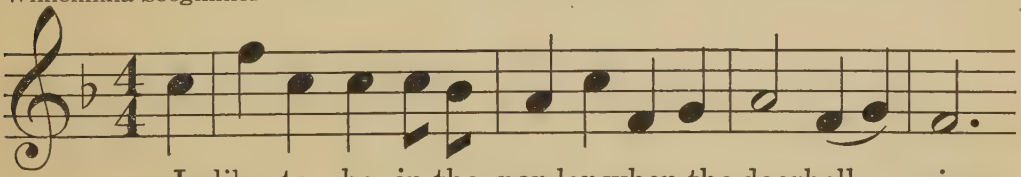
1. Oh, hear the bugles blowing! Oh, see the streamers flowing!
2. Oh, stars and stripes for-ev - er! Dishonored be ye nev - er!



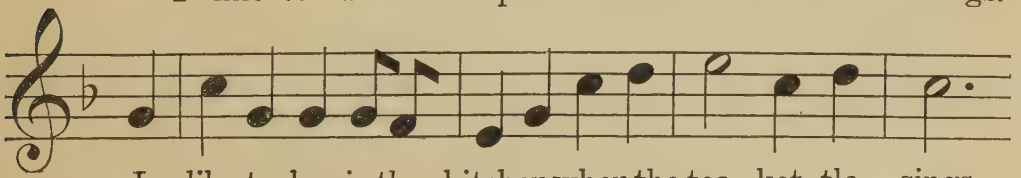
The reg - i-ment is go - ing A-marching on pa - rade.—
But stand for brave en - deav - or In bat - tle or pa - rade.—

Good Cheer

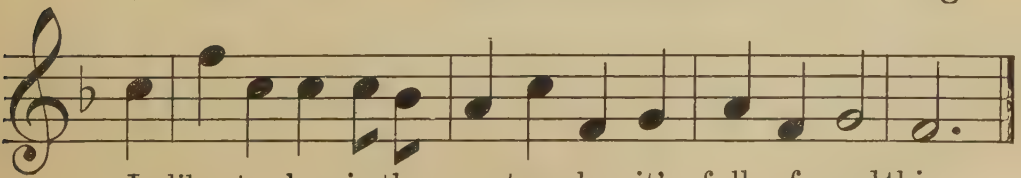
Wilhelmina Seegmiller — W. Otto Miessner



I like to be in the par-lor when the doorbell — rings.



I like to be in the kitchen when the tea - ket - tle sings.

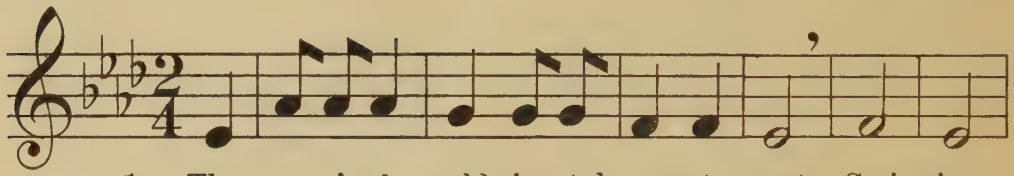


I like to be in the pan-try when it's full of good things.

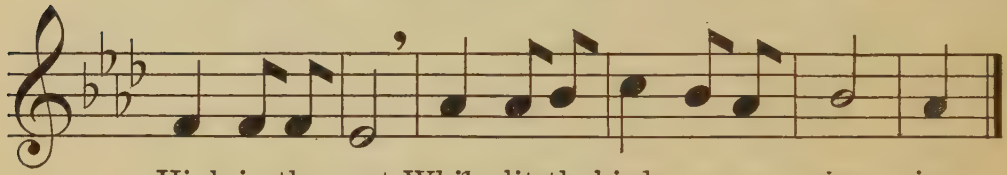
The Oriole's Nest

(T. M. p. 236)

Abbie Farwell Brown — Norwegian Game



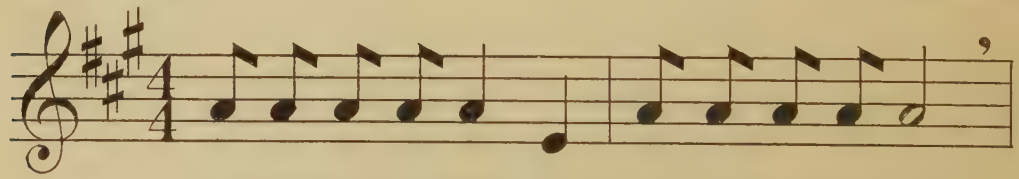
1. The o - ri - ole, gold, is at home at rest, Swinging,
2. The lit - tle nest looks like a bas - ket small, Sway - ing,
3. The shadows grow deep round the wee brown nest, Creeping



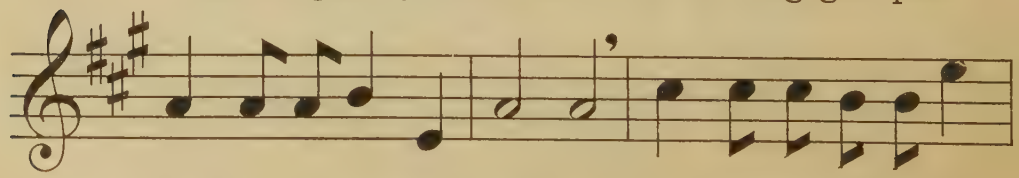
High in the nest, While lit - tle birds are a - sing - ing.
High o - ver all, While lit - tle birds are a - play - ing.
Out of the west, While lit - tle birds are a - sleep - ing.

Pussy Mitz and Doggie Spitz

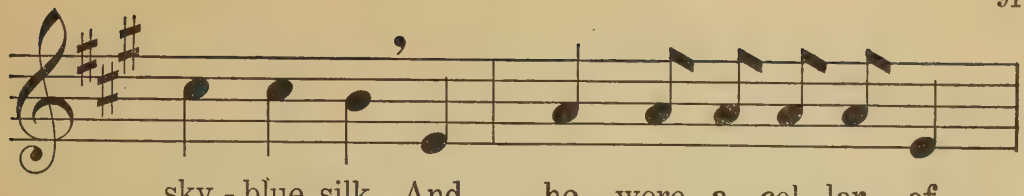
Laura E. Richards — Will Earhart

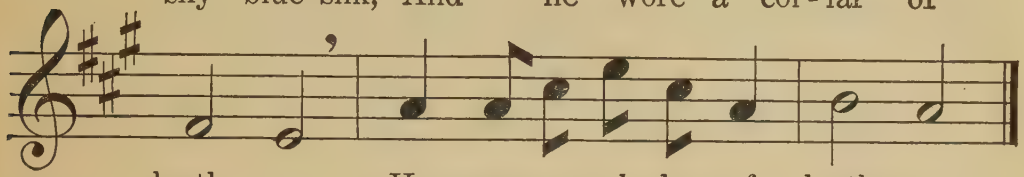


Lit - tle pus - sy Mitz and lit - tle dog - gie Spitz



Lived in a house to - geth - er. She wore a rib - bon of

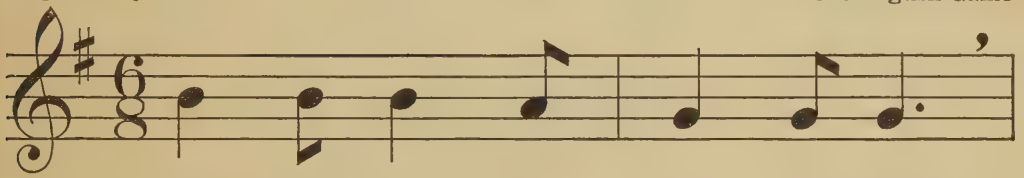


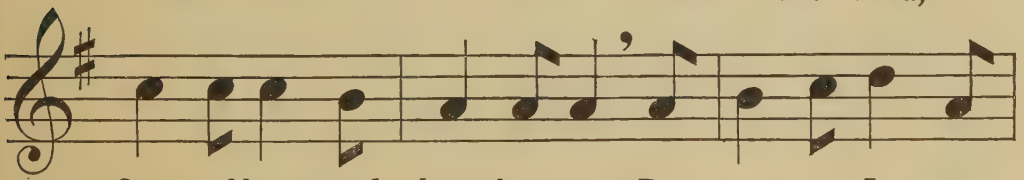


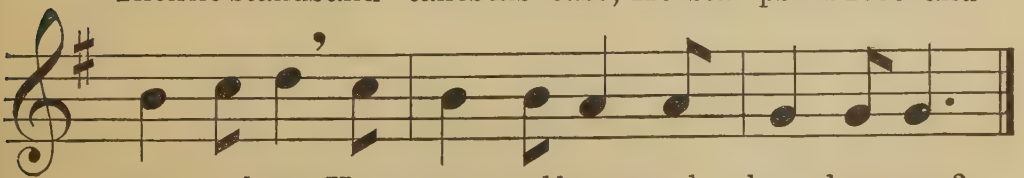
Oats and Beans

(T. M. p. 236)

English Rhyme — Old English Game

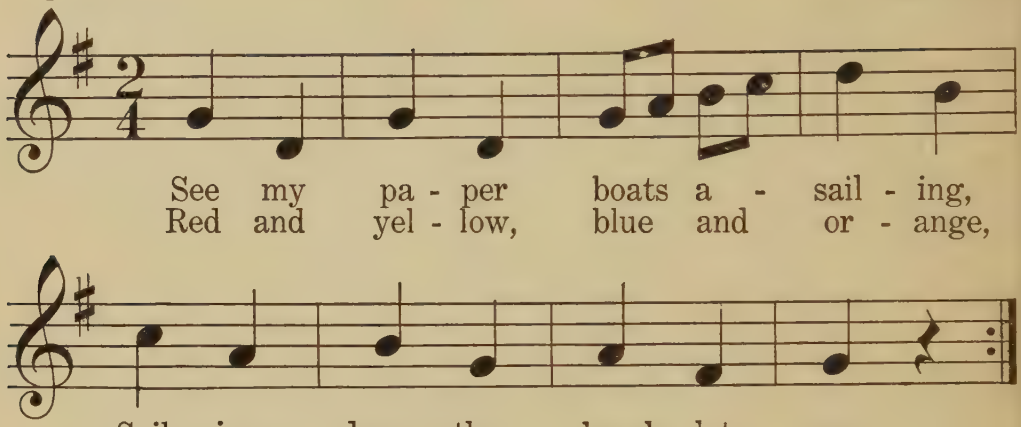






Paper Boats

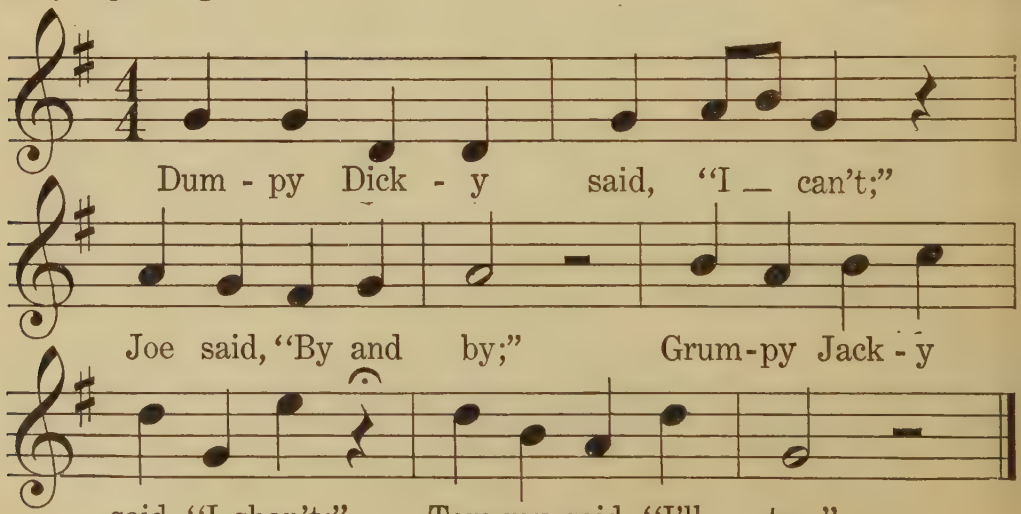
Virginia Baker — Viggo Sanne



Four Boys

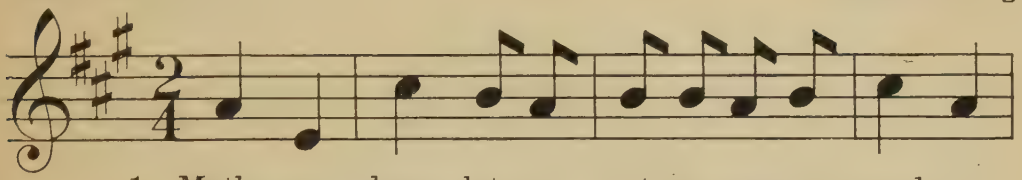
(T. M. p. 237)

Mary Mapes Dodge — Mildred J. Hill



Good-by, Mother

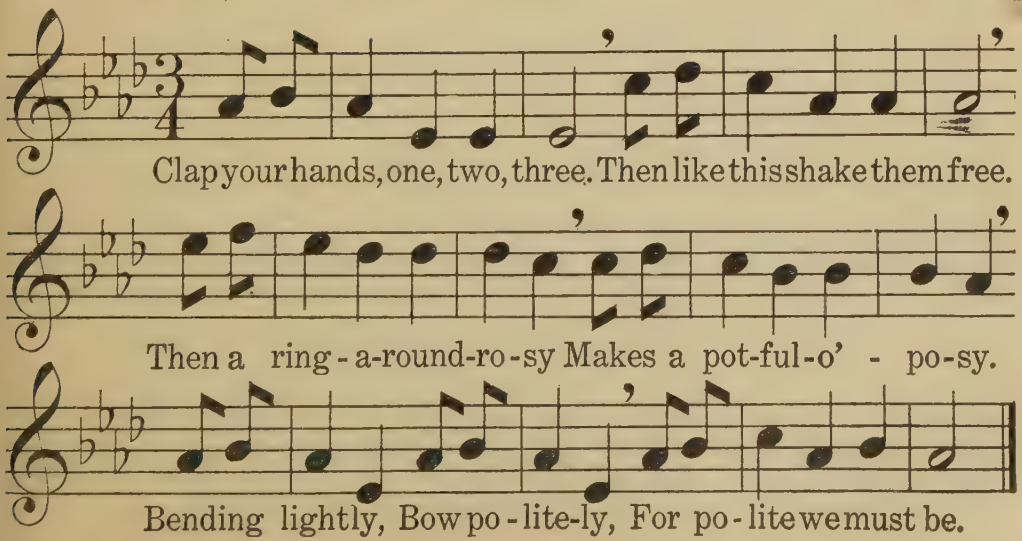
Abbie Farwell Brown — French Folk Song


1. Moth - er dear, let me put my arms a - round you;
2. When I come I shall see you at the win - dow;
Now good - by till my les-son time is done.
Wave your hand to your lov-ing lit - tle one.

Dancing Song

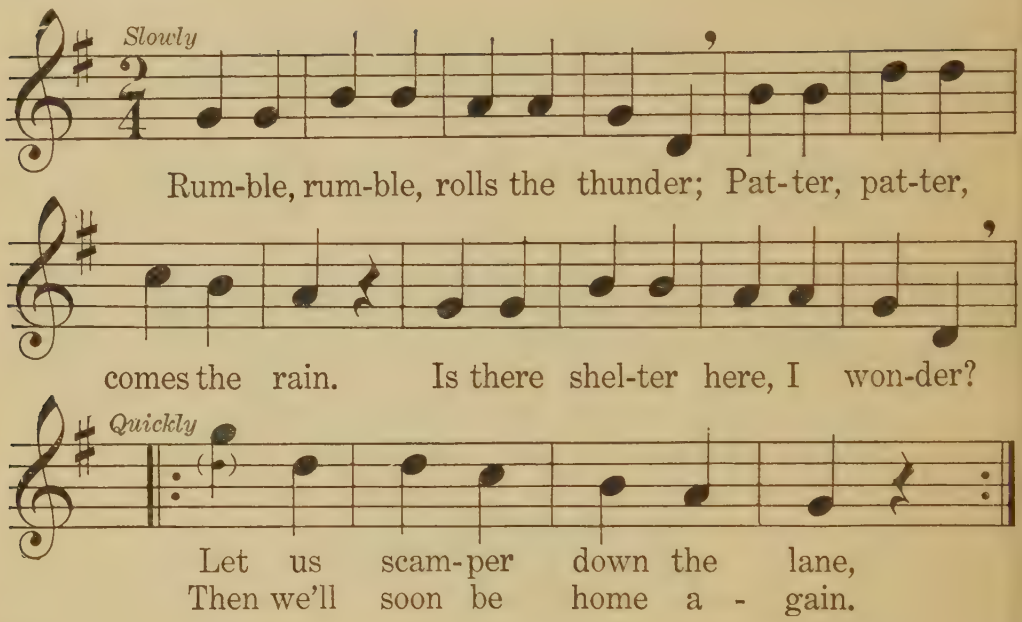
(T. M. p. 127)

Alice C. D. Riley — W. Otto Miessner


Clap your hands, one, two, three. Then like this shake them free.
Then a ring - a-round-ro - sy Makes a pot-ful - o' - po - sy.
Bending lightly, Bow po - lite-ly, For po - lite we must be.

The Shower

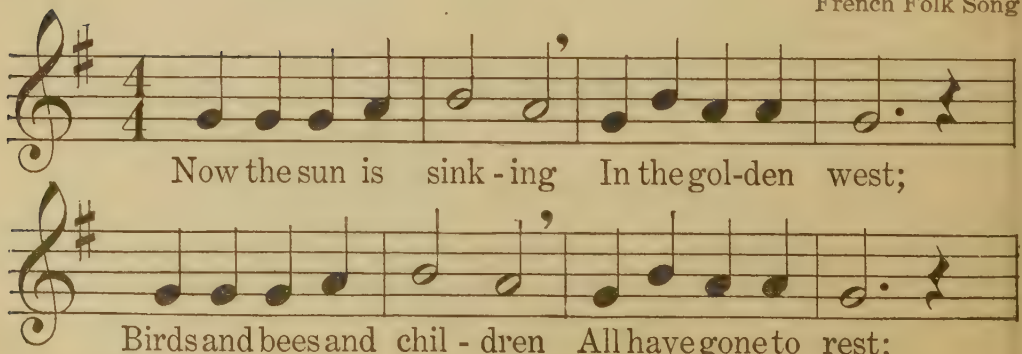
Anna M. Pratt — Folk Song

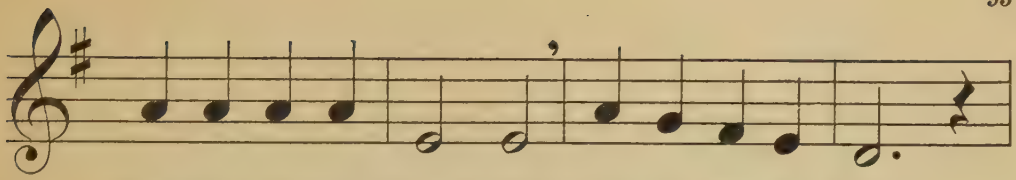

Slowly
Rum-ble, rum-ble, rolls the thunder; Pat-ter, pat-ter,
comes the rain. Is there shel-ter here, I won-der?
Quickly
Let us scam-per down the lane,
Then we'll soon be home a - gain.

Now the Sun is Sinking

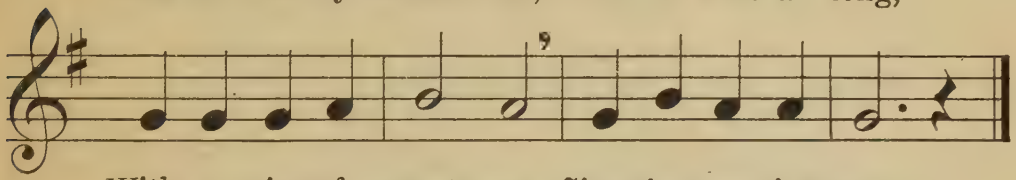
(T. M. p. 237)

French Folk Song





And the mer-ry stream-let, As it runs a-long,

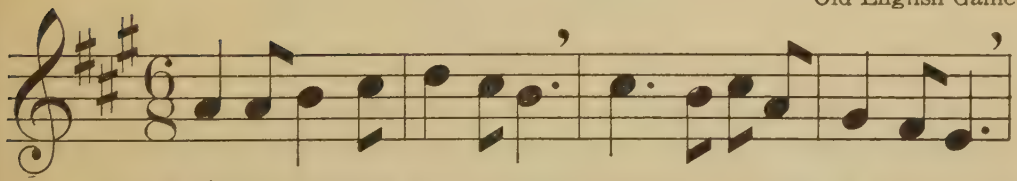


With a voice of sweet-ness Sings its eve-ning song.

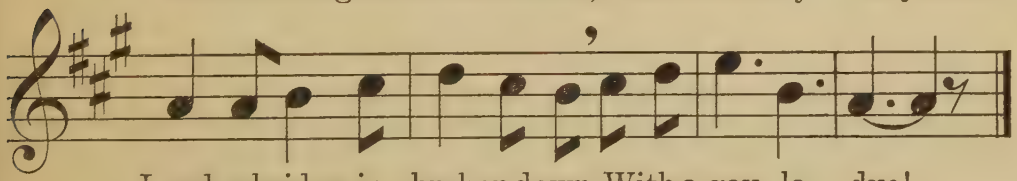
London Bridge

(T. M. p. 238)

Old English Game



1. London bridge is broken down, Dance over my Ladye Lea!

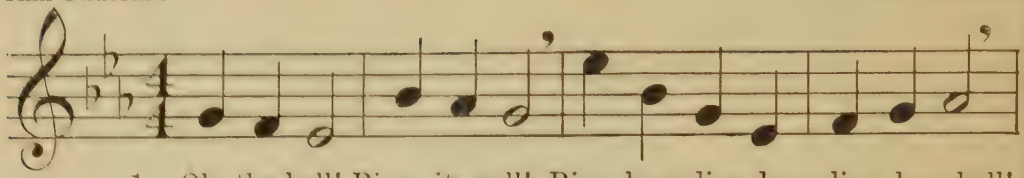


London bridge is broken down, With a gay la-dye!

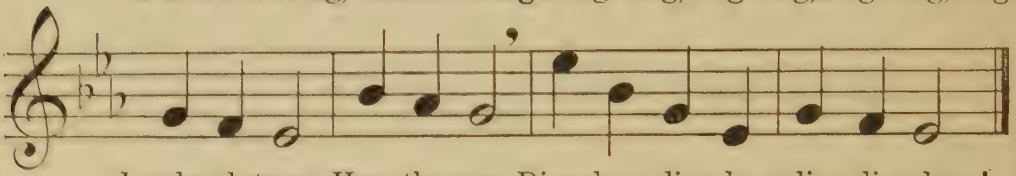
2. How shall we build it up again? Dance over my Ladye Lea, etc.
3. Silver and gold will be stol'n away, etc.
4. Iron and steel will bend and bow.
5. Wood and clay will wash away.
6. Build it up with stone so strong.

The Bell

Ann Underhill — W. Otto Miessner



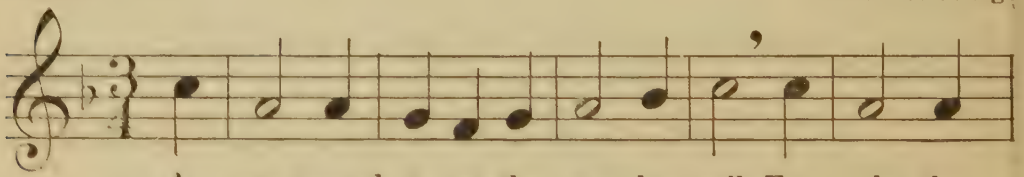
1. Oh, the bell! Ring it well! Ring dong, ding dong, ding dong bell!
2. One more ring, Make it swing! Ring dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding!



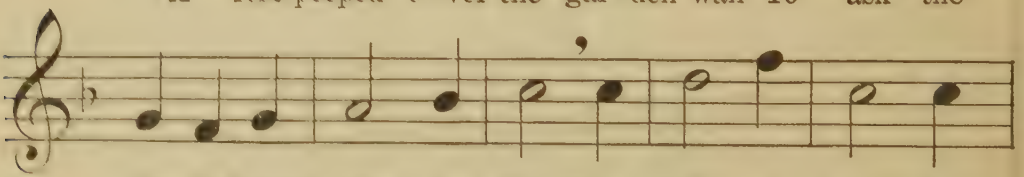
Loud and strong, Hear the song, Ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong!
How the song Rolls a - long! Ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong!

The Rose and the Bee

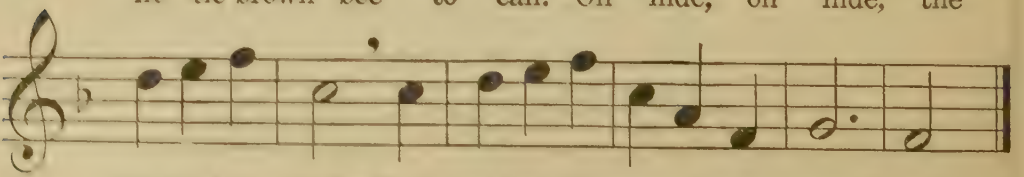
Florence C. Fox — Edward B. Birge



A rose peeped o - ver the gar - den wall To ask the



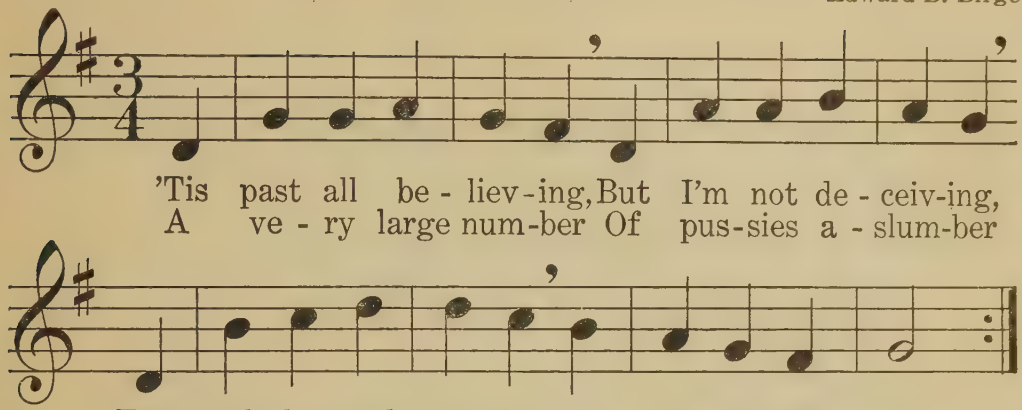
lit - tle brown bee to call. "Oh hide, oh hide," the



lit - tle bee cried, "Just see how the peo-ple are star - ing!"

A Spring Puzzle

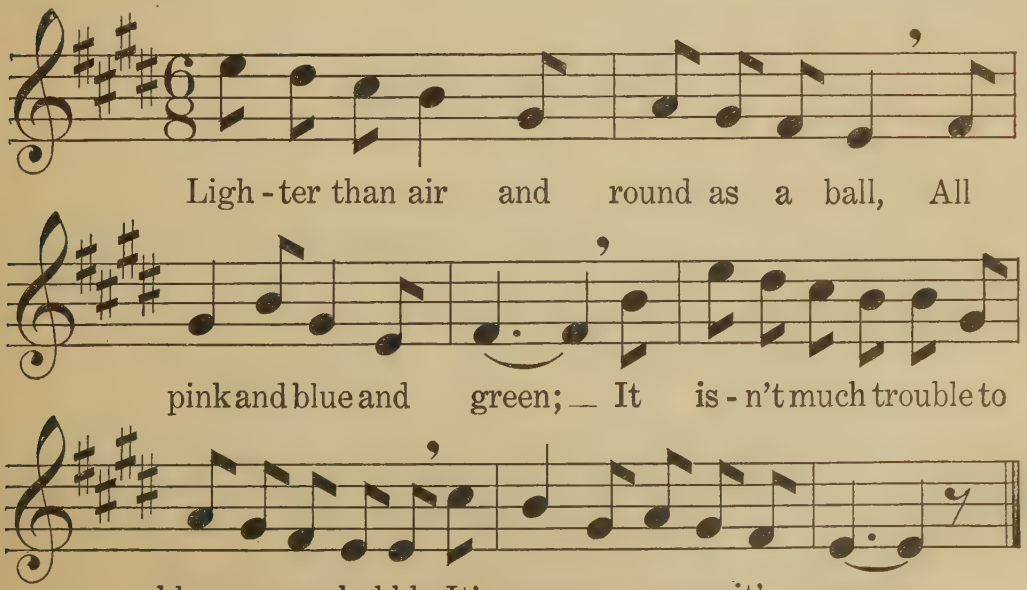
Anna M. Pratt — Edward B. Birge


'Tis past all be - liev-ing, But I'm not de - ceiv-ing,
A ve - ry large num-ber Of pus-sies a - slum-ber
For, real - ly and tru - ly, some day you will see
And blue-birds a - sing-ing up - on the same tree.

Soap Bubbles

(T. M. p. 238)

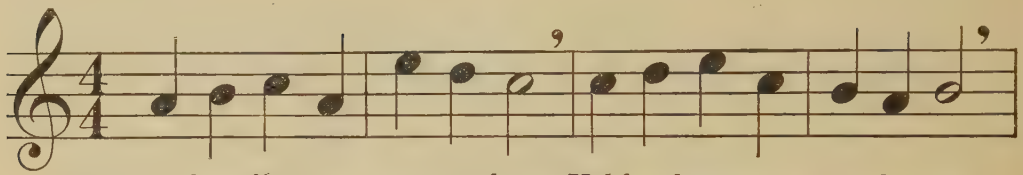
Mabel L. Harris — Irene R. Brickner


Ligh - ter than air and round as a ball, All
pink and blue and green; It is - n't much trouble to
blow a soap bubble, It's gone as soon as it's seen.

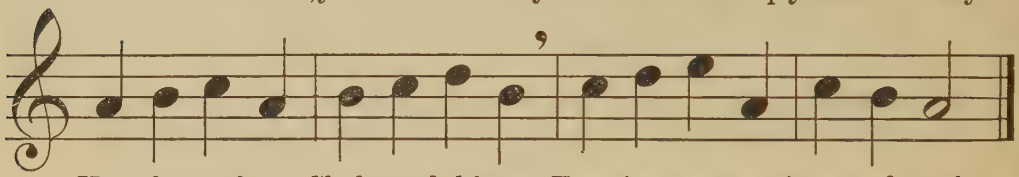
Lingering Leaves

(T. M. p. 239)

Abbie Farwell Brown — Adolf Weidig



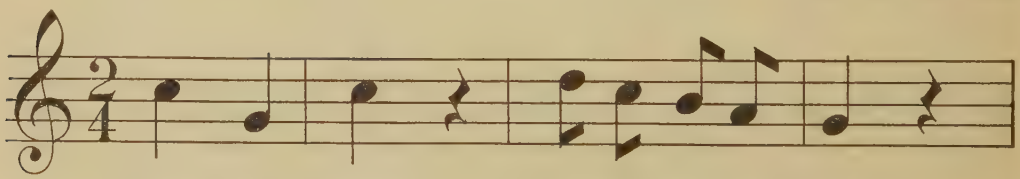
1. Still there lin - ger two or three Yel-low leaves up - on the tree.
2. All their broth-er leaves have flown; They are left here quite a - lone,
3. Poor old leaves, you can - not stay! Winds will sweep you all a - way.

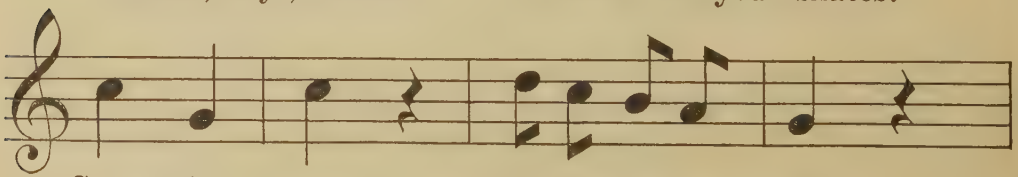


How they quiv-er, Shake and shiver, Fear-ing autumn's cru - el - ty!
Fee - bly clinging, Wild - ly swinging, Roughly now by breez-es blown.
Downward whirling, Madly twirling, Till you sleep and dream of May.

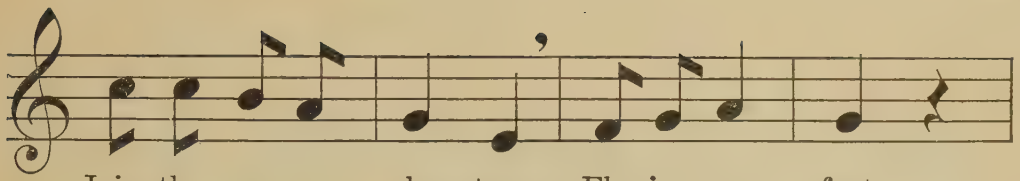
Skating Song

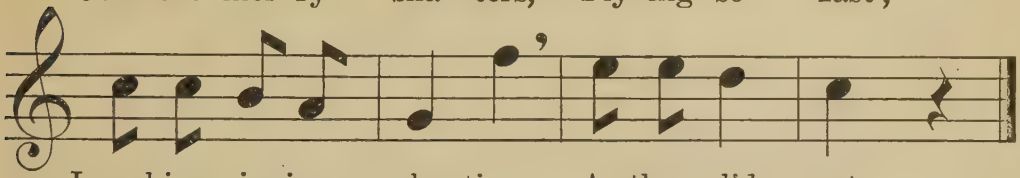
(T. M. p. 240)

Anna M. Pratt — Bohemian Folk Song

Come, boys, come! Buc - kle on your skates!



Come, girls, come! Win-ter nev-er waits.

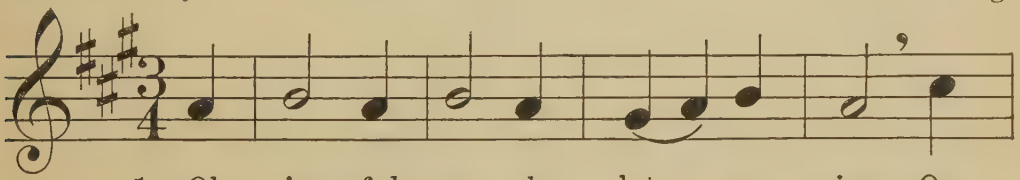


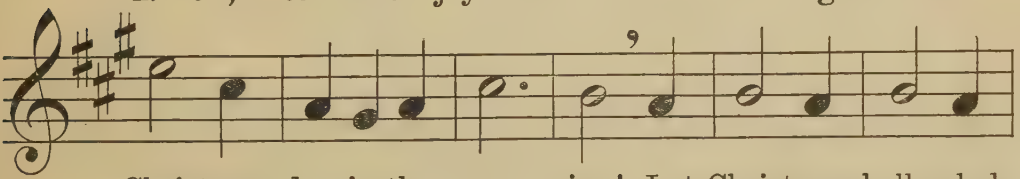


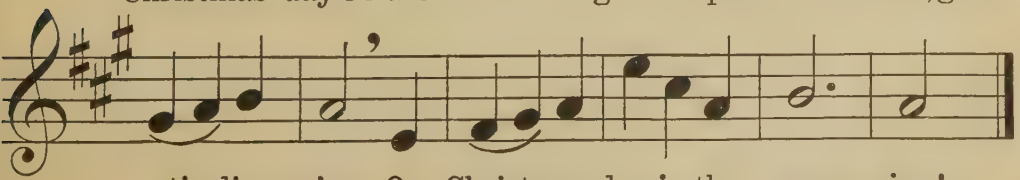
On Christmas Day in the Morning

(T. M. p. 241)

Alice C. D. Riley — Edward B. Birge

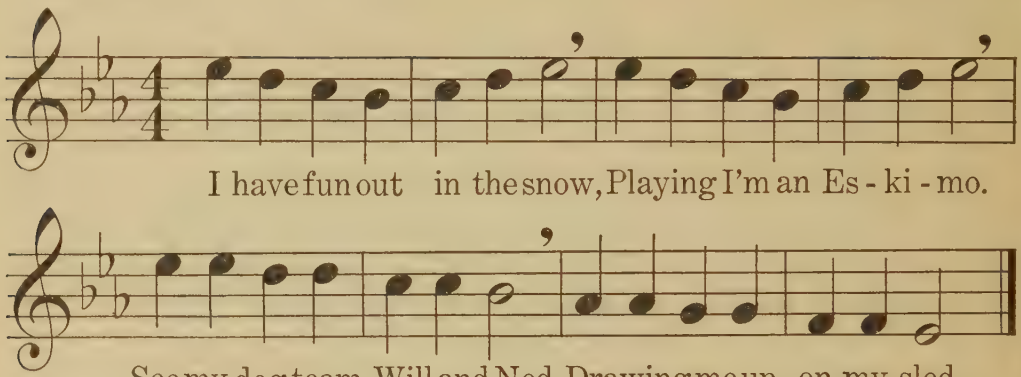






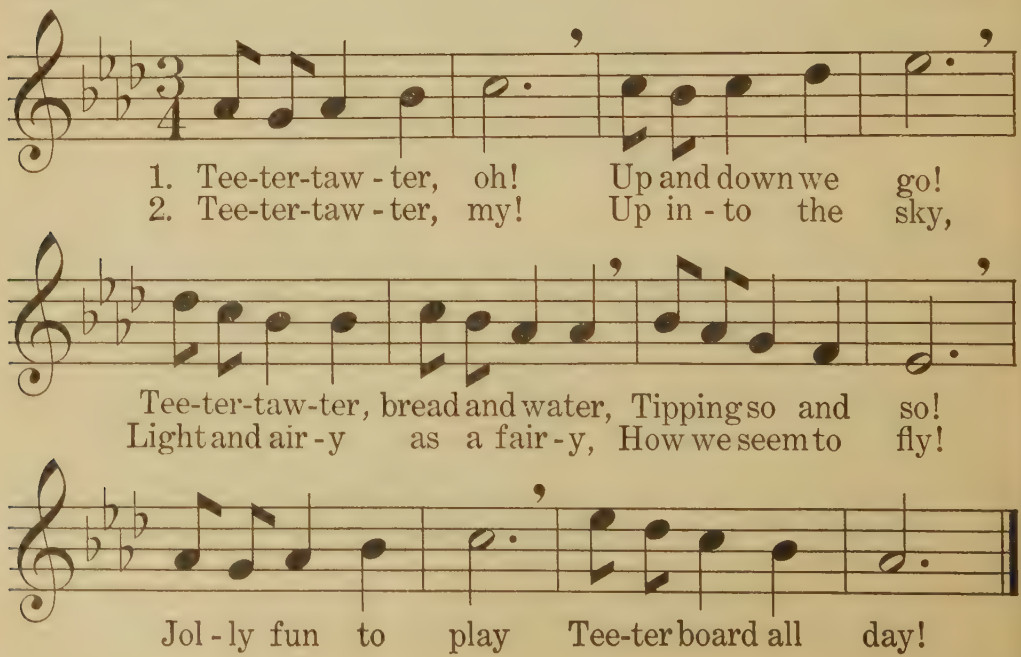
Playing Eskimo

Virginia Baker — George L. Wright



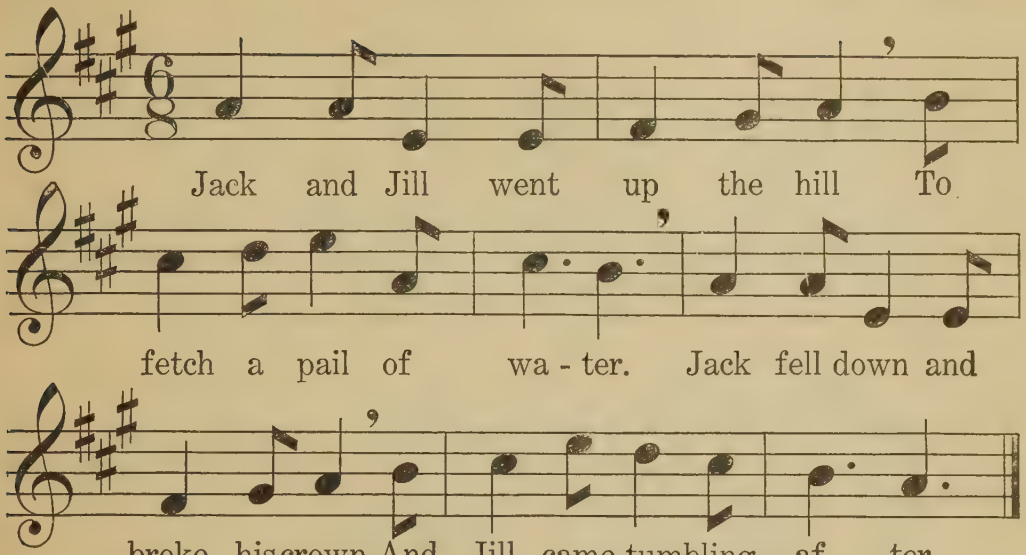
Teeter-Tawter

Alice C. D. Riley — W. Otto Miessner


1. Tee-ter-taw - ter, oh! Up and down we go!
2. Tee-ter-taw - ter, my! Up in - to the sky,
Tee-ter-taw-ter, bread and water, Tipping so and so!
Light and air - y as a fair - y, How we seem to fly!
Jol - ly fun to play Tee-ter board all day!

Jack and Jill

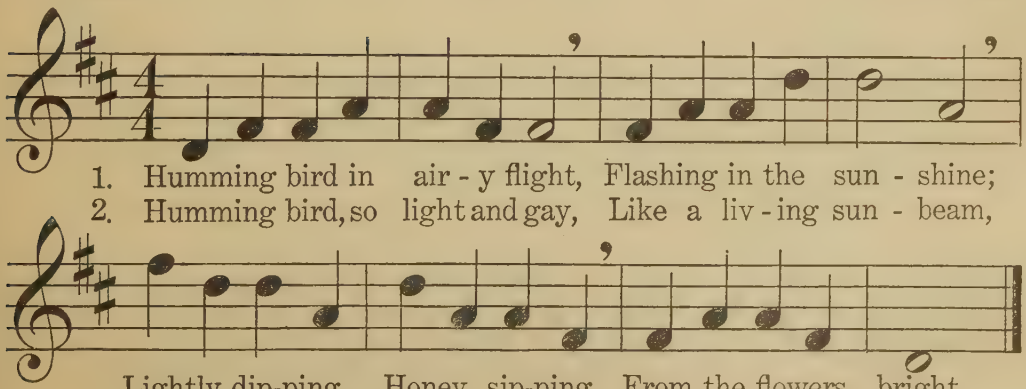
Mother Goose — Nina B. Hartford



Humming Bird

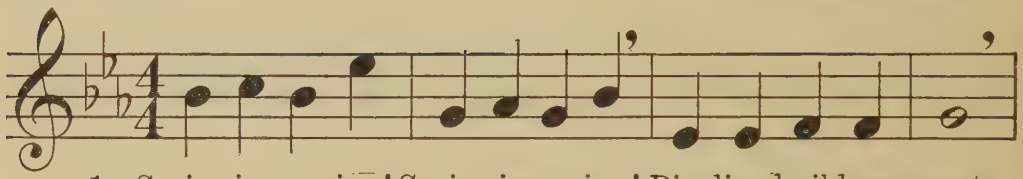
(T. M. p. 242)

Jean Bassett — Adolf Weidig

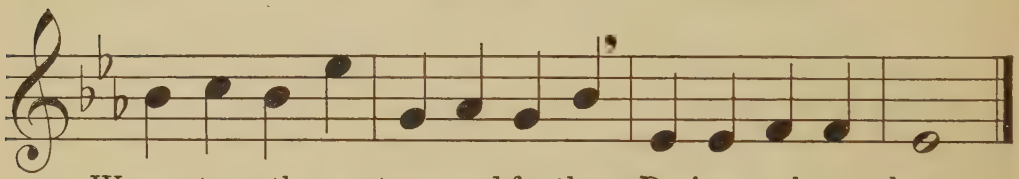

1. Humming bird in air - y flight, Flashing in the sun - shine;
2. Humming bird, so light and gay, Like a liv - ing sun - beam,
Lightly dip-ping, Honey sip-ping From the flowers bright.
Swiftly glancing, Ev - er danc-ing; Then you dart a - way!

May Song

Country Rhyme — Charles L. Minturn



1. Spring is com-ing! Spring is coming! Bir-dies, build your nest.
2. Spring is com-ing! Spring is coming! Flow'rs are coming too.
3 Spring is com-ing! Spring is coming! All a-round is fair.

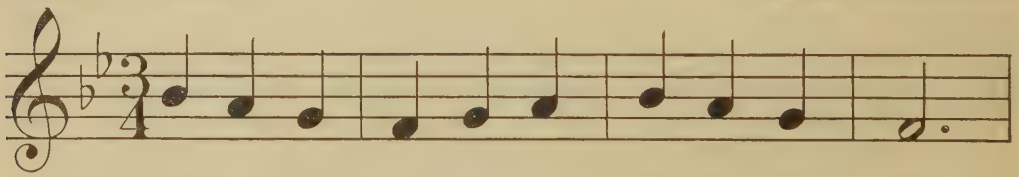


Weave to-geth - er straw and feather, Do-ing each your best.
Pan - sies, lil - ies, daf - fo - dil - lies, Now are com-ing through.
Shim-mer, quiv-er, on the riv - er; Joy is ev - 'ry - where.

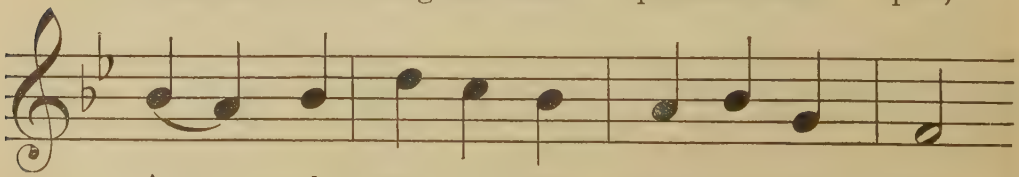
Mud Pies

(T. M. p. 242)

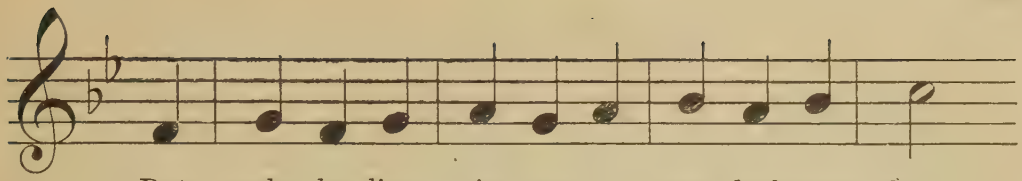
Margaret E. Sangster — Marshall Bartholomew

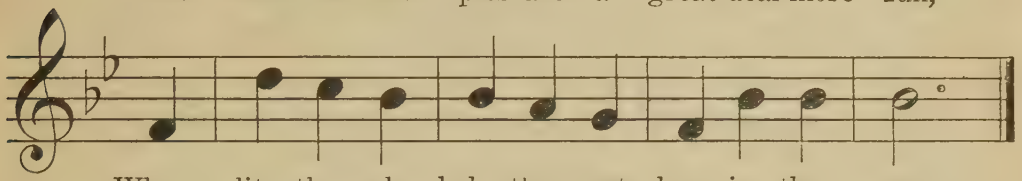


Sweetened with sug - ar and sprinkled with spice,



Ap - ple turn - o - vers real - ly are nice;

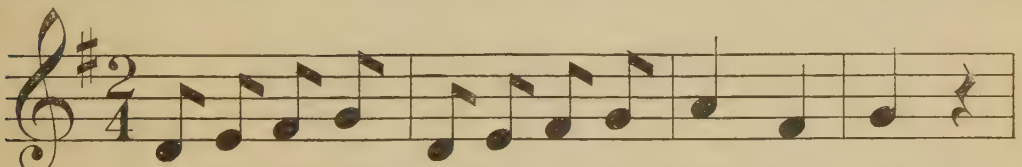


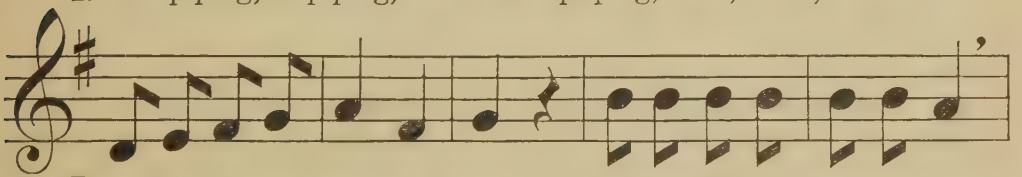


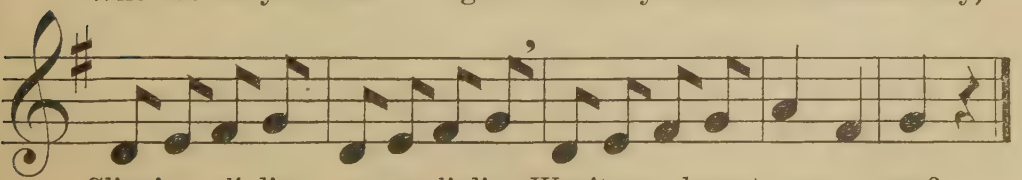
Rain

(T. M. p. 243)

Abbie Farwell Brown — Bohemian Folk Song



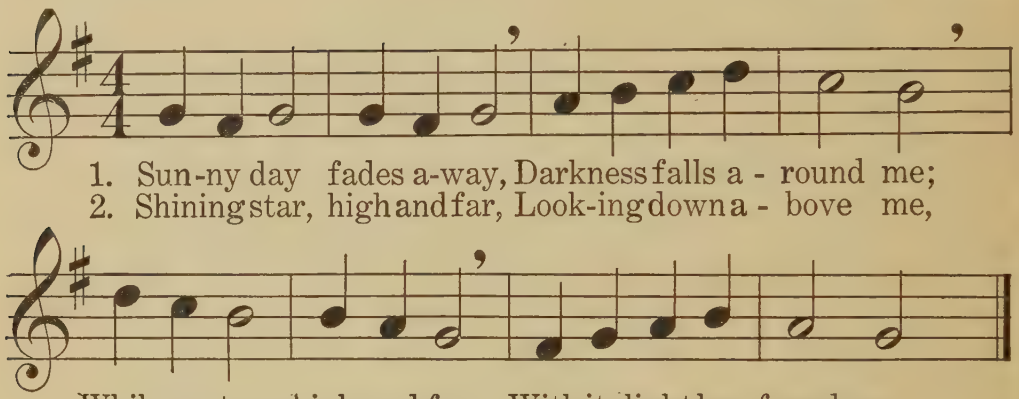




The Friendly Star

(T. M. p. 244)

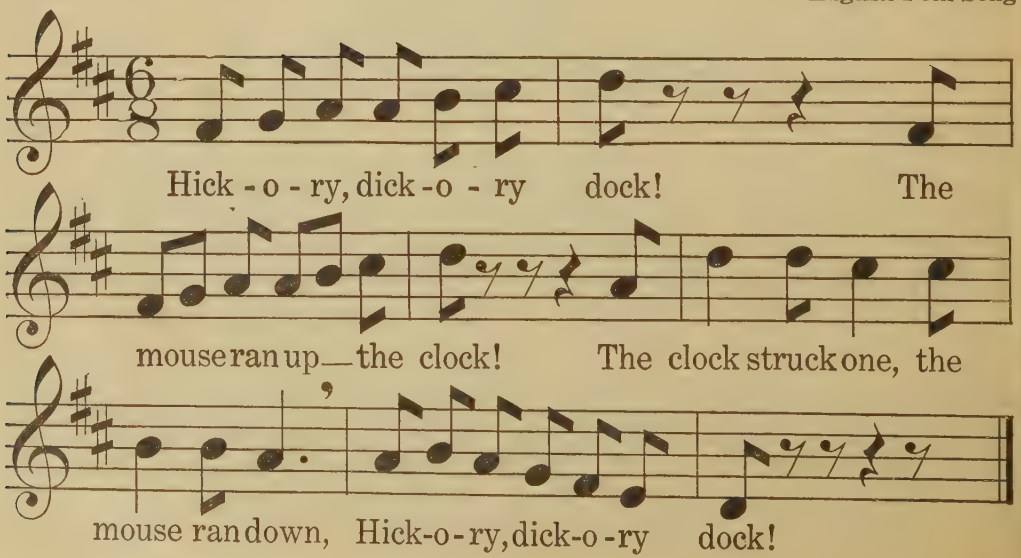
Kate Forman — Charles L. Minturn


1. Sun-ny day fades a-way, Darkness falls a - round me;
2. Shining star, high and far, Look-ing down a - bove me,
While a star, high and far, With its light has found me.
Clear and bright all the night, Tell me, do you love me?

Hickory, Dickory Dock

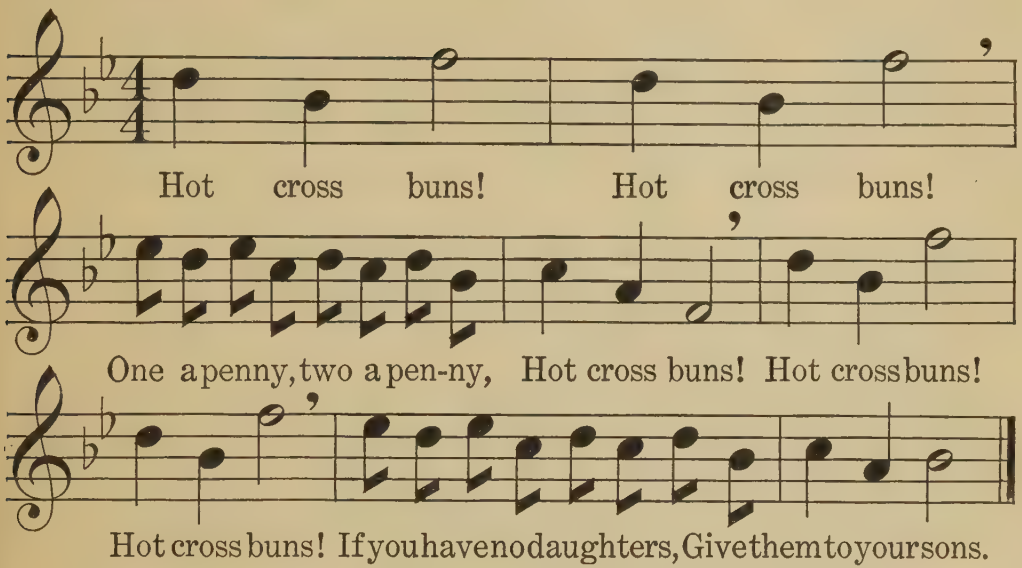
(T. M. p. 244)

Mother Goose — English Folk Song



Hot Cross Buns

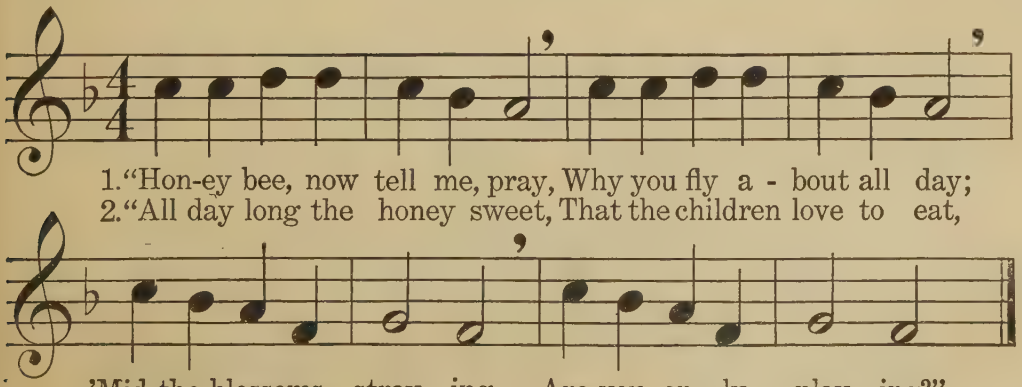
Mother Goose W. Otto Miessner


Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!
One a penny, two a pen-ny, Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns! If you have no daughters, Give them to your sons.

Honey Bee

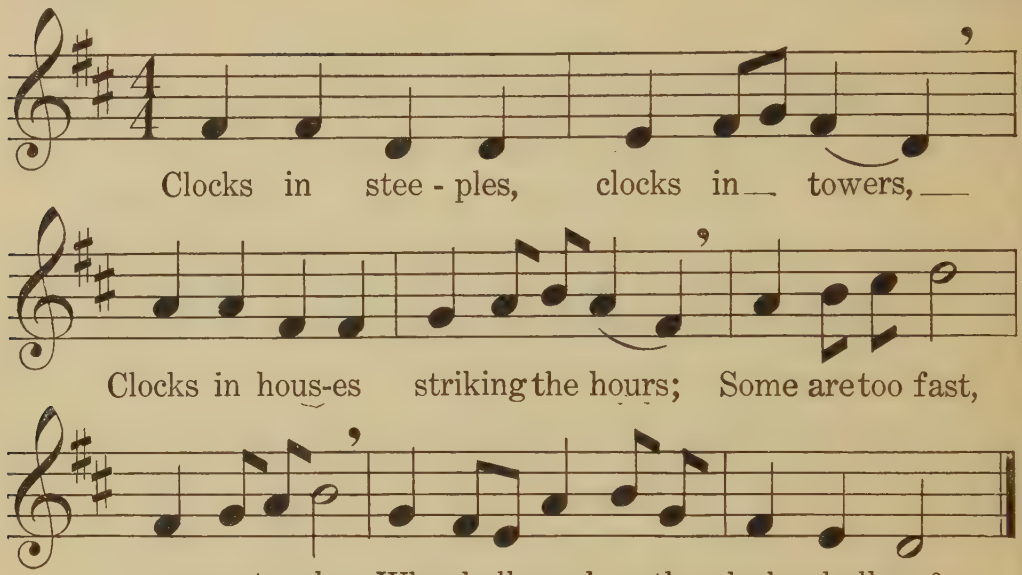
(T. M. p. 245)

Virginia Baker Folk Song


1."Hon-ey bee, now tell me, pray, Why you fly a - bout all day;
2."All day long the honey sweet, That the children love to eat,
'Mid the blossoms stray - ing, Are you on - ly play - ing?"
From the flow'rs I gath - er, In the sum-mer weath - er."

The Clocks of Rondaine

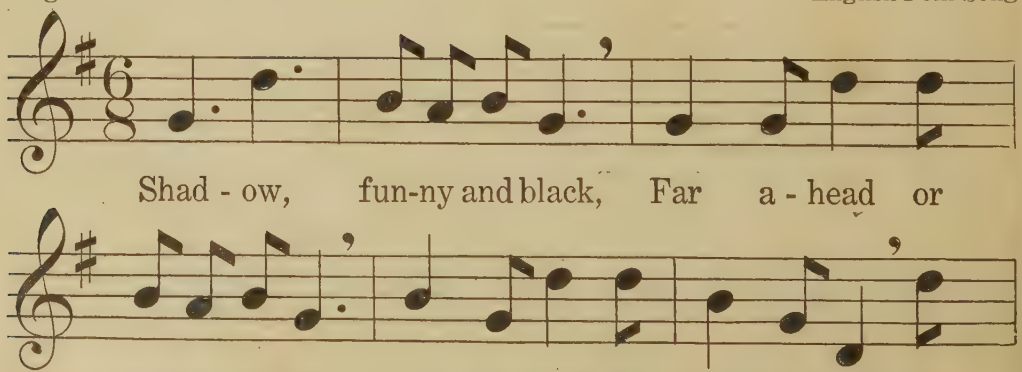
Florence C. Fox — L. Aug. Lundh

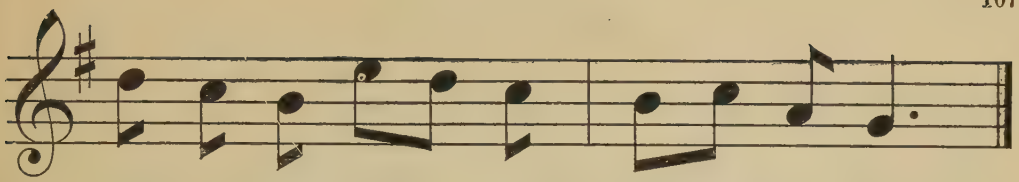

Clocks in stee - ples, clocks in towers,
Clocks in hous-es striking the hours; Some are too fast,
some are too slow, Who shall say how the clocks shall go?

My Shadow

(T. M. p. 245)

Virginia Baker — English Folk Song

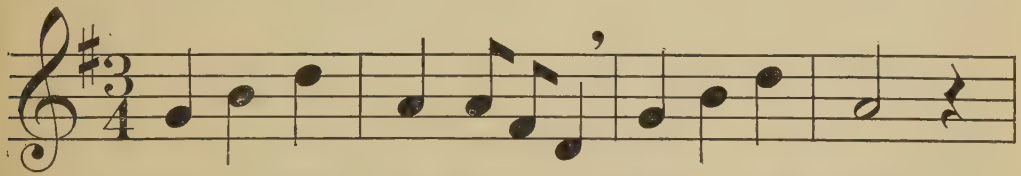




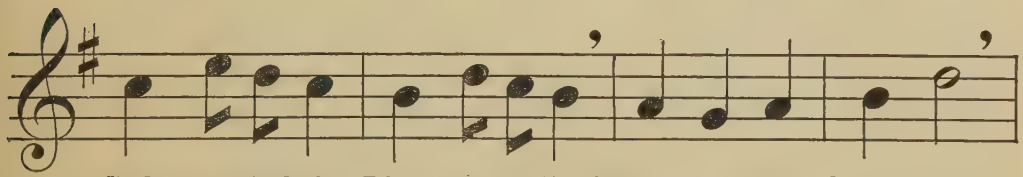
wish you could sing and laugh and talk.

The Song of the Shell

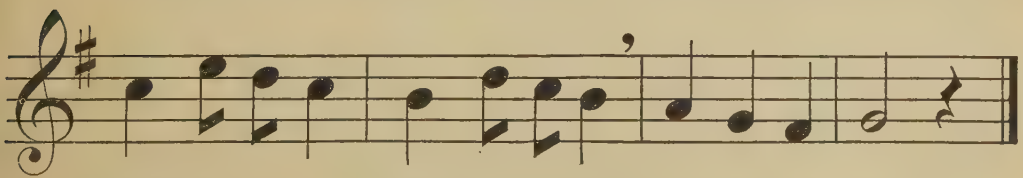
Alice C. D. Riley — Dutch Folk Song



1. Shell of the sea, tell to me What is your song?
2. Shell of the sea, can it be Mermaids you've seen?
3. Shell of the sea, tell to me, When breakers roll,



Soft-rounded tip, Pink, pearly lip, What are you hum-ming?
Soft, floating hair, White faces fair, Are they so love - ly?
Surf-horses ride Down beaches wide, Where are they rac - ing?

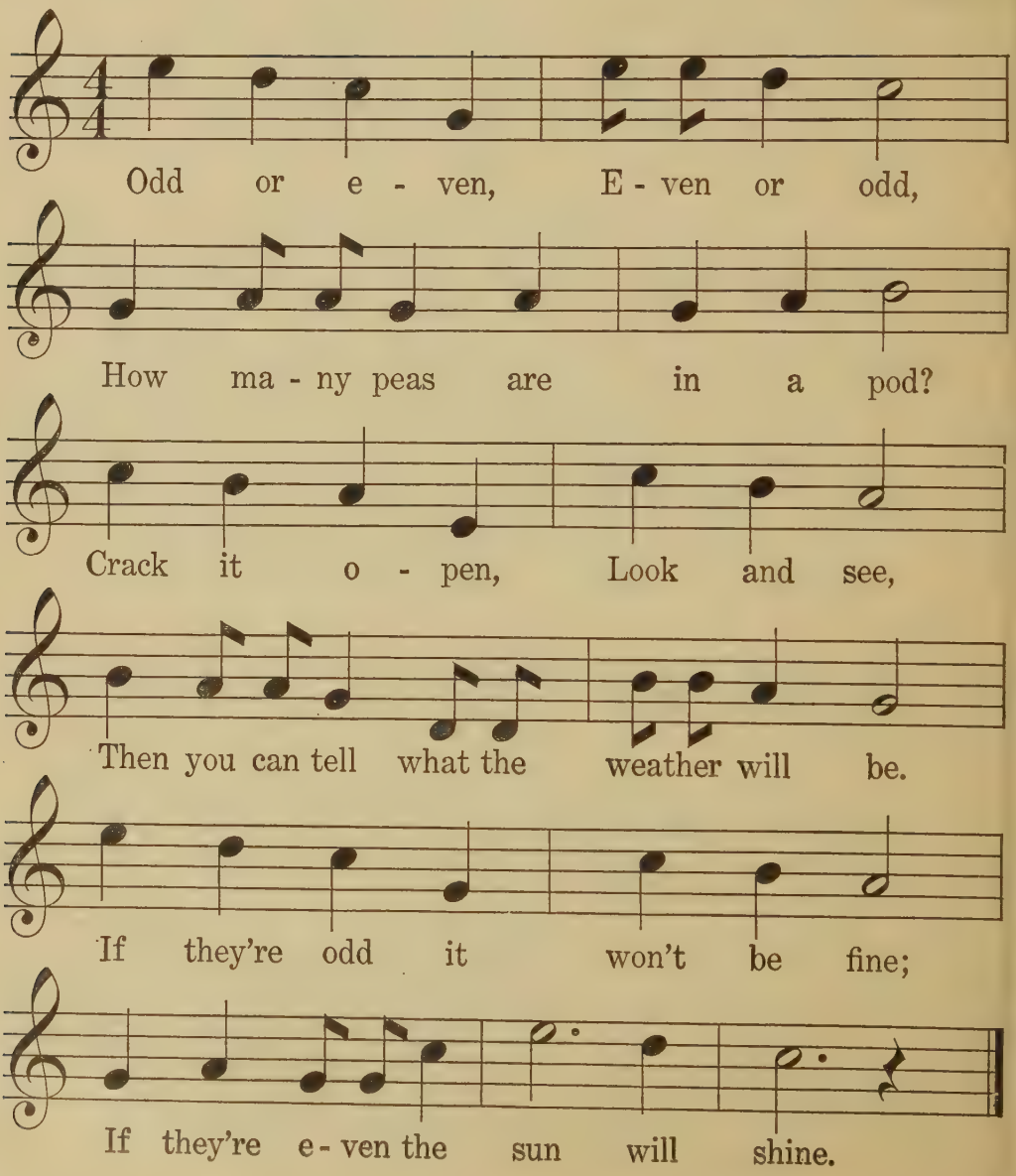


Where minnows hide, How runs the tide? What is your song?
Where curls the foam, Say, do they comb Tresses of green?
There as they ride, Rush side by side, Who wins the goal?

Odd or Even

English Rhyme

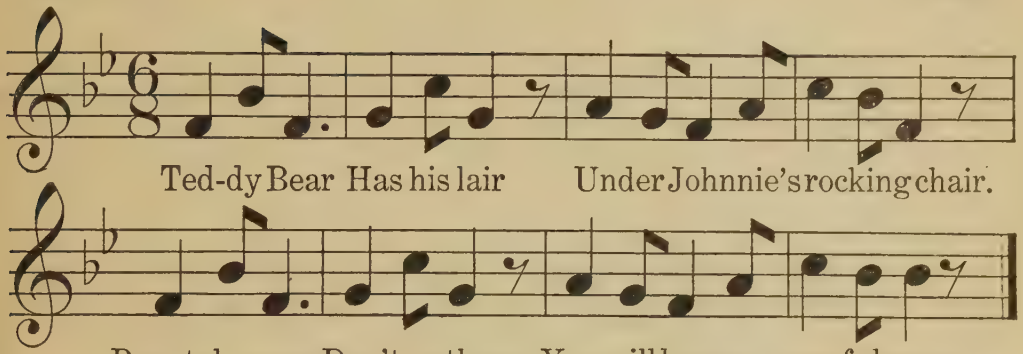
W. Otto Miessner


Odd or e - ven, E - ven or odd,
How ma - ny peas are in a pod?
Crack it o - pen, Look and see,
Then you can tell what the weather will be.
If they're odd it won't be fine;
If they're e - ven the sun will shine.

Teddy Bear

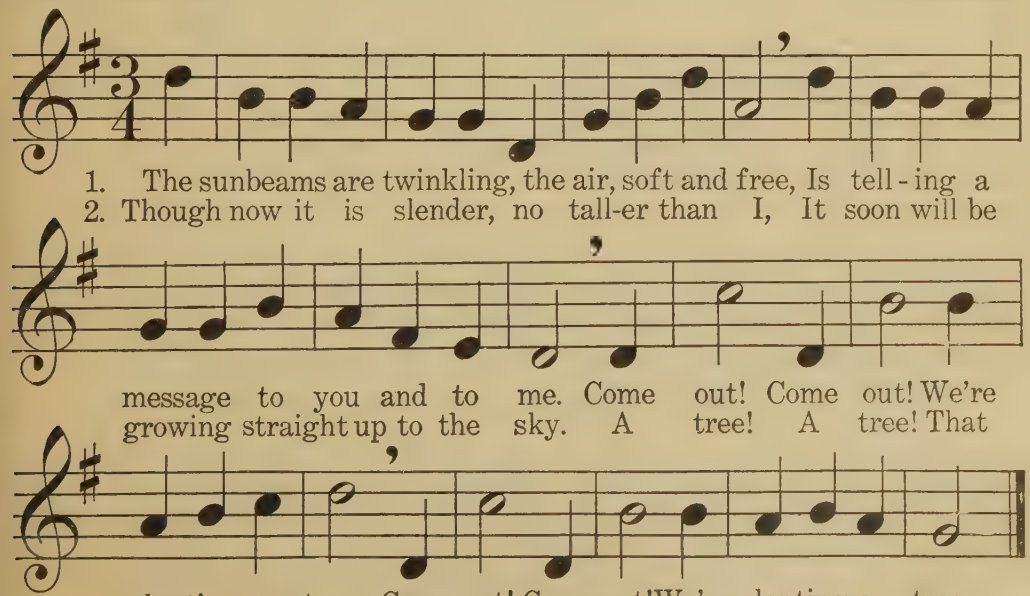
(T. M. p. 246)

Virginia Baker — G. A. Grant-Schaefer



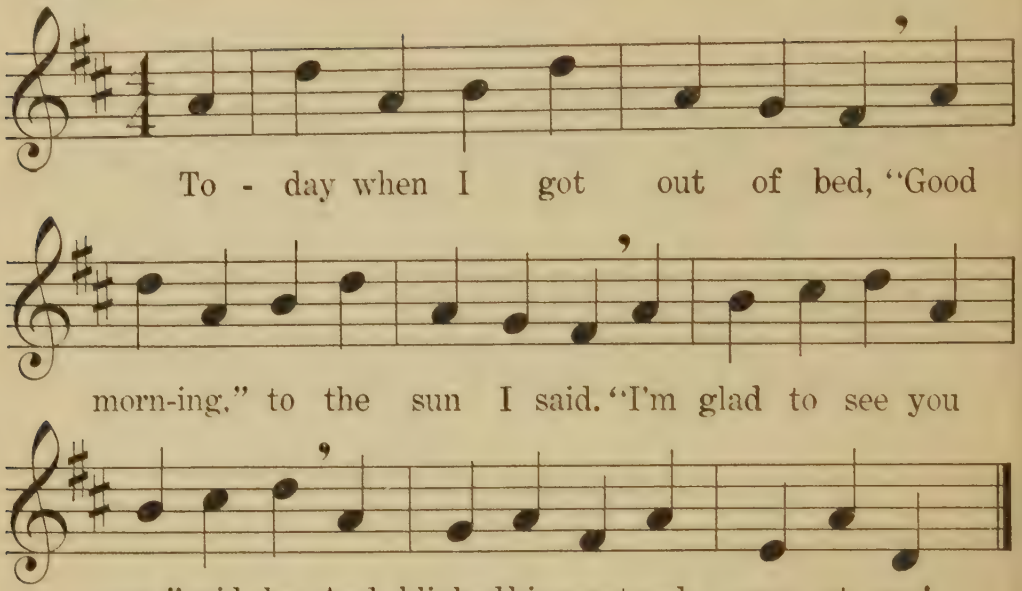
Arbor Day

Kate Louise Brown — Ernst Schmid


1. The sunbeams are twinkling, the air, soft and free, Is tell-ing a
2. Though now it is slender, no tall-er than I, It soon will be
message to you and to me. Come out! Come out! We're
growing straight up to the sky. A tree! A tree! That
planting a tree; Come out! Come out! We're planting a tree.
touches the sky; A tree! A tree! That touches the sky.

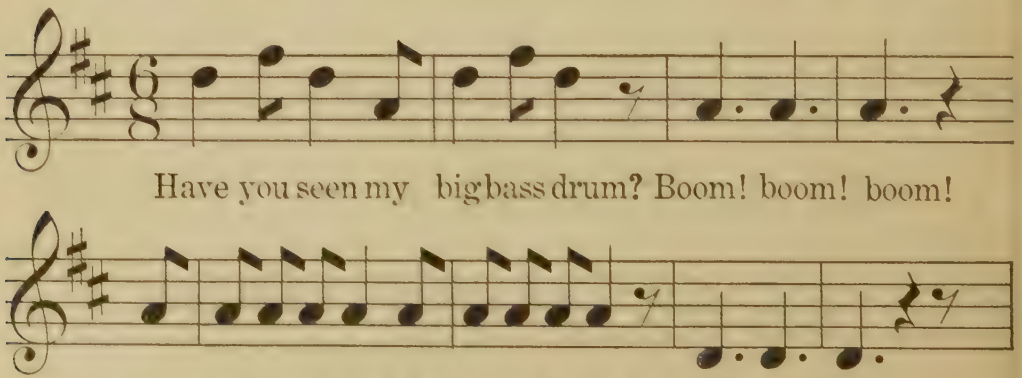
This Morning

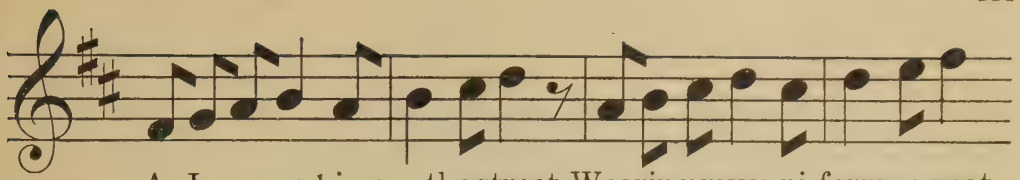
Clinton Scollard (T. M. p. 246) Marshall Bartholomew



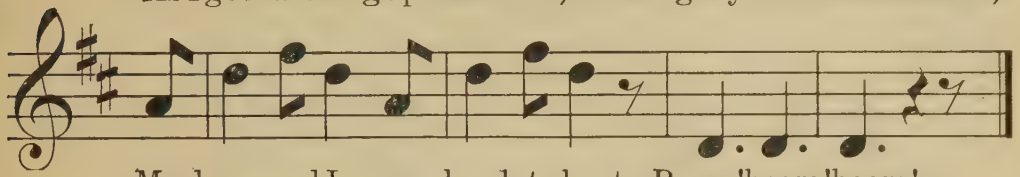
My Big Bass Drum

M. Edith Reynolds M. Edith Reynolds





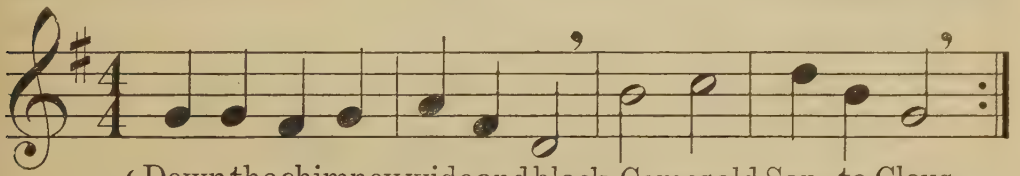
As I go marching up the street, Wearing my u-ni-form so neat,



My drum and I are hard to beat, Boom! boom! boom!

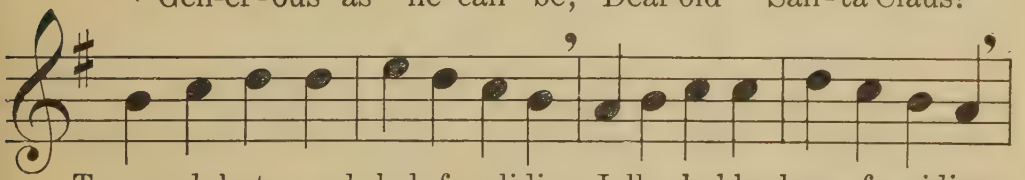
Dear Old Santa Claus

Alice C. D. Riley — English Folk Song

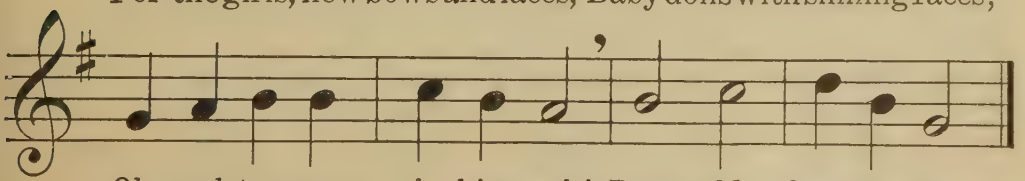


1. { Down the chimney wide and black, Comes old San - ta Claus,
   { La-den with his Christmas pack; Dear old San - ta Claus!

2. { Such a mer-ry fel-low, he; Dear old San - ta Claus!
   { Gen-er-ous as he can be; Dear old San - ta Claus!



Tops and skates and sleds for sliding, Jolly hobby-horse for riding,
For the girls, new bows and laces, Baby dolls with smiling faces;

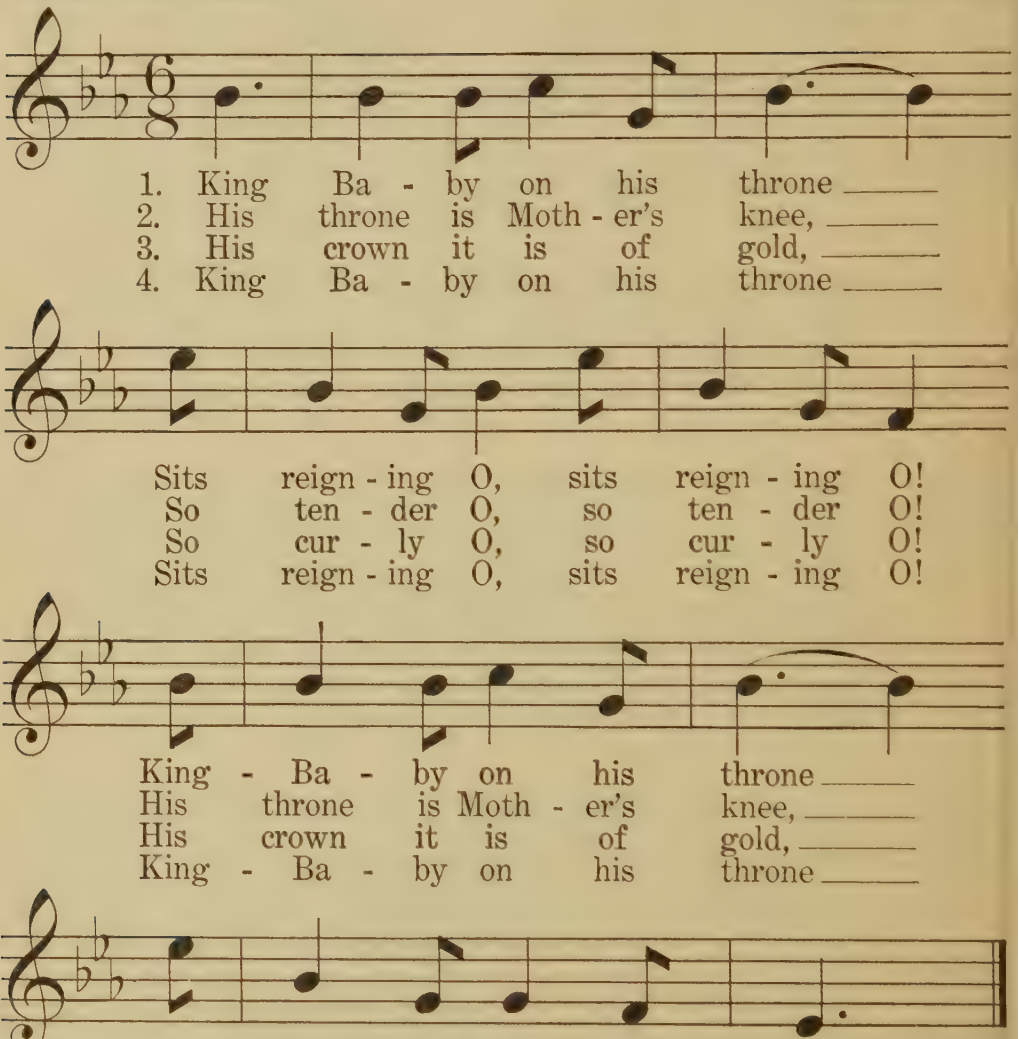


Oh, such treasures in his pack! Dear old San - ta Claus!
Don't for-get to call on me, Dear old San - ta Claus!

King Baby

(T. M. p. 247)

Laurence Alma-Tadema — Horatio Parker


1. King Ba - by on his throne
2. His throne is Moth - er's knee,
3. His crown it is of gold,
4. King Ba - by on his throne
Sits reign - ing O, sits reign - ing O!
So ten - der O, so ten - der O!
So cur - ly O, so cur - ly O!
Sits reign - ing O, sits reign - ing O!
King - Ba - by on his throne
His throne is Moth - er's knee,
His crown it is of gold,
King - Ba - by on his throne
Sits reign - ing all a - lone.
Where none may sit but he.
In shi - ning ten - drils rolled.
Sits reign - ing all a - lone.

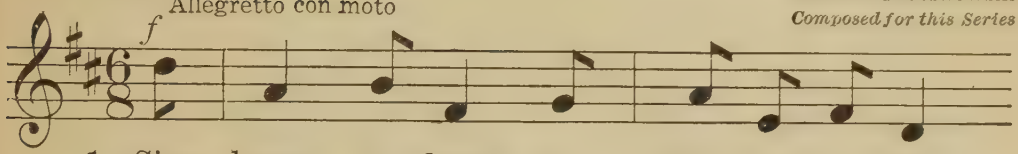
The Gingerbread Man

(T. M. p. 248)

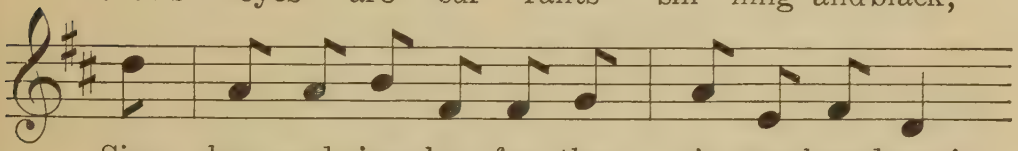
Eva Rowland

Allegretto con moto

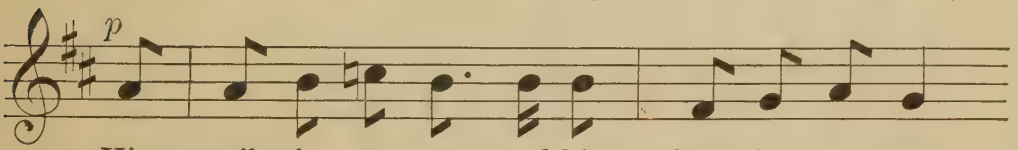
Maurice Moszkowski
Composed for this Series



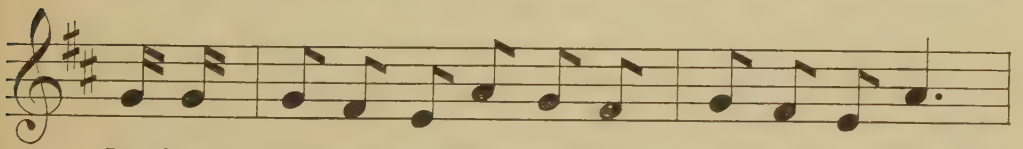
1. Sing hump - ty dump - ty, dick - er - y dan!
2. His eyes are cur - rants shi - ning and black;



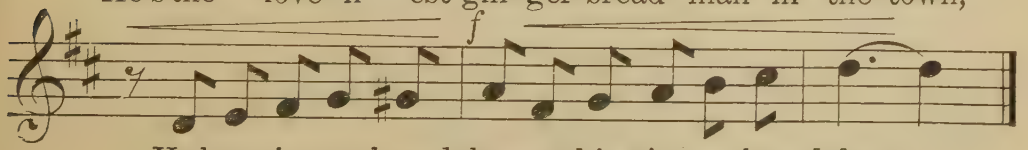
Sing hey, and sing ho, for the gin - ger-bread man!
He's baked in a pan, ly - ing flat on his back;



His smile is so sweet and his form is so neat,
He comes from the ov - en so glos - sy and brown,



He has gin-ger-bread shoes on his gin-ger-bread feet,
He's the love- li - est gin-ger-bread man in the town,



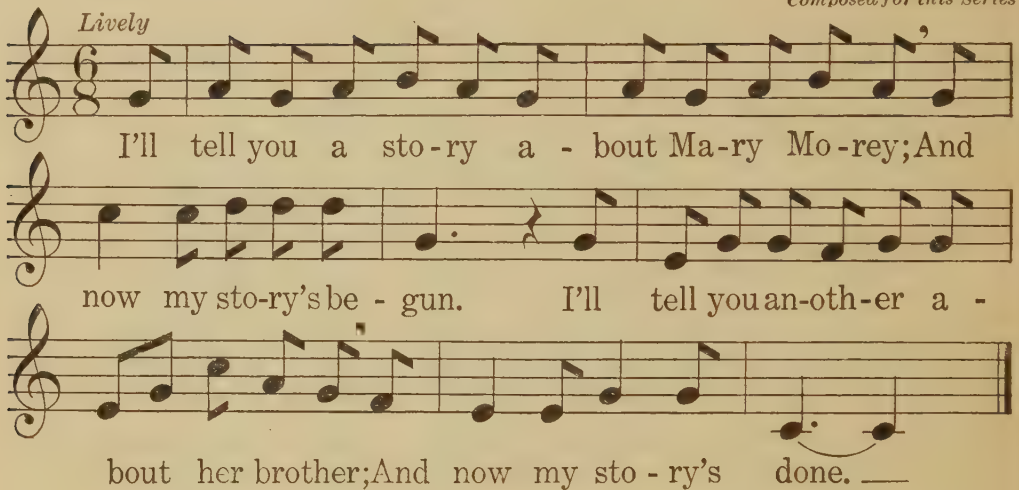
He has gin-ger-bread shoes on his gin-ger-bread feet.
He's the love-li - est gin-gerbread man in the town.

I'll Tell You a Story

(T. M. p. 249)

Mother Goose

Arthur Whiting
Composed for this Series

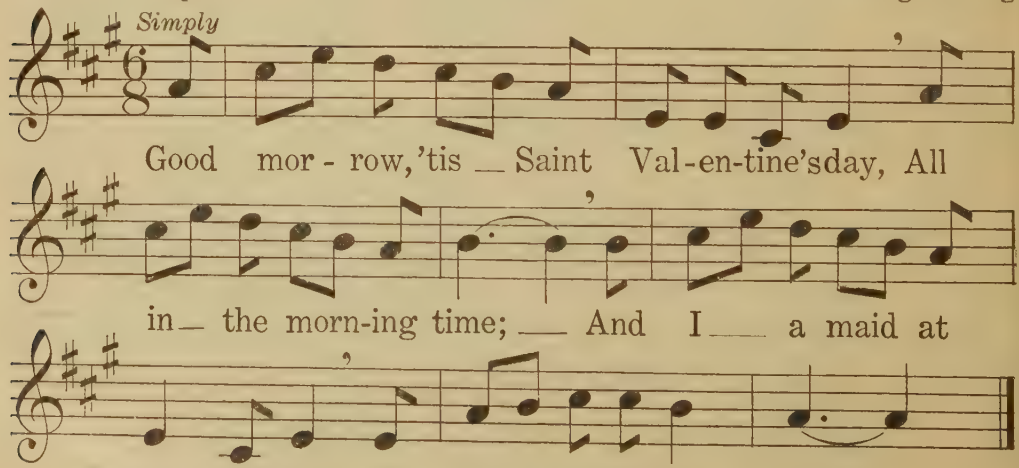

Lively
I'll tell you a sto-ry a - bout Ma-ry Mo-rey; And
now my sto-ry's be - gun. I'll tell you an-oth-er a -
bout her brother; And now my sto - ry's done.

Saint Valentine's Day

(T. M. p. 249)

William Shakespeare

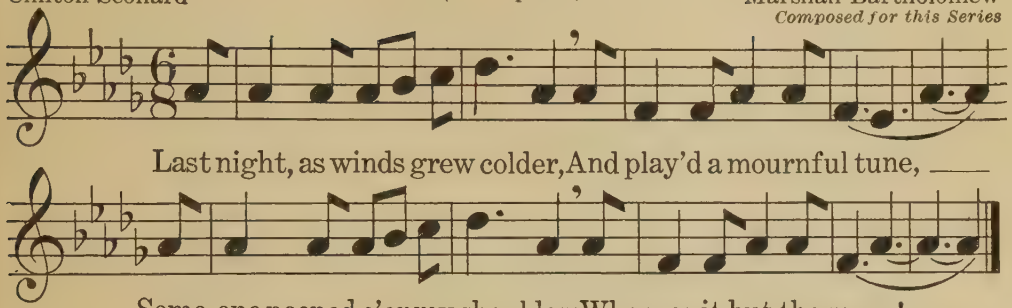
Old English Song



Last Night

Clinton Scollard (T. M. p. 250) Marshall Bartholomew

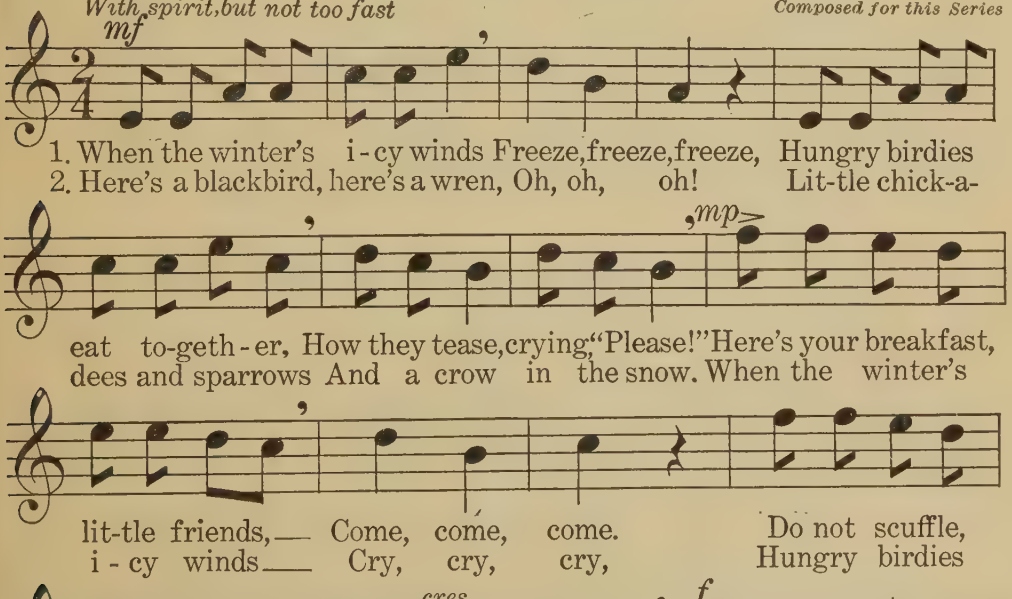
Composed for this Series



The Birds' Breakfast

Kate Forman (T. M. p. 250) James H. Rogers

Composed for this Series

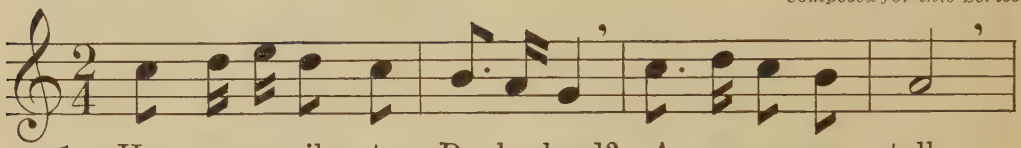

With spirit, but not too fast
mf
1. When the winter's i-cy winds Freeze, freeze, freeze, Hungry birdies
2. Here's a blackbird, here's a wren, Oh, oh, oh! Lit-tle chick-a-
mp
eat to-geth-er, How they tease, crying, "Please!" Here's your breakfast,
dees and sparrows And a crow in the snow. When the winter's
lit-tle friends, Come, come, come. Do not scuffle,
i-cy winds Cry, cry, cry, Hungry birdies
cres.
f
sau-cy bluejay, For a crumb; here are some, Here are some.
eat to-geth-er, Then good-by, see them fly, See them fly!

Babyland

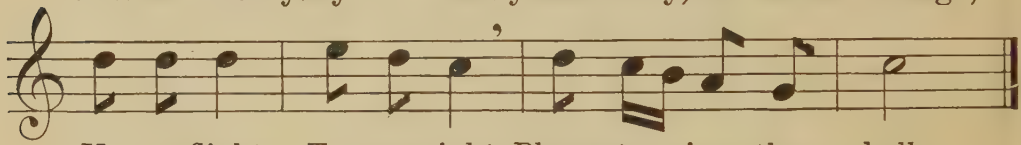
(T. M. p. 252)

George Cooper — Gabriel Pierné

Composed for this Series



1. How many miles to Ba-by-land? A-ny one can tell;
2. What can you see in Ba-by-land? Lit-tle folks in white;
3. What do they do in Ba-by-land? Dream and wake and play,
4. What do they say in Ba-by-land? Why, the oddest things;



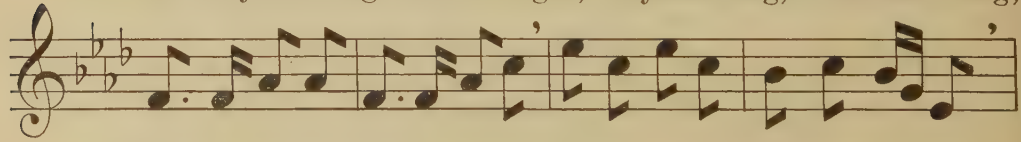
Up one flight, To your right; Please to ring the bell.
Down-y heads, Cra-dle beds, Fac-es pure and bright.
Laugh and crow, Shout and grow; Jol-ly times have they.
Might as well Try to tell What a bird-ie sings.

The Elves and the Shoemaker

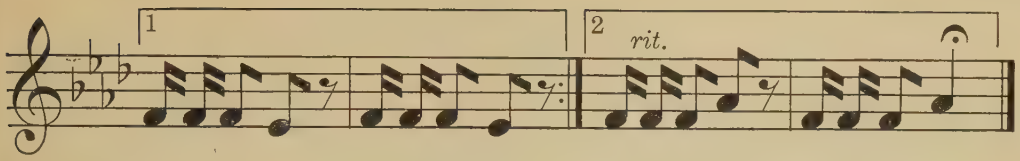
(T. M. p. 252)

Florence C. Fox — W. Otto Miessner

1. Tiny tapping in the night-time, Tiny tapping, ti-ny rap-ping;
2. Tiny stitching in the fire-light, Tiny stitching, hours bewitching;



While the cobbler's gently napping Ti-ny elves his shoes are tapping.
Ev-'ry night his store enriching, Ti-ny elves his shoes are stitching.



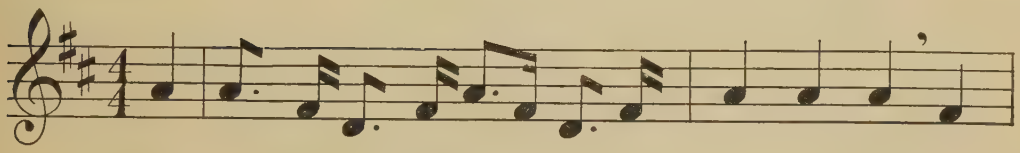
Rap-a-tap-tap, Rap-a-tap-tap!

Rap-a-tap-tap, Rap-a-tap-tap!

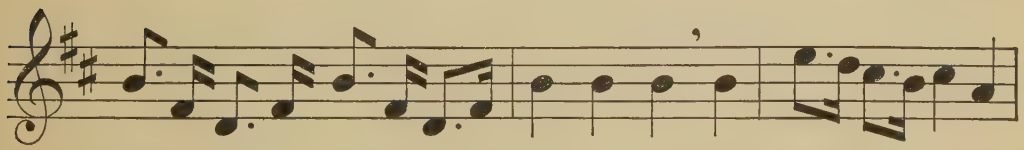
The New Soldiers

(T. M. p. 254)

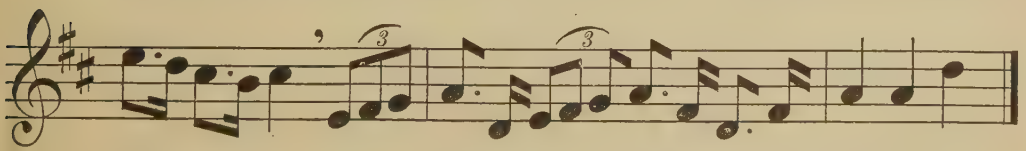
Kate Forman — Edward B. Birge



1. Oh, who will march with me, And my drum,drum,drum? Be
2. Oh march and work a - way, As we should,should,should;To
3. Oh, who will work with me In the sun, sun, sun? To



ready and be steady, And come,come,come.There's work to do For
make our ci - ty pret-ty Is — good,good,good. With bu - sy feet We'll
keep the green things growing Is fun, fun, fun. We'll sow and hoe, We'll



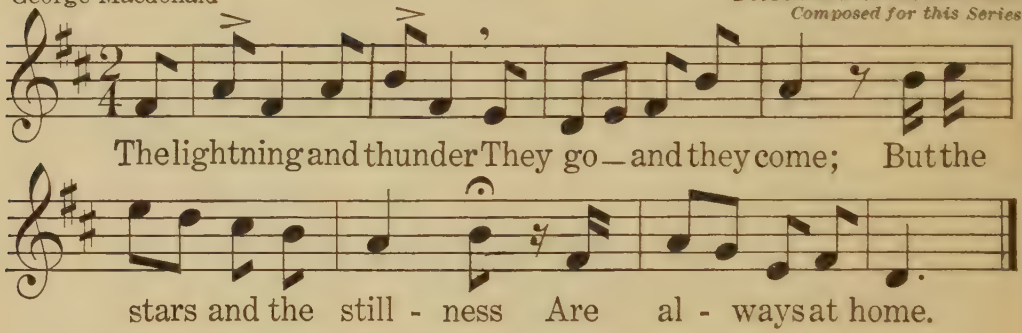
sol - diers true, Oh— hear our country calling boys, For me and you.
tramp the street, Till— ev - 'ry-where we march along Is clean and neat.
weed and mow; Our country needs such soldier boys, So go, go, go.

A Baby Sermon

(T. M. p. 254)

George Macdonald — Florence Newell Barbour

Composed for this Series



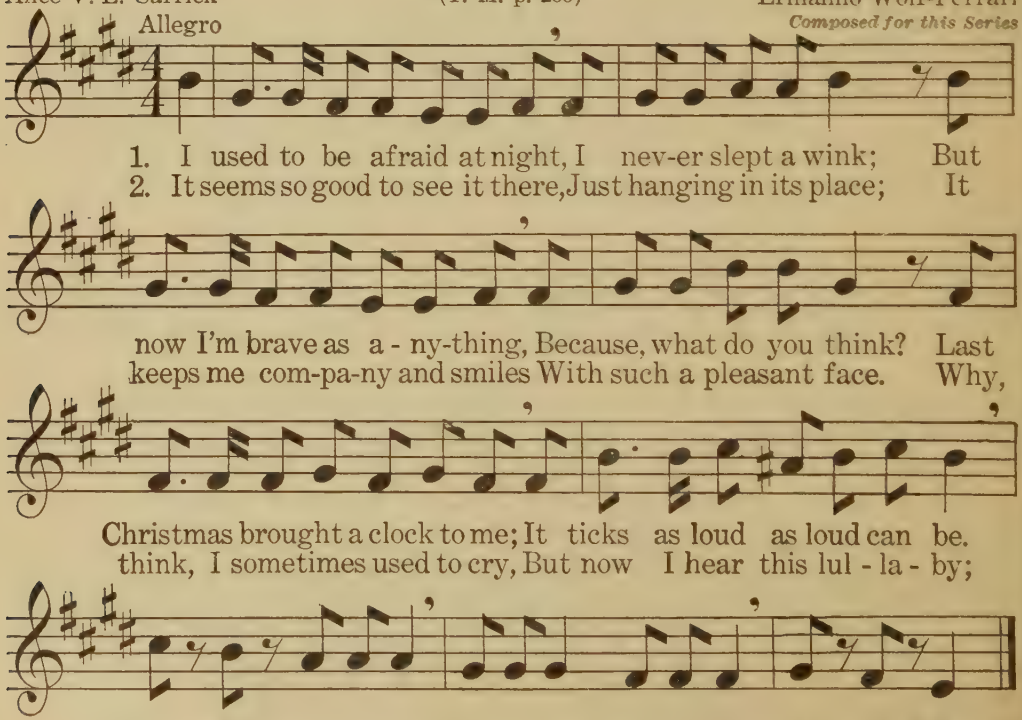
The Clock

(T. M. p. 255)

Alice V. L. Carrick — Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari

Composed for this Series

Allegro


1. I used to be afraid at night, I nev-er slept a wink; But
2. It seems so good to see it there, Just hanging in its place; It
now I'm brave as a - ny-thing, Because, what do you think? Last
keeps me com-pa-ny and smiles With such a pleasant face. Why,
Christmas brought a clock to me; It ticks as loud as loud can be.
think, I sometimes used to cry, But now I hear this lul - la - by;
"Tick-tock," says my clock; "Go to sleep; watch I'll keep, Tick, Tick, Tock!"

Summer Song

(T. M. p. 258)

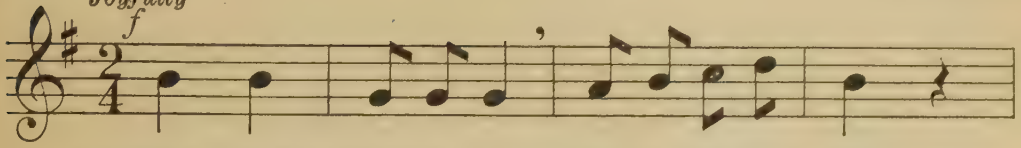
Laura E. Richards

W. R. Cowles

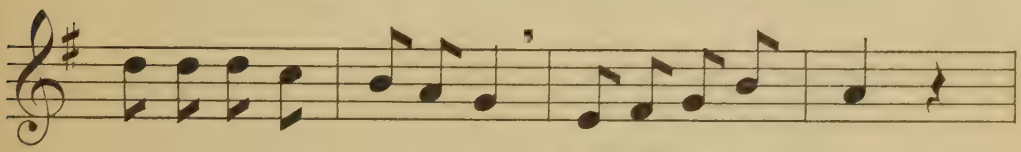
Composed for this Series

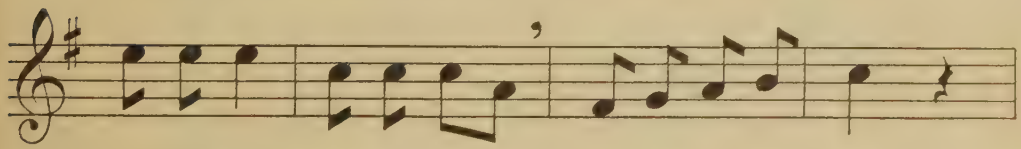
Joyfully

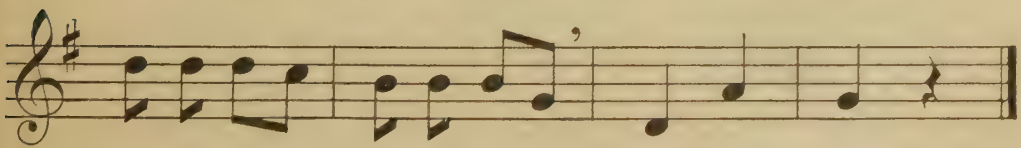
f



1. Brook, brook, come a-long, Run a-long with me!
2. Brook, brook, come a-long, Run a-long with me!
3. Brook, brook, come a-long, Run a-long with me!



Such a playmate, gay and bright, You are sure to be.
Jew-el weed and jim-son weed, Pretty things to see!
Dear-y me, I've tumbled in, — What a sight to see!

You can dance, I can dance, Both of us can sing;
You can splash, I can splash, Both of us can sing;
You are wet, I am wet, — Still we both can sing;



Ti - ri - li, — Ti - ri - li, — Ting, ting, ting!
Ti - ri - li, — Ti - ri - li, — Ting, ting, ting!
Ti - ri - li, — Ti - ri - li, — Ting, ting, ting!

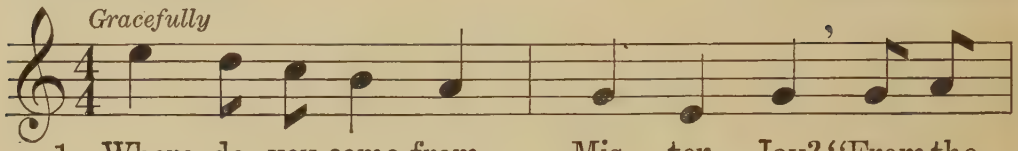
Strange Lands

(T. M. p. 259)

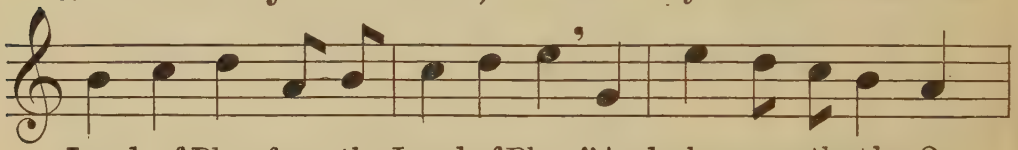
Laurence Alma-Tadema

W. Otto Miessner

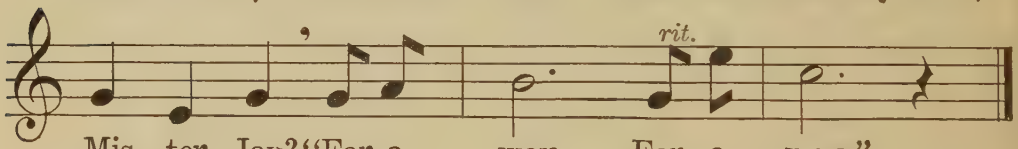
Gracefully



1. Where do you come from, Mis - ter Jay? "From the
2. Where do you come from, Mis - tress Dove? "From the
3. Where do you come from, Ba - by Miss? "From the



Land of Play, from the Land of Play." And where can that be, O
Land of Love, from the Land of Love." And how do you get there,
Land of Bliss, from the Land of Bliss." And what is the way there,



Mis - ter Jay? "Far a - way, Far a - way."
Mis-tress Dove? "Look a - bove, Look a - bove."
Ba - by Miss? "Mother's kiss, Mother's kiss."

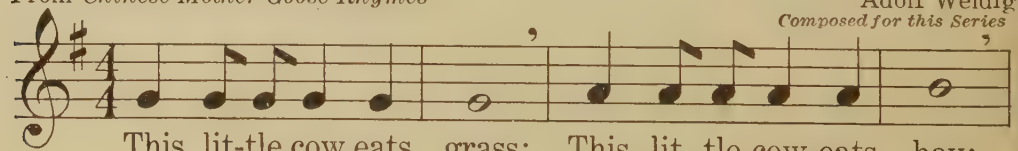
The Five Toes

(T. M. p. 260)

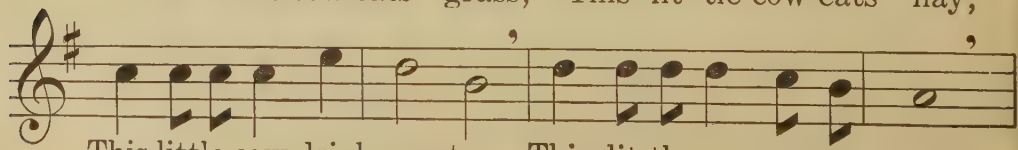
From *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes*

Adolf Weidig

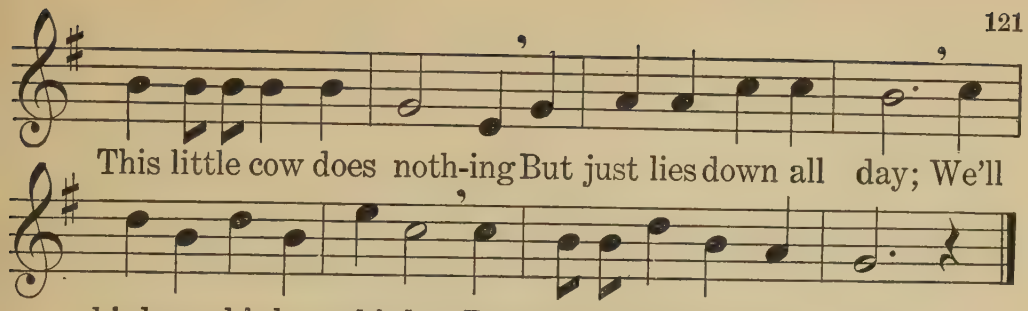
Composed for this Series



This lit-tle cow eats grass; This lit-tle cow eats hay;



This little cow drinks wa-ter; This lit-tle cow runs a - way;

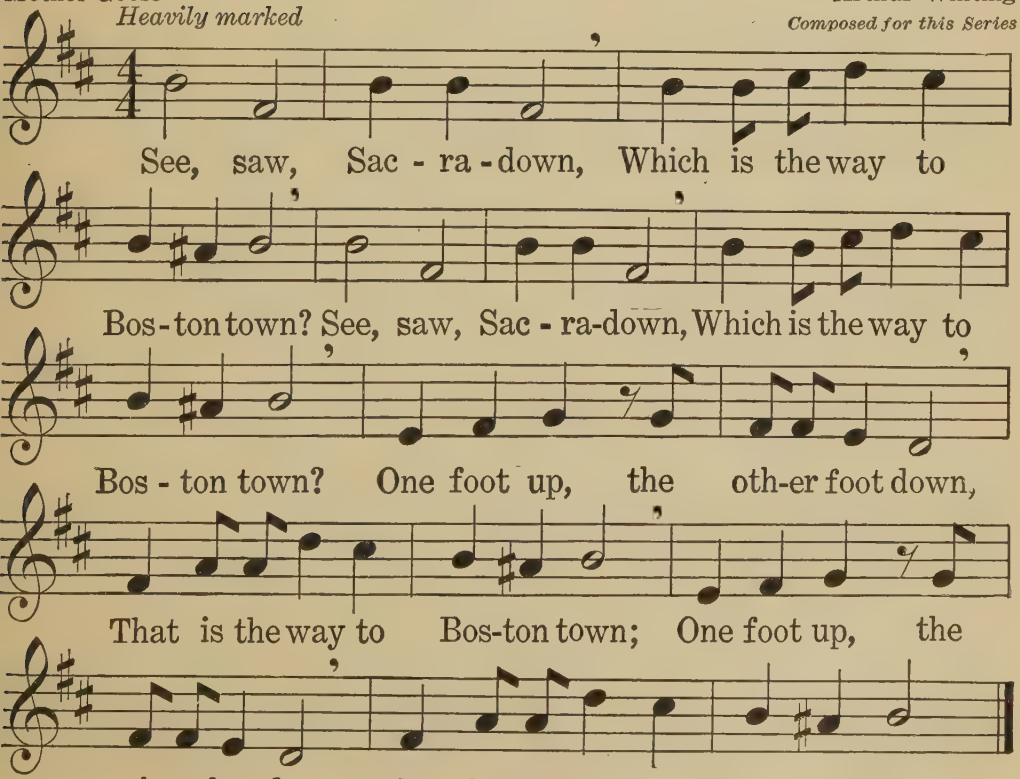


See, Saw, Sacradown

(T. M. p. 261)

Mother Goose — Arthur Whiting

Heavily marked — *Composed for this Series*


See, saw, Sac - ra - down, Which is the way to
Bos - ton town? See, saw, Sac - ra-down, Which is the way to
Bos - ton town? One foot up, the oth-er foot down,
That is the way to Bos-ton town; One foot up, the
oth-er foot down, That is the way to Bos - ton town.

Lullaby

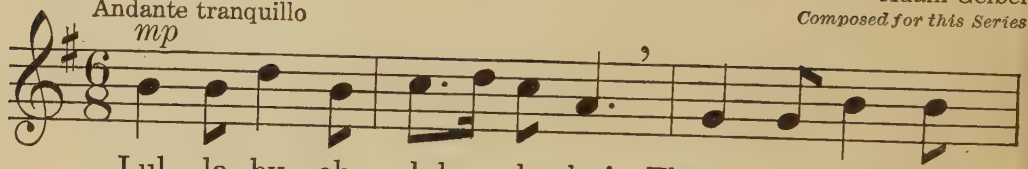
(T. M. p. 262)

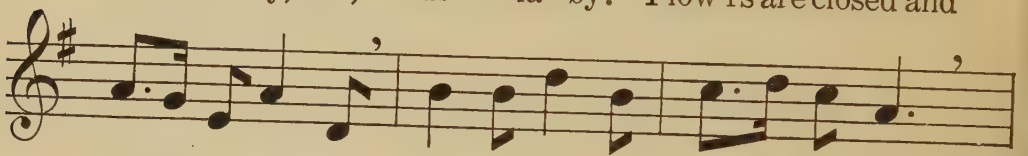
Christina Rossetti

Adam Geibel
Composed for this Series

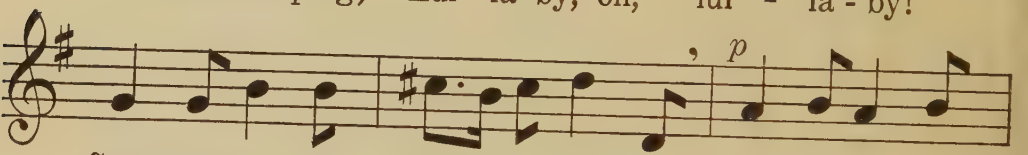
Andante tranquillo

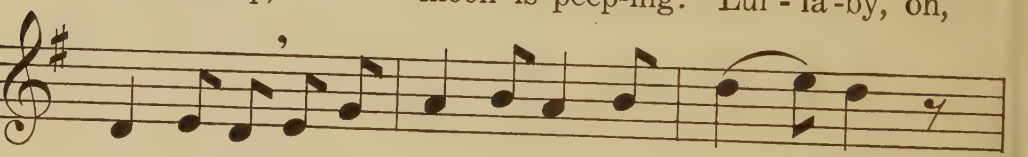
mp

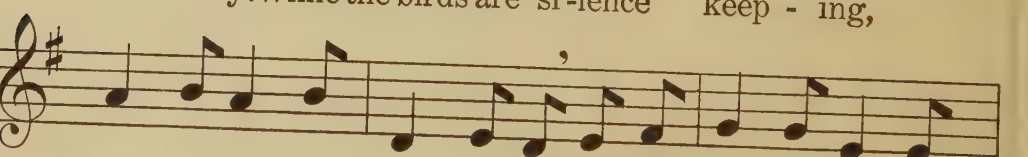




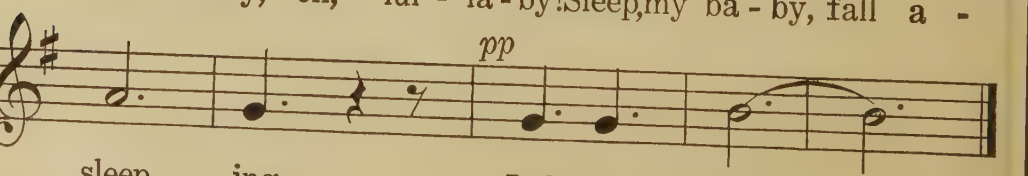
p







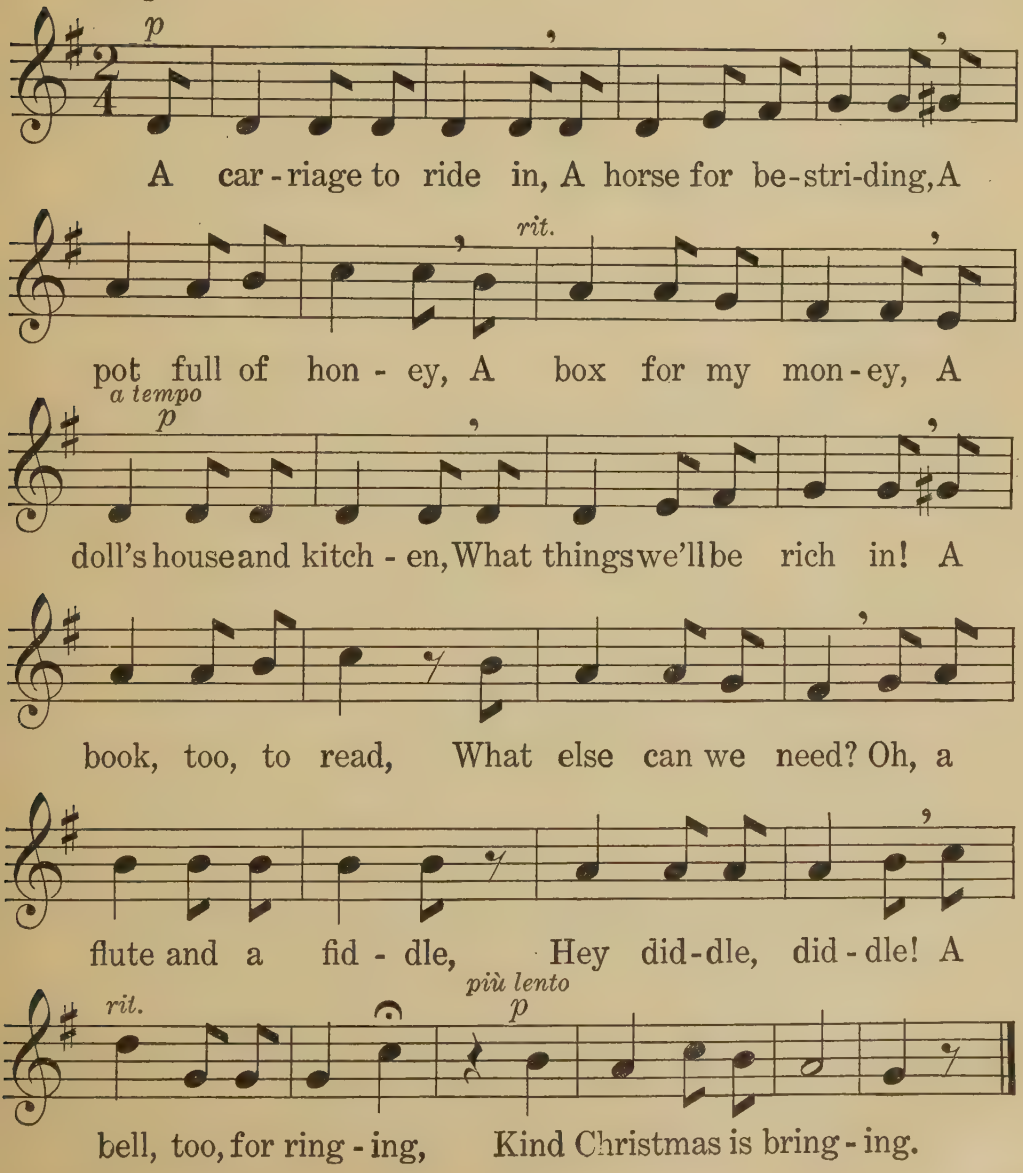
pp



A Carriage to Ride In

(T. M. p. 263)

Allegretto — Carl Reinecke

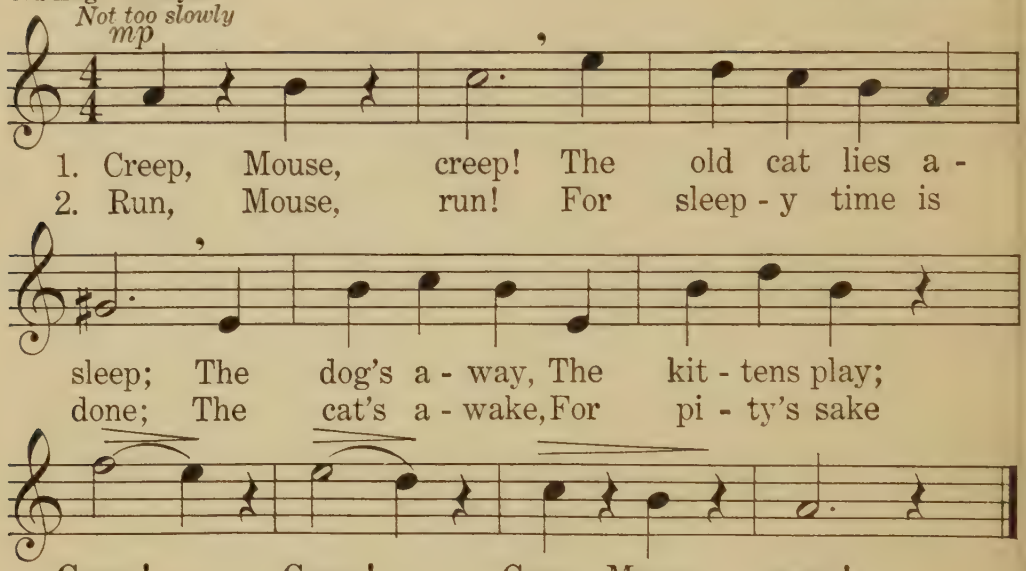

p
A car - riage to ride in, A horse for be-stri-ding, A
rit.
pot full of hon - ey, A box for my mon - ey, A
a tempo
p
doll's house and kitch - en, What things we'll be rich in! A
book, too, to read, What else can we need? Oh, a
flute and a fid - dle, Hey did-dle, did - dle! A
rit.
più lento
p
bell, too, for ring - ing, Kind Christmas is bring - ing.

Creep, Mouse, Creep

(T. M. p. 264)

Old English Rhyme

W. Otto Miessner

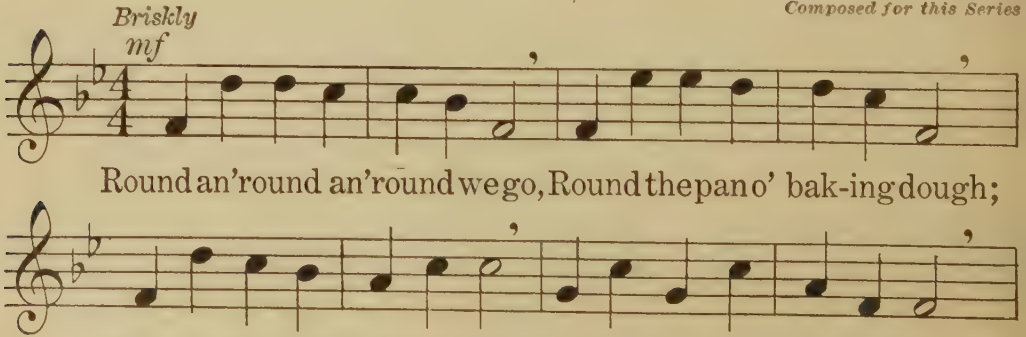

Not too slowly
mp
1. Creep, Mouse, creep! The old cat lies a -
2. Run, Mouse, run! For sleep - y time is
sleep; The dog's a - way, The kit - tens play;
done; The cat's a - wake, For pi - ty's sake
Creep! Creep! Creep, Mouse, creep!
Run! Run! Run, Mouse, run!

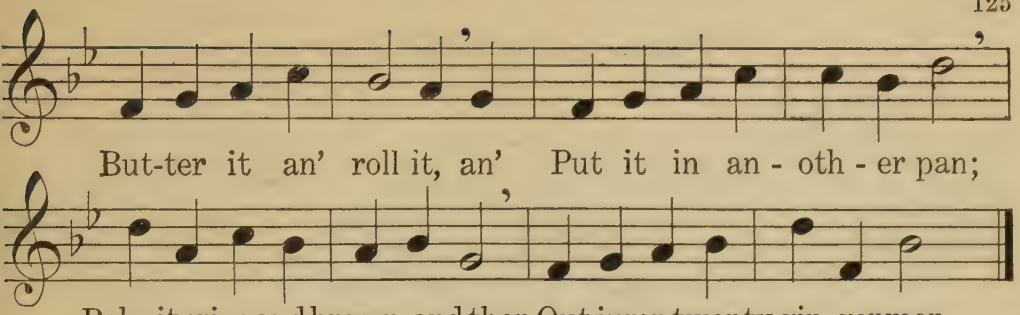
The Recipe

(T. M. p. 264)

George Reiter Brill

Mary Turner Salter
Composed for this Series



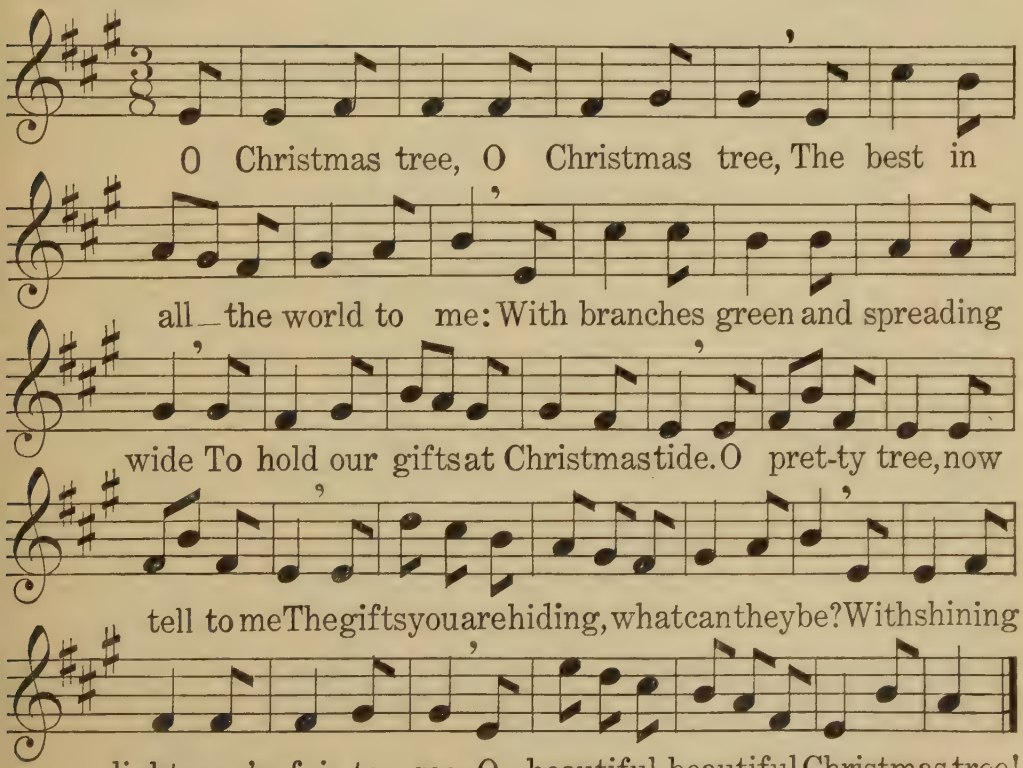


O Christmas Tree

(T. M. p. 265)

Nina B. Hartford

Nina B. Hartford


O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, The best in
all the world to me: With branches green and spreading
wide To hold our gifts at Christmas tide. O pret-ty tree, now
tell to me The gifts you are hiding, what can they be? With shining
lights you're fair to see, O beautiful, beautiful Christmas tree!

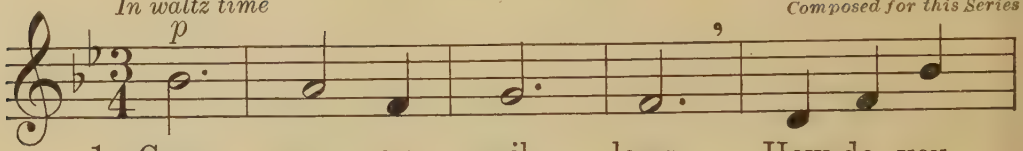
The Pussy Willows

(T. M. p. 266)

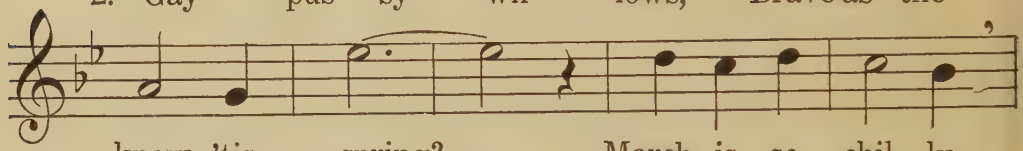
Alice C. D. Riley

Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series

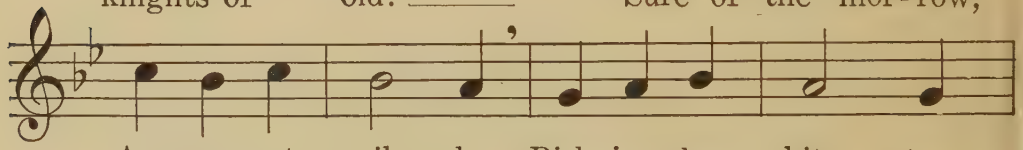
In waltz time



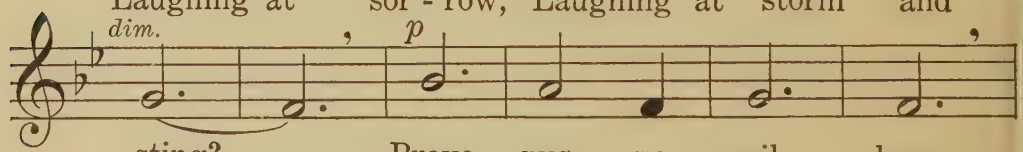
1. Gray pus - sy wil - lows, How do you
2. Gay pus - sy wil - lows, Brave as the



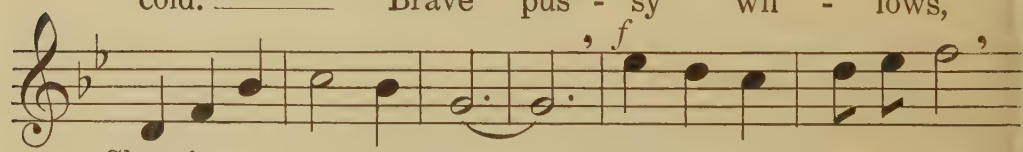
know 'tis spring? March is so chil - ly,
knights of old! Sure of the mor - row,



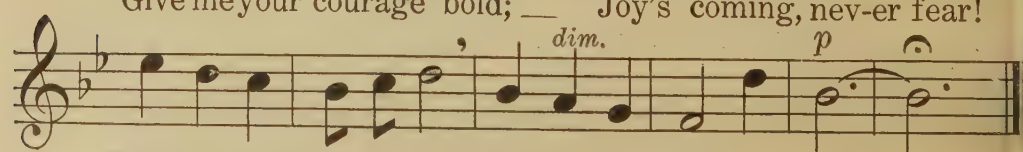
Are you not sil - ly Risk-ing her bit - ter
Laughing at sor - row, Laughing at storm and



sting? Brave pus - sy wil - lows,
cold. Brave pus - sy wil - lows,



Shouting your message bold, "Spring's coming, nev-er fear!
Give me your courage bold; Joy's coming, nev-er fear!

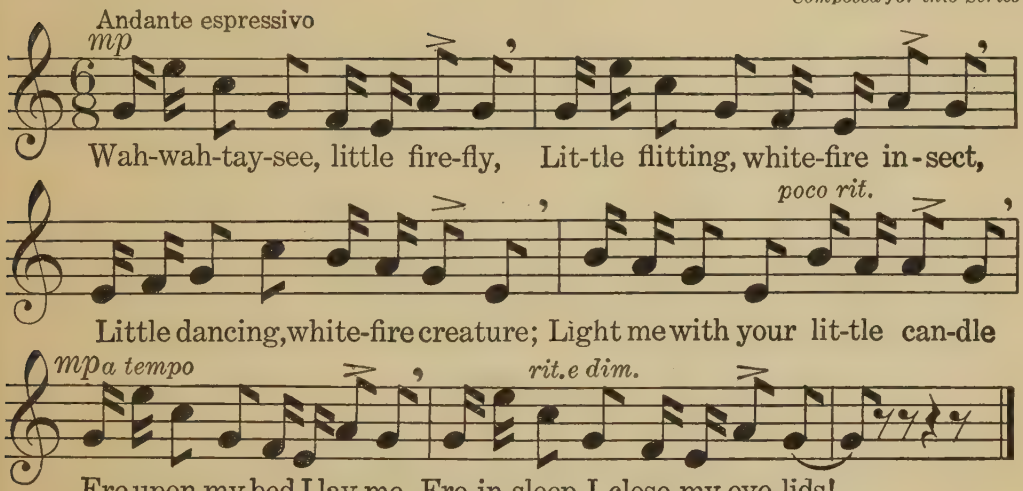


Bluebirds will soon be here, Spite of the snow and cold."
Glad days will soon be here, All that my heart will hold.

Wah-wah-tay-see

(T. M. p. 267)

Henry W. Longfellow

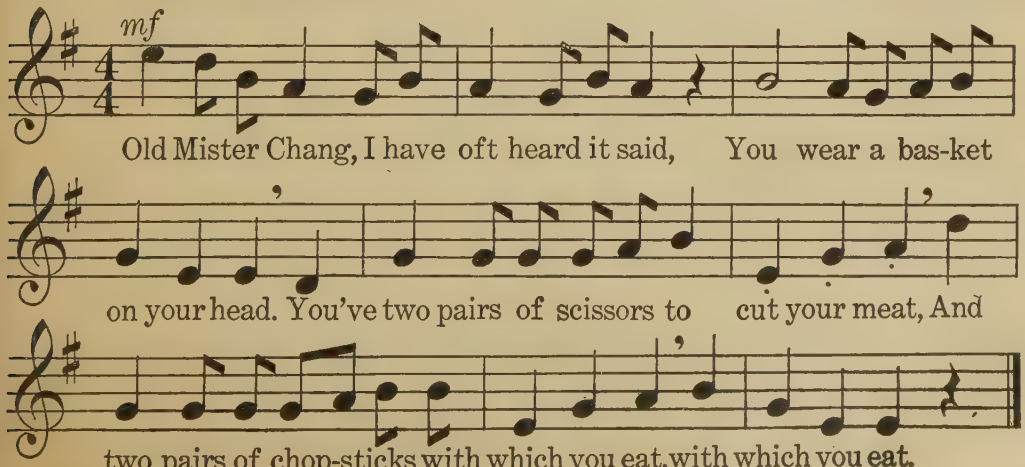
Alfred G. Wathall
Composed for this Series

Andante espressivo
mp
Wah-wah-tay-see, little fire-fly, Lit-tle flitting, white-fire in-sect,
poco rit.
Little dancing, white-fire creature; Light me with your lit-tle can-dle
mp a tempo
rit. e dim.
Ere upon my bed I lay me, Ere in sleep I close my eye-lids!

Old Chang, the Crab

(T. M. p. 268)

From *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes*

W. Otto Miessner

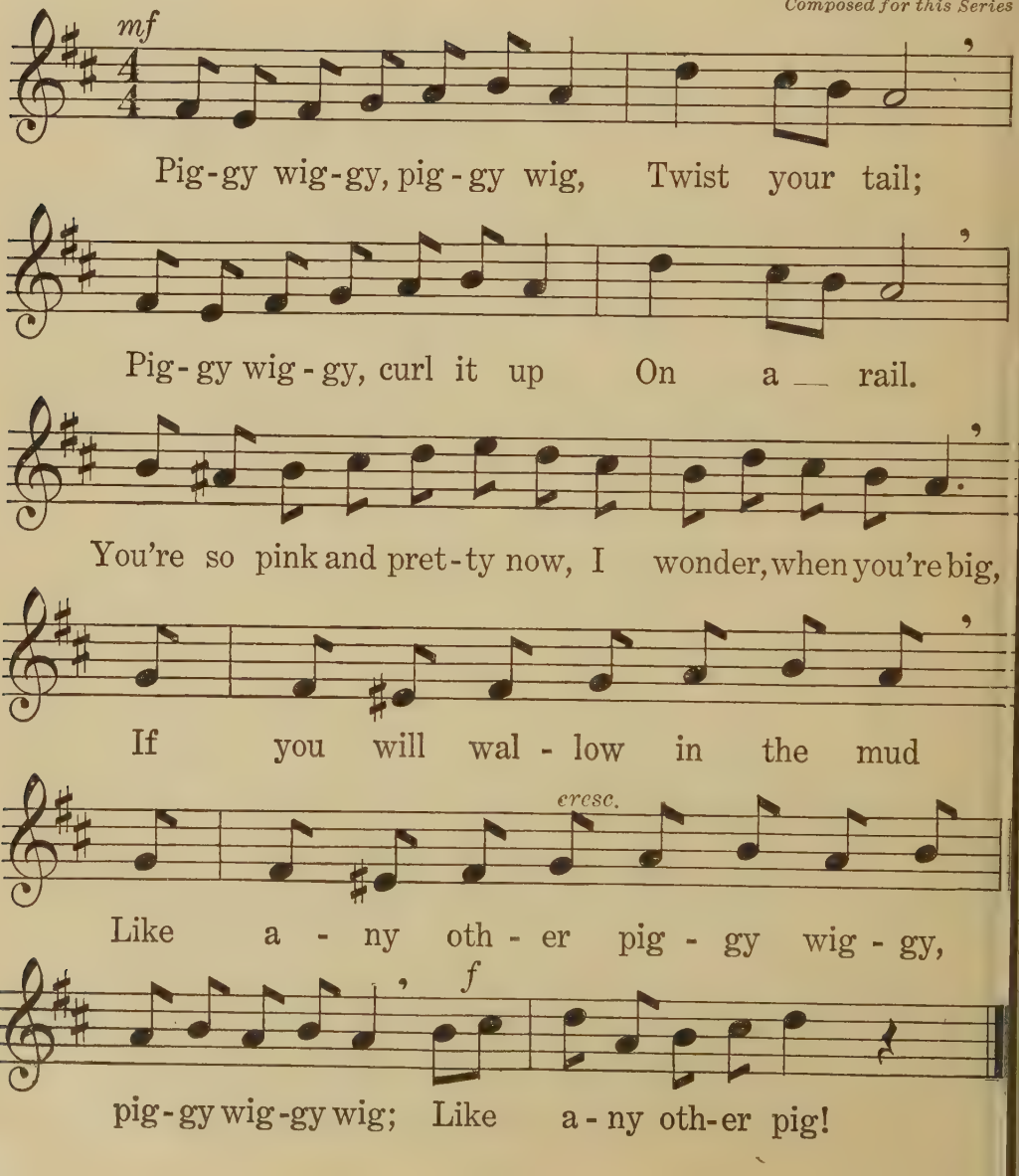

mf
Old Mister Chang, I have oft heard it said, You wear a bas-ket
on your head. You've two pairs of scissors to cut your meat, And
two pairs of chop-sticks with which you eat, with which you eat.

The Pink Pig

(T. M. p. 268)

Dora H. Stockman

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series

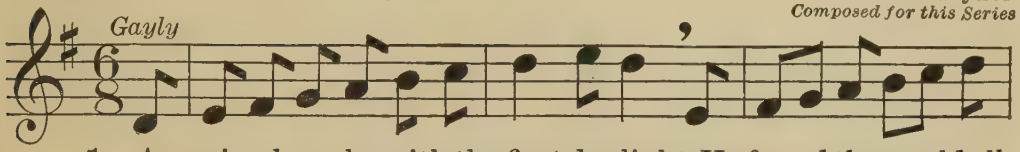

mf
Pig-gy wig-gy, pig-gy wig, Twist your tail;
Pig-gy wig-gy, curl it up On a rail.
You're so pink and pret-ty now, I wonder, when you're big,
If you will wal-low in the mud
cresc.
Like a-ny oth-er pig-gy wig-gy,
f
pig-gy wig-gy wig; Like a-ny oth-er pig!

The Squirrel in the Snow

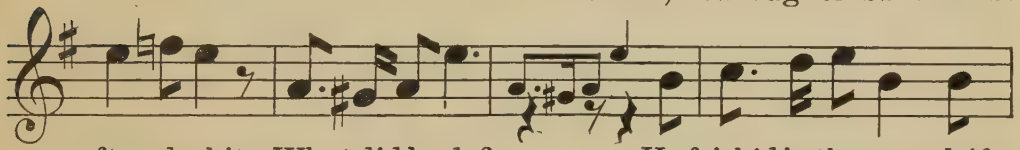
(T. M. p. 269)

Kate Forman

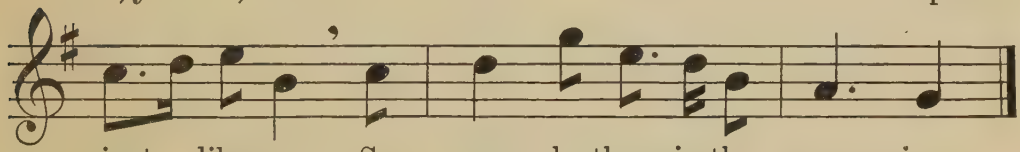
Jessie L. Gaynor
Composed for this Series



1. A squirrel awoke with the first daylight; He found the world all
2. He ran to his home in the hol-low tree; He brought his breakfast



soft and white; What did he do? He frisk'd in the snow drifts
out, you see; How do I know? His dear lit-tle foot-prints



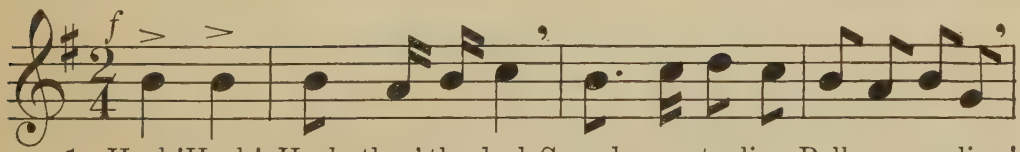
just like you, So ear - ly there in the morn - ing.
tracked the snow With nut-shells there in the morn - ing.

Happy New Year

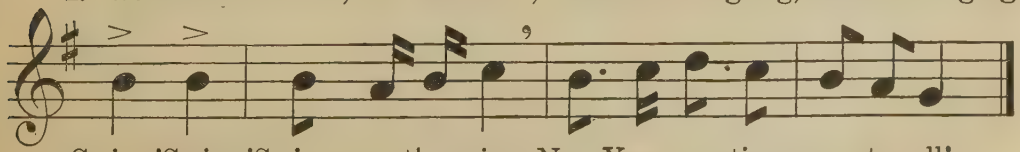
(T. M. p. 270)

Clinton Scollard

French Folk Song



1. Hark! Hark! Hark, thro' the dark Sounds are stealing, Bells are pealing!
2. Hear! Hear! Hear, far and near, Chimes are ring-ing, Bells are flinging

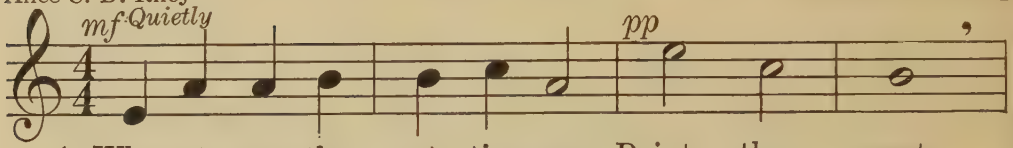


Swing! Swing! Swing as they ring New Year greetings un - to all!
Cheer, Cheer, Cheer thro' the year; Hap - py New Year un - to all!

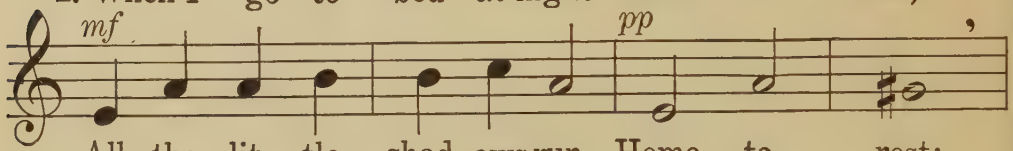
Our Friends the Shadows

(T. M. p. 270)

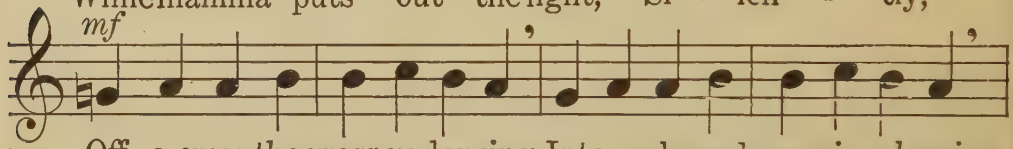
Alice C. D. Riley — French Folk Song



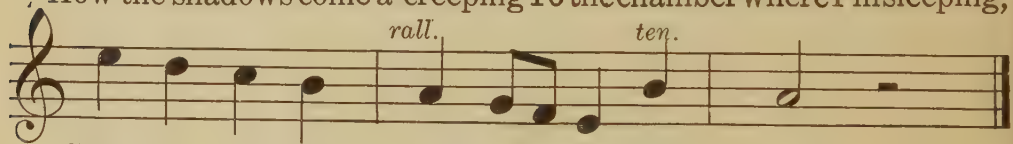
1. When at eve the set - ting sun Paints the west,
2. When I go to bed at night Then I see,



All the lit - tle shad - ows run Home to rest;
While mamma puts out the light, Si - len - tly,



Off a-cross the grass go dancing, Into nooks and crannies glancing.
How the shadows come a-creeping To the chamber where I'm sleeping,

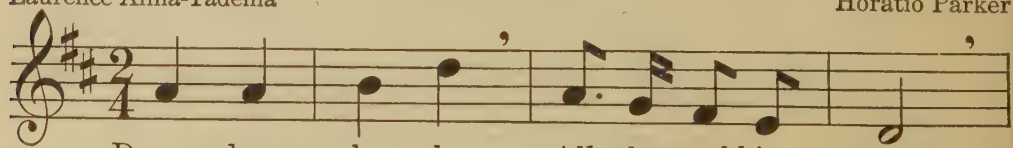


Scam-per lit - tle shad - ows home to rest!
Creep in - to my bed and com-fort me.

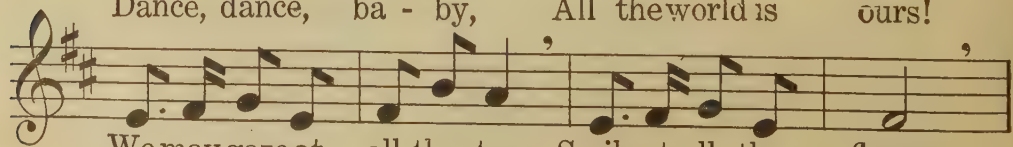
Dance, Dance Baby

(T. M. p. 271)

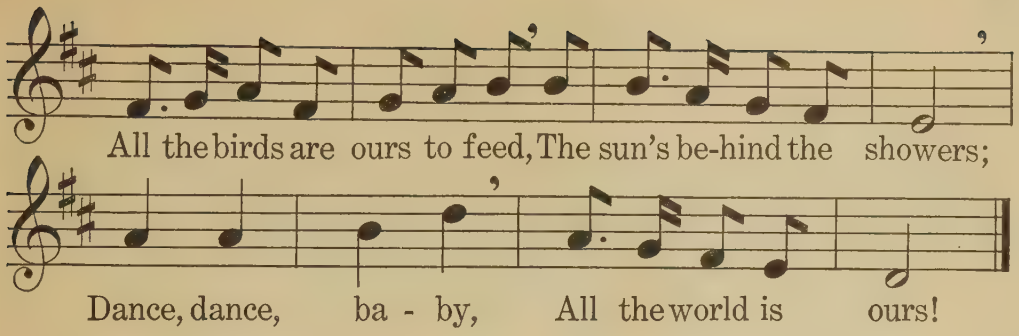
Laurence Alma-Tadema — Horatio Parker



Dance, dance, ba - by, All the world is ours!



We may gaze at all the stars, Smile at all the flowers:



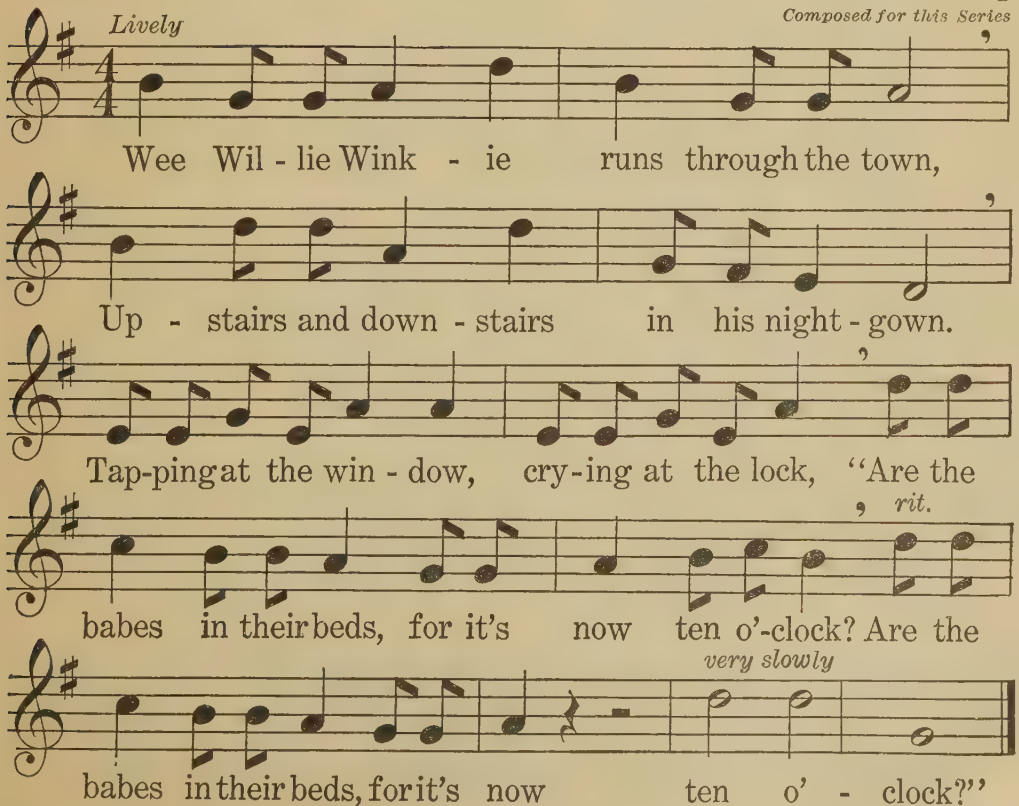
Wee Willie Winkie

(T. M. p. 272)

W. Miller

Arthur Whiting

Composed for this Series


Lively
Wee Wil - lie Wink - ie runs through the town,
Up - stairs and down - stairs in his night - gown.
Tap-ping at the win - dow, cry-ing at the lock, "Are the
rit.
babes in their beds, for it's now ten o'-clock? Are the
very slowly
babes in their beds, for it's now ten o' - clock?"

Benediction

(T. M. p. 272)

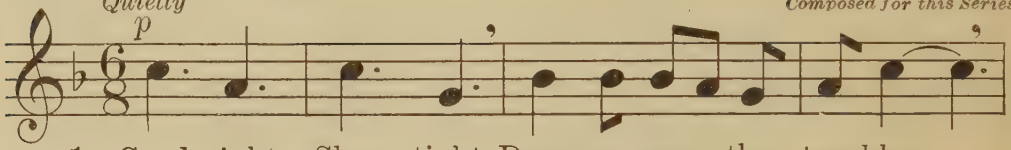
George Reiter Brill

Mary Turner Salter

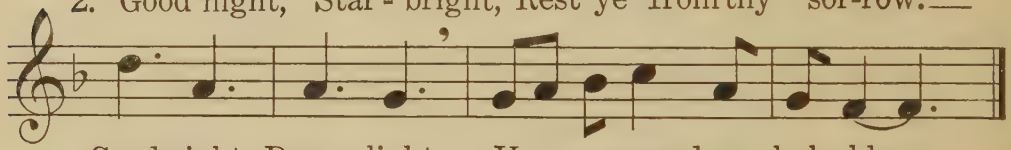
Composed for this Series

Quietly

p



1. Good night, Sleep tight, Dream a - way thy troubles.
2. Good night, Star - bright, Rest ye from thy sor-row.



Good night, Dream light, Un - concerned as bub - bles.
Good night, Wee mite, Wake ye on the mor - row.

Making the Hay

(T. M. p. 273)

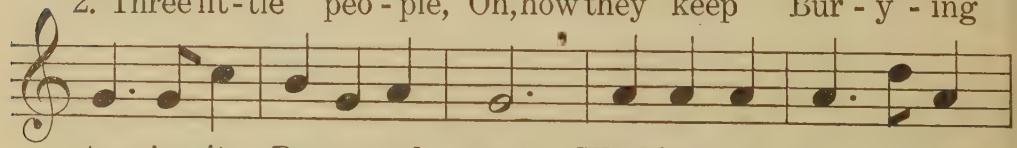
Clifton Bingham

Bruno Huhn

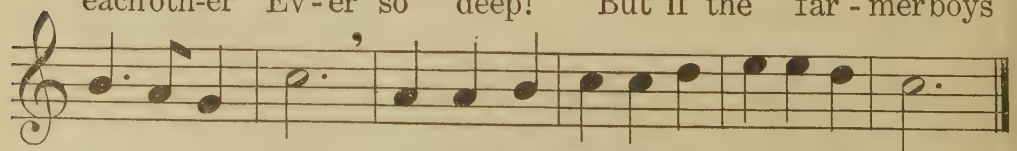
Composed for this Series

Brightly

1. Three lit - tle peo - ple Out in the hay, Tumbling and
2. Three lit - tle peo - ple, Oh, how they keep Bur - y - ing



toss-ing it, Bu - sy and gay! Working so mer - ri - ly
each oth-er Ev - er so deep! But if the far - mer boys



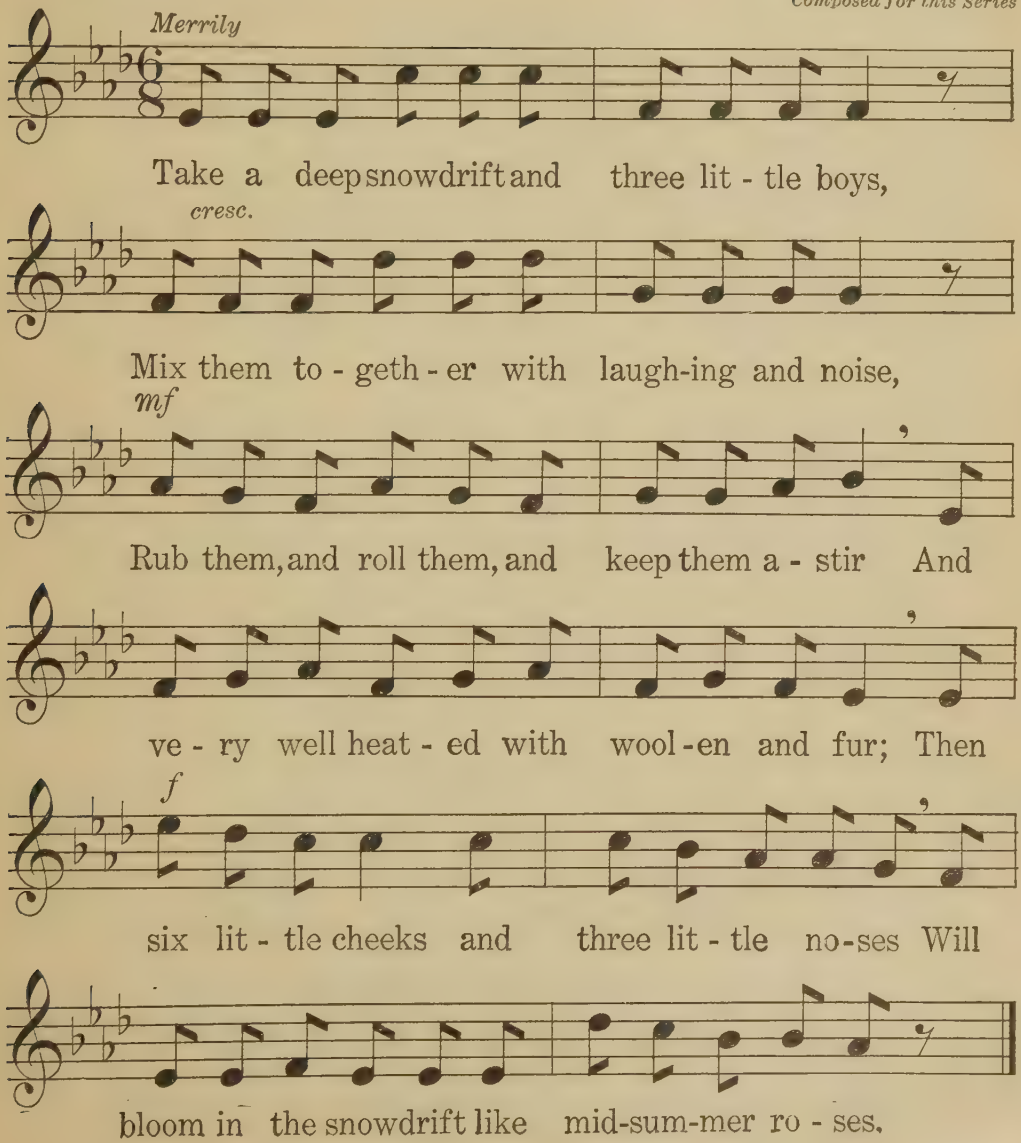
In the bright sun, Help-ing the haymakers—Is-n't it fun?
All were to play When would the haymakers Get in their hay?

Winter Roses

(T. M. p. 274)

From *The Youth's Companion*

Mrs. Crosby Adams
Composed for this Series

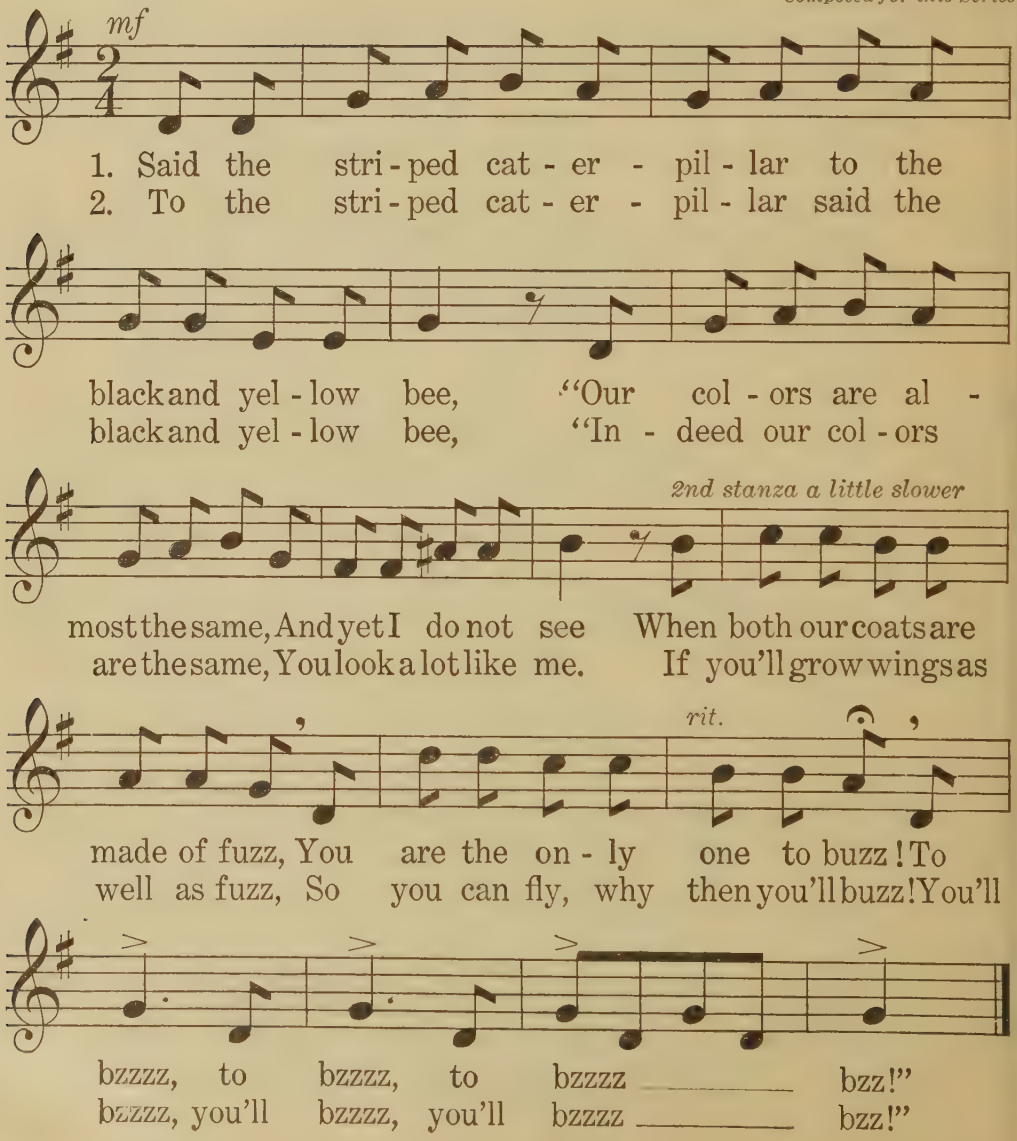

Merrily
Take a deep snowdrift and three lit - tle boys,
cresc.
Mix them to - geth - er with laugh-ing and noise,
mf
Rub them, and roll them, and keep them a - stir And
ve - ry well heat - ed with wool-en and fur; Then
f
six lit - tle cheeks and three lit - tle no-ses Will
bloom in the snowdrift like mid-sum-mer ro - ses.

The Caterpillar and the Bee

(T. M. p. 275)

Bertha Remick

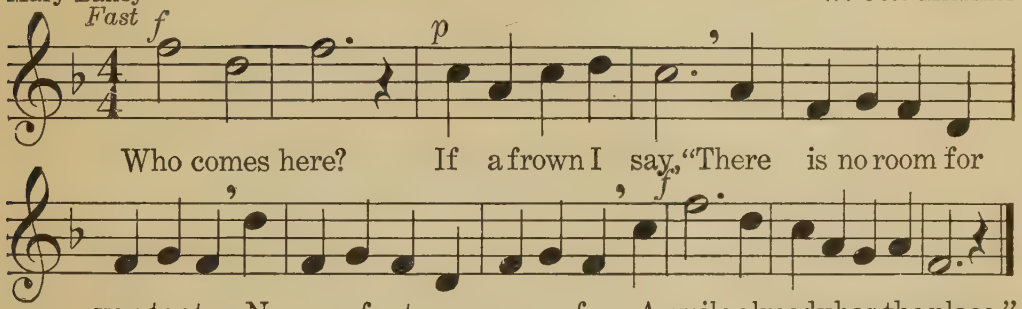
Bertha Remick
Composed for this Series


mf
1. Said the stri - ped cat - er - pil - lar to the
2. To the stri - ped cat - er - pil - lar said the
black and yel - low bee, "Our col - ors are al -
black and yel - low bee, "In - deed our col - ors
2nd stanza a little slower
most the same, And yet I do not see When both our coats are
are the same, You look a lot like me. If you'll grow wings as
rit.
made of fuzz, You are the on - ly one to buzz! To
well as fuzz, So you can fly, why then you'll buzz! You'll
bzzzz, to bzzzz, to bzzzz bzz!"
bzzzz, you'll bzzzz, you'll bzzzz bzz!"

A Frown and a Smile

(T. M. p. 276)

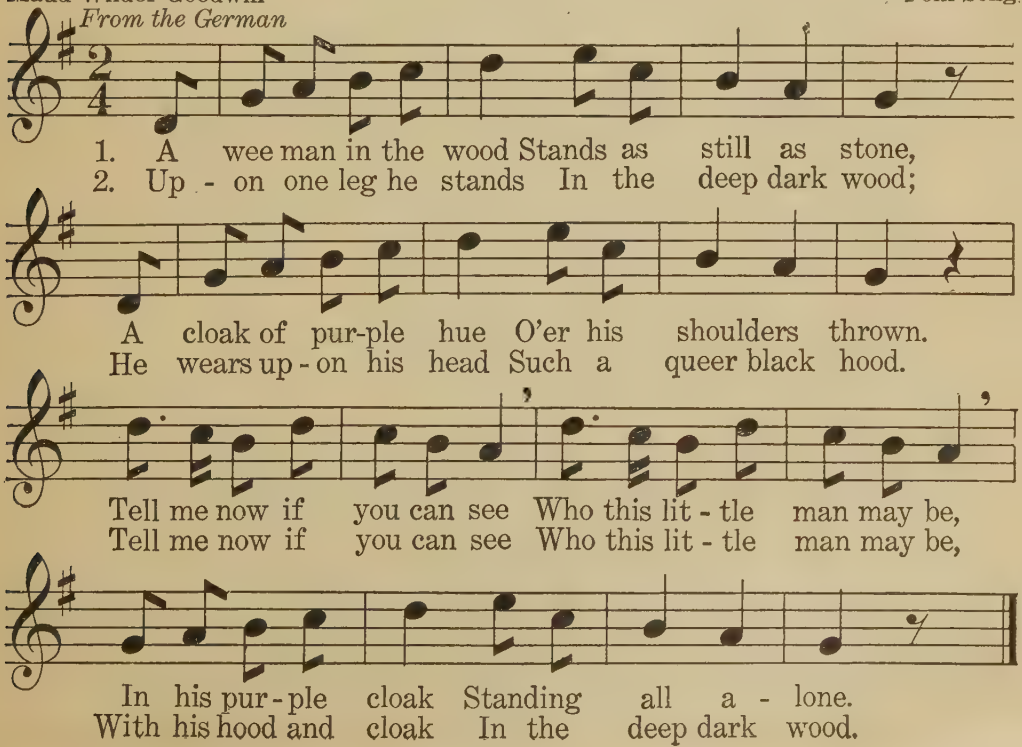
Mary Bailey — W. Otto Miessner


Fast
f
p
Who comes here? If a frown I say, "There is no room for
f
you to stay; No room for two upon one face; A smile already has the place."

A Riddle

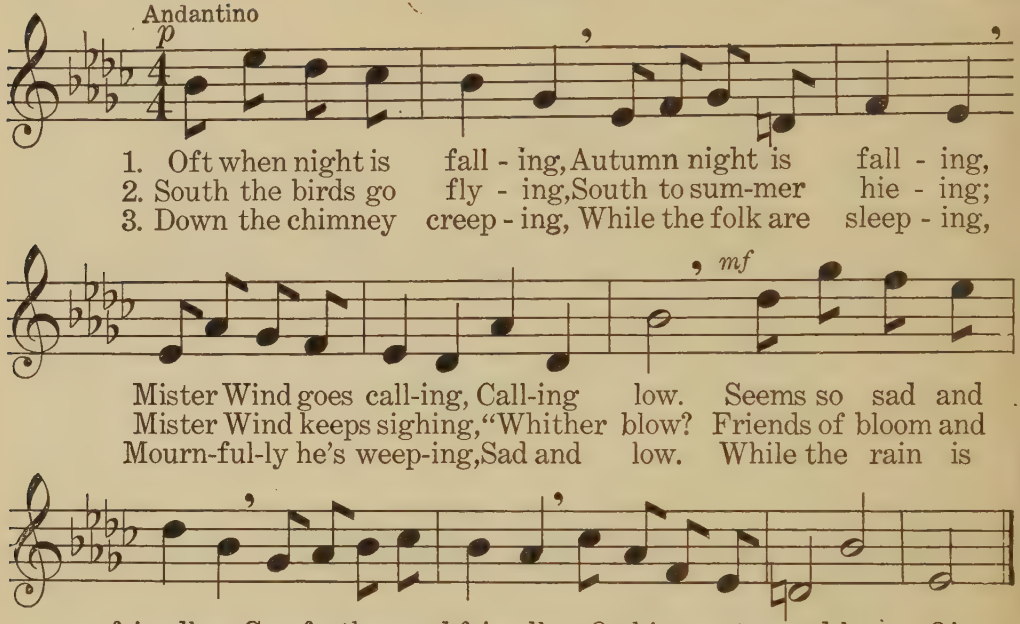
(T. M. p. 277)

Maud Wilder Goodwin — Folk Song


From the German
1. A wee man in the wood Stands as still as stone,
2. Up - on one leg he stands In the deep dark wood;
A cloak of pur-ple hue O'er his shoulders thrown.
He wears up - on his head Such a queer black hood.
Tell me now if you can see Who this lit - tle man may be,
Tell me now if you can see Who this lit - tle man may be,
In his pur - ple cloak Standing all a - lone.
With his hood and cloak In the deep dark wood.

The Lonely Wind

Alice C. D. Riley (T. M. p. 278) Joseph Rheinberger



1. Oft when night is fall - ing, Autumn night is fall - ing,
2. South the birds go fly - ing, South to sum-mer hie - ing;
3. Down the chimney creep - ing, While the folk are sleep - ing,

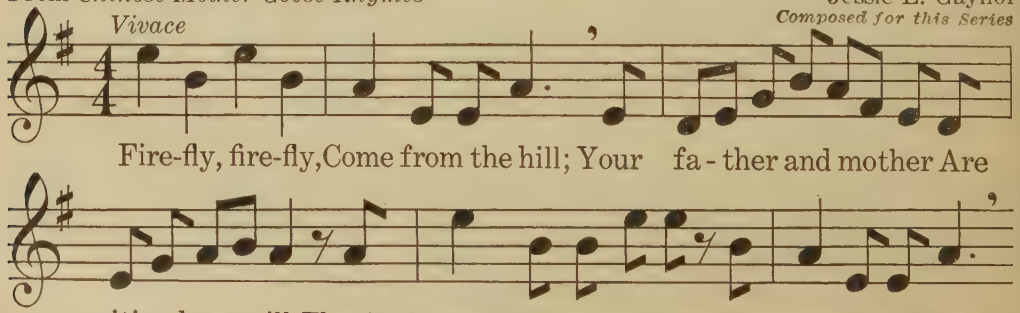
Mister Wind goes call-ing, Call-ing low. Seems so sad and
Mister Wind keeps sighing, "Whither blow? Friends of bloom and
Mourn-ful-ly he's weep-ing, Sad and low. While the rain is

friendless, Comfortless and friendless On his quest so end-less, O!
feath-er Past and gone for-ev - er, I shall see them nev-er, O!"
fall - ing Hear him softly call-ing, Down the world go calling, O!

The Firefly

(T. M. p. 279)

From *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes* Jessie L. Gaynor
Composed for this Series



Fire-fly, fire-fly, Come from the hill; Your fa - ther and mother Are

waiting here still; They've brought you some sugar, Some candy and meat;

Come quick-ly or I'll give it To ba - by to eat.

Hidden Treasures

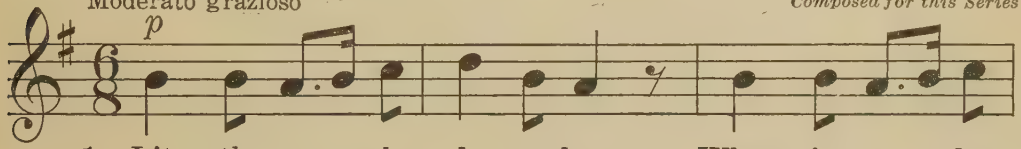
(T. M. p. 280)

From *The Youth's Companion*

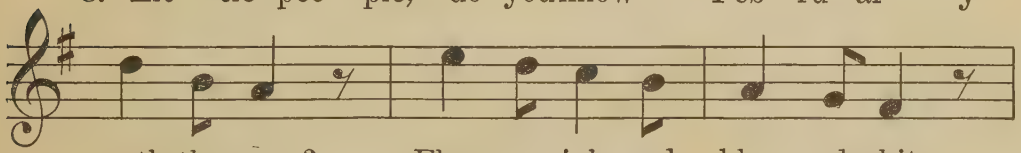
James H. Rogers
Composed for this Series

Moderato grazioso

p

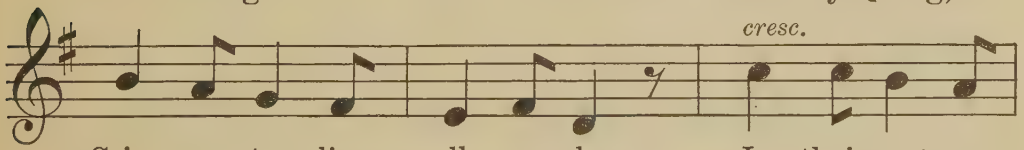


1. Lit - tle peo - ple, do you know What is un - der-
2. Do you know what se-crets deep All the woods of
3. Lit - tle peo - ple, do you know Feb - ru - ar - y



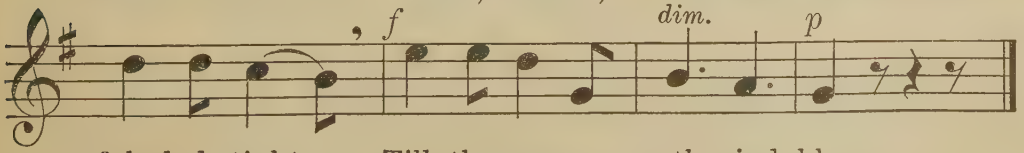
neath the snow? Flow-ers pink and blue and white;
win - ter keep? Ah, the dar - ling lit - tle things
soon will go? Then will come the sun - ny spring,

cresc.



Crim - son tu - lips all a - glow In their roots are
Down be - low the snow bank's heap! Fern leaves curled in
When the snows will melt, and oh, How the mea - dow

f *dim.* *p*

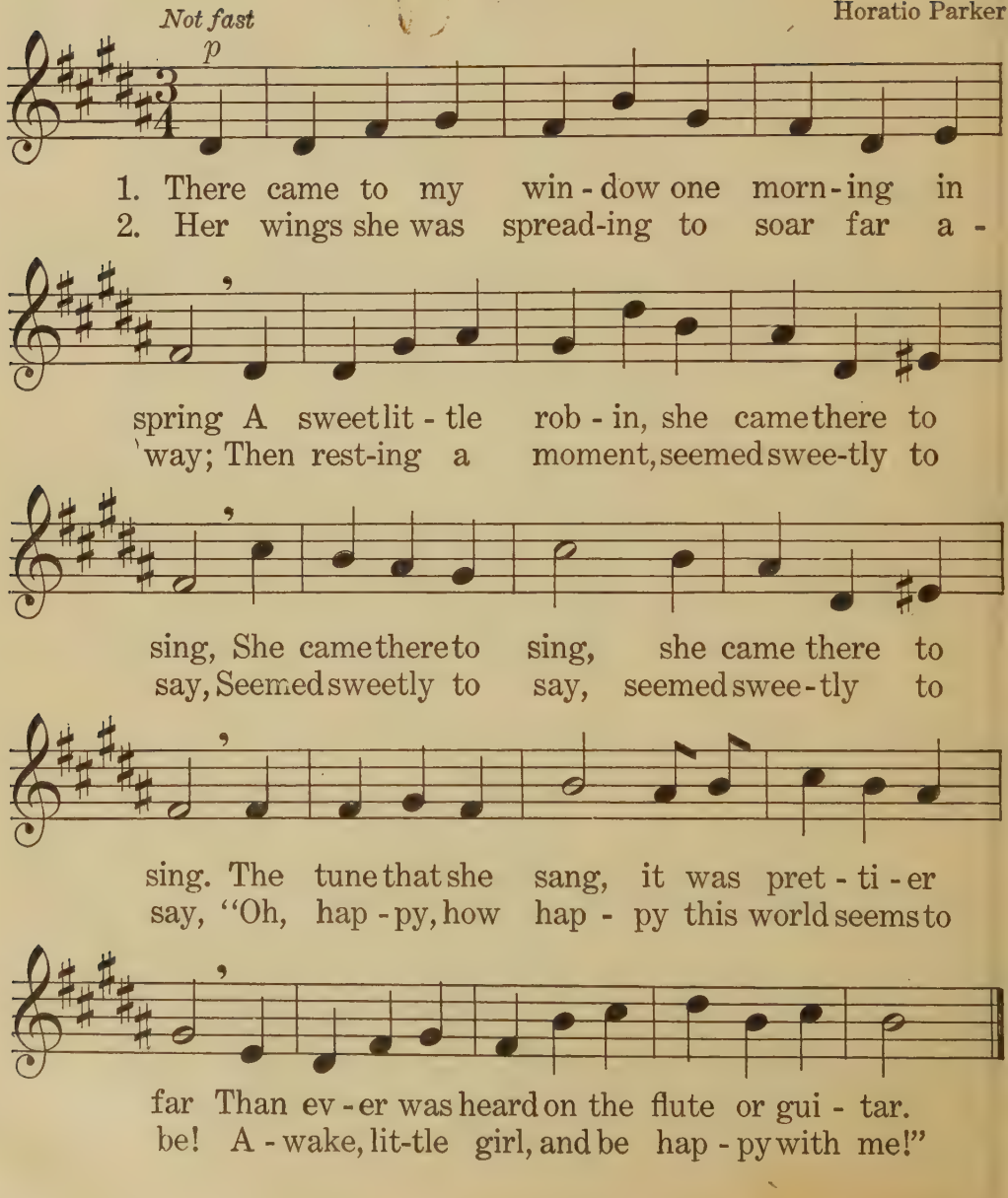


fol - ded tight, — Till the mer-ry south winds blow.
ti - ny rings, — Vio - let ba - bies fast a - sleep.
brooks will sing, — And the daf - fo - dil - lies blow!

The Robin

(T. M. p. 281)

Horatio Parker


Not fast
p
1. There came to my win - dow one morn - ing in
2. Her wings she was spread-ing to soar far a -
spring A sweet lit - tle rob - in, she came there to
way; Then rest-ing a moment, seemed swee-tly to
sing, She came there to sing, she came there to
say, Seemed sweetly to say, seemed swee - tly to
sing. The tune that she sang, it was pret - ti - er
say, "Oh, hap - py, how hap - py this world seems to
far Than ev - er was heard on the flute or gui - tar.
be! A - wake, lit-tle girl, and be hap - py with me!"

What I Like

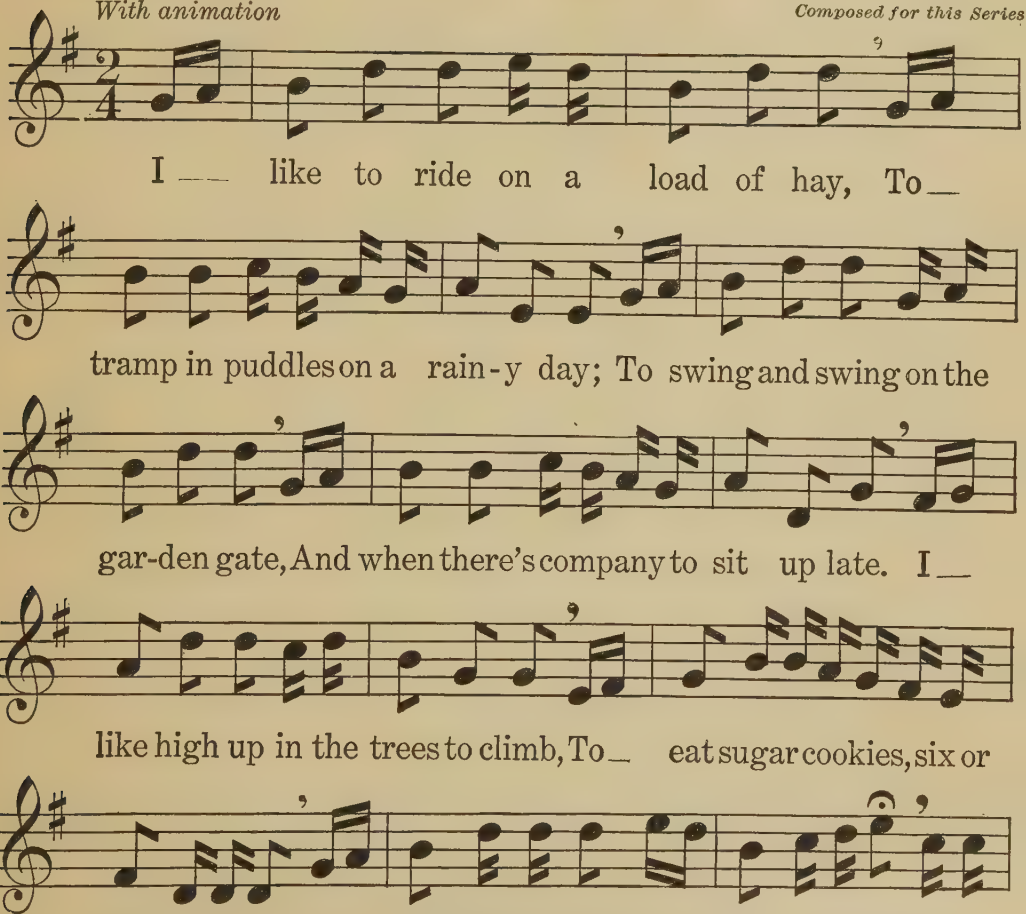
(T. M. p. 282)

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

George W. Chadwick

Composed for this Series

With animation

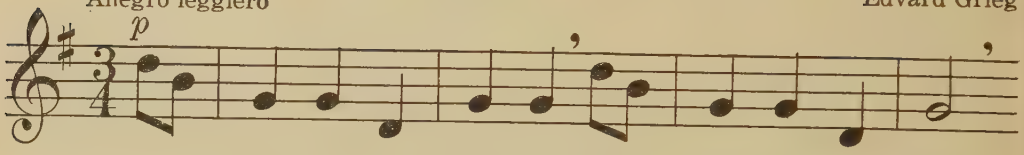

I — like to ride on a load of hay, To —
tramp in puddles on a rain-y day; To swing and swing on the
gar-den gate, And when there's company to sit up late. I —
like high up in the trees to climb, To — eat sugar cookies, six or
sev'n at a time. But some things I like it's — best not to do, So I
rall.
can't do all — that I like, — can you?

Farmyard Song

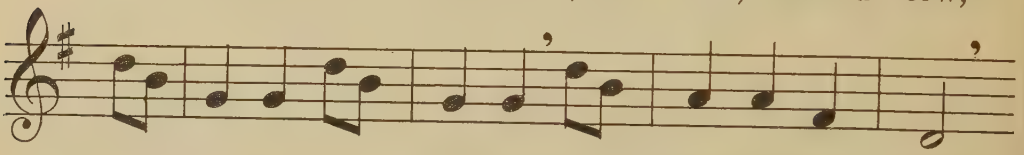
(T. M. p. 283)

Allegro leggiero

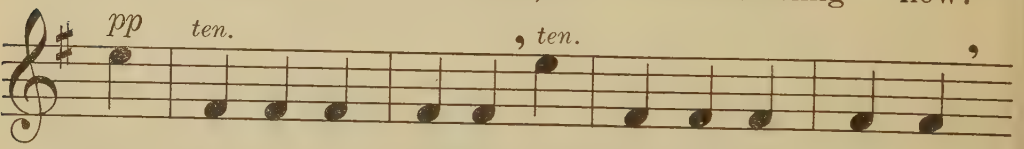
Edvard Grieg



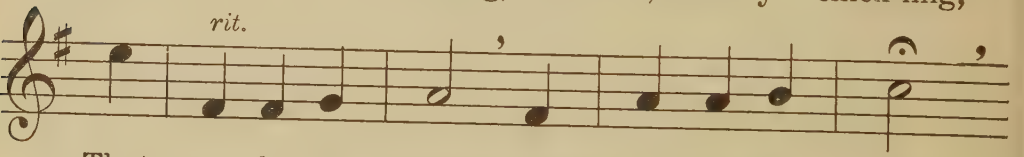
Come out, snow-white lambkin, Come out, calf and cow,



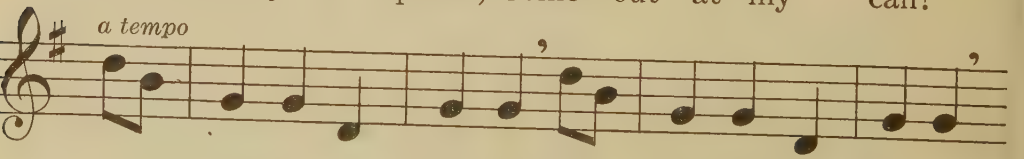
Come, Puss, with your kit - ten, The sun's shining now!



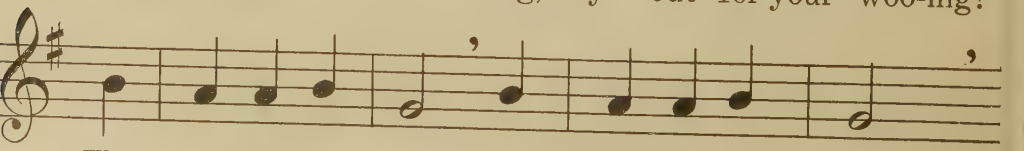
Come out, yel - low duckling, Come out, down - y chick-ling,



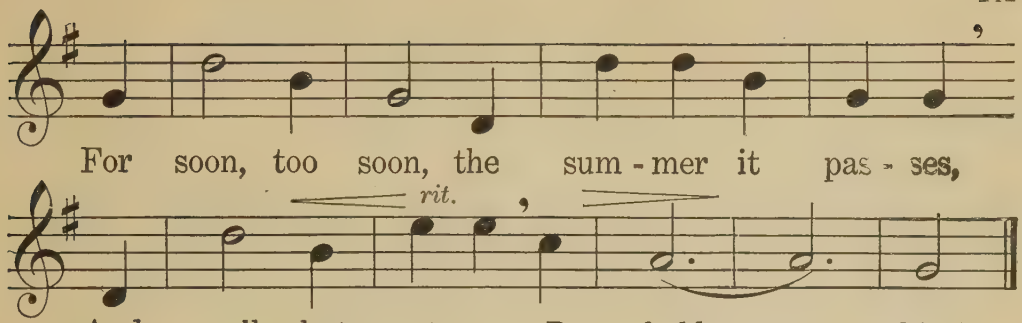
That scarce-ly can sprawl, Come out at my call!



Come, pigeons a - coo - ing, Fly out for your woo-ing!



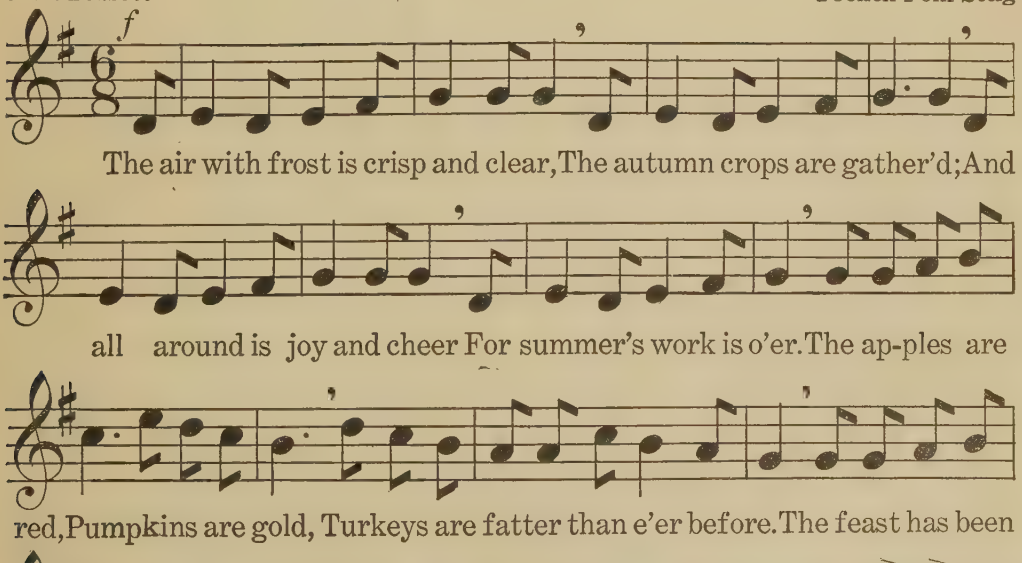
The dew's on the grass, Come out ere it pass!



Thanksgiving Day

(T. M. p. 284)

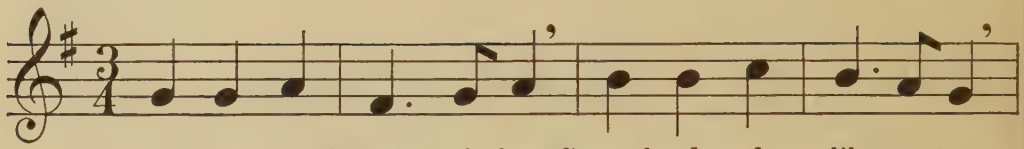
Jean Bassett — French Folk Song


f
The air with frost is crisp and clear, The autumn crops are gather'd; And
all around is joy and cheer For summer's work is o'er. The ap-ples are
red, Pumpkins are gold, Turkeys are fatter than e'er before. The feast has been
spread Just as of old; Thanksgiving day has come once more, Hurrah!

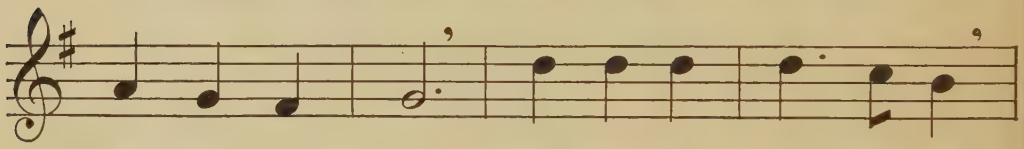
America

(T. M. p. 285)

Samuel F. Smith — Henry Carey

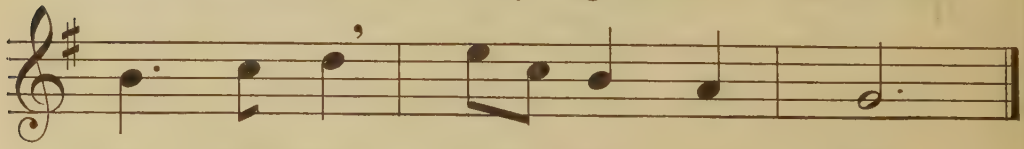


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died,
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,
Sweet Free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake,
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright

Land of the Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry
Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with
Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their
With Free-dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us



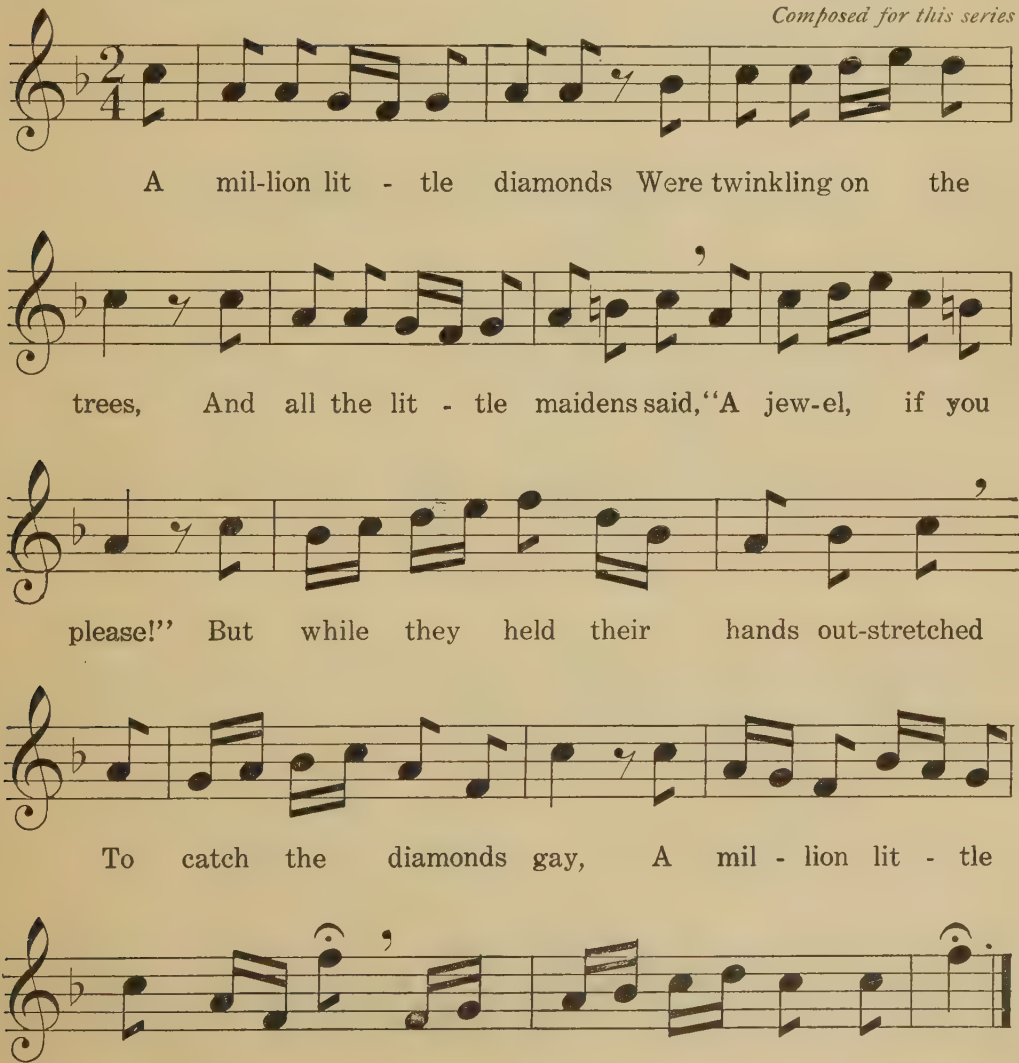
moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Winter Jewels

(T. M p. 167)

Mrs. M. I. Butts

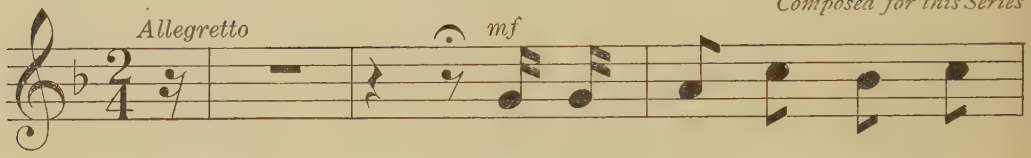
Mildred J. Hill
Composed for this series


A mil-lion lit - tle diamonds Were twinkling on the
trees, And all the lit - tle maidens said, "A jew-el, if you
please!" But while they held their hands out-stretched
To catch the diamonds gay, A mil - lion lit - tle
sun - beams came And stole them all a - way!

The Umbrella Man

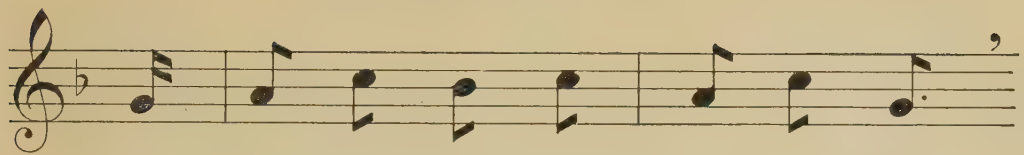
(T. M. p. 170)

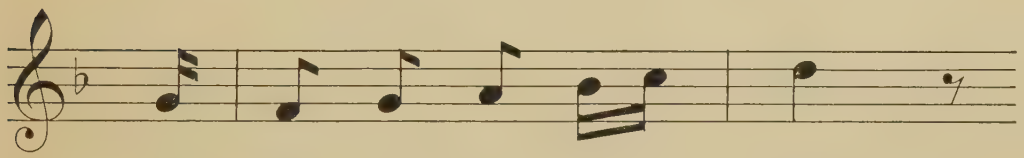
Bertha Remick

Bertha Remick
Composed for this Series

When the sun is shi - ning

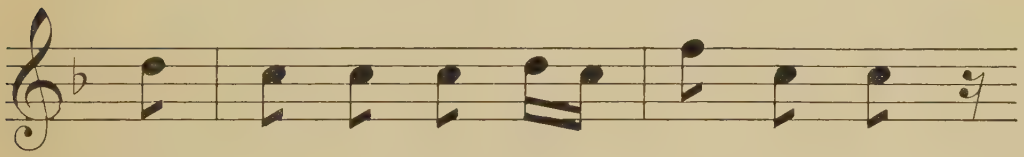
bright and warm, What makes us think of rain?

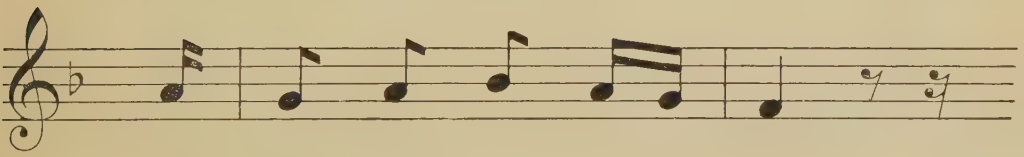
The old um - brel - la man, of course!

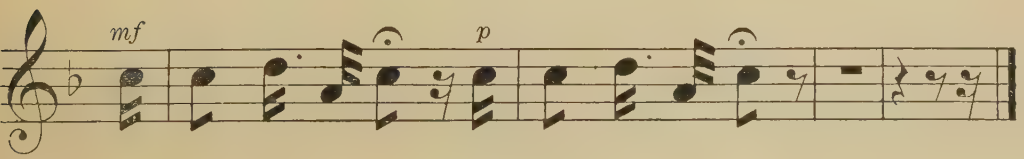
To - day he's come a - gain.

He mends a rib and sews a tear,



And makes them look so neat,



Then to the neigh - bor's house he goes,—

I hear him down the street:



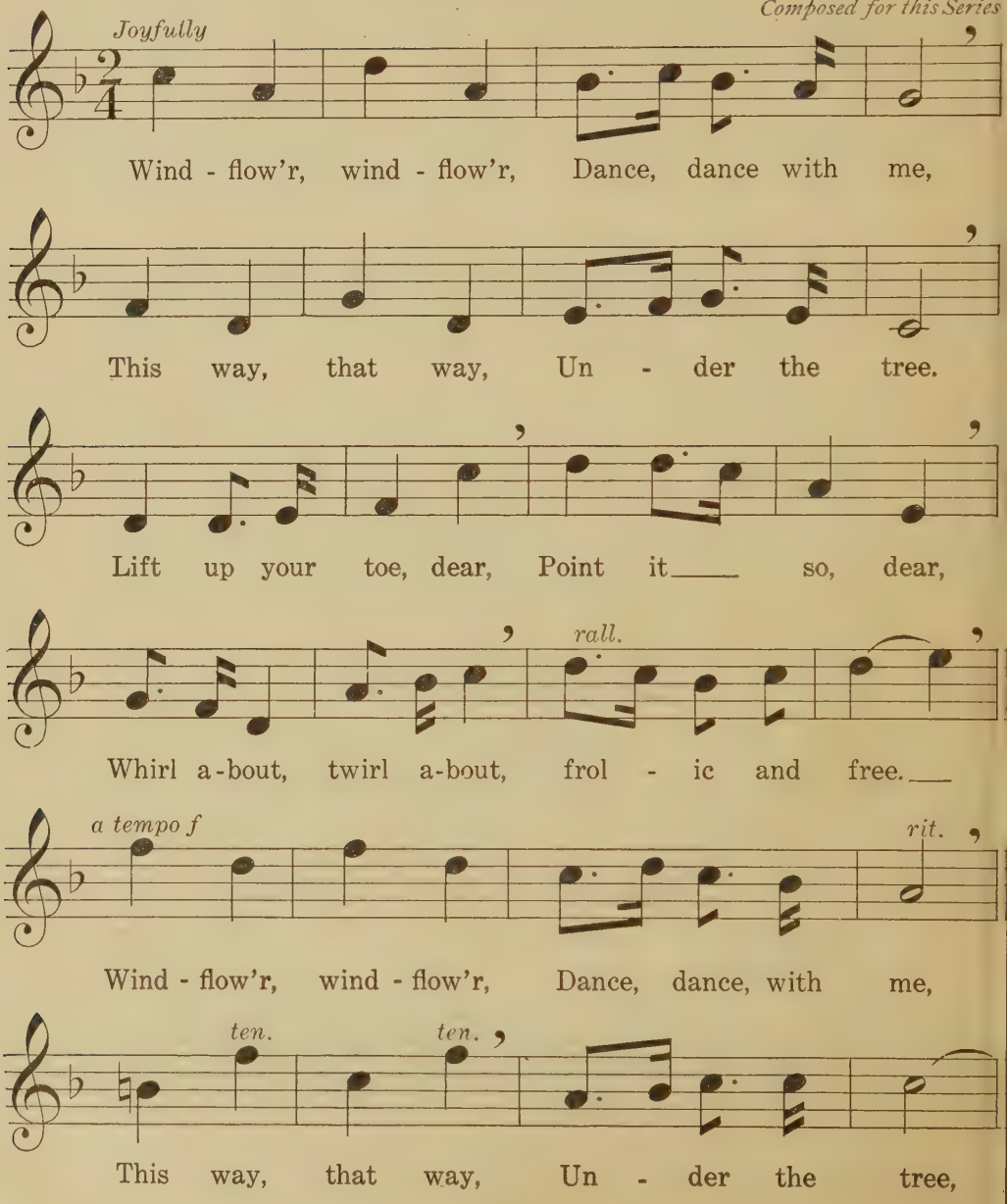
"Um - brel - las to men-n-d! Um - brel - las to men-n-n-d!"

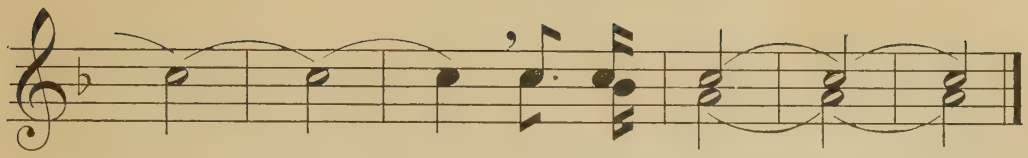
The Windflower

(T. M. p. 173)

Laura E. Richards

Harvey B. Gaul
Composed for this Series


Joyfully
Wind - flow'r, wind - flow'r, Dance, dance with me,
This way, that way, Un - der the tree.
Lift up your toe, dear, Point it so, dear,
rall.
Whirl a-bout, twirl a-bout, frol - ic and free.
a tempo f
rit.
Wind - flow'r, wind - flow'r, Dance, dance, with me,
ten.
ten.
This way, that way, Un - der the tree,



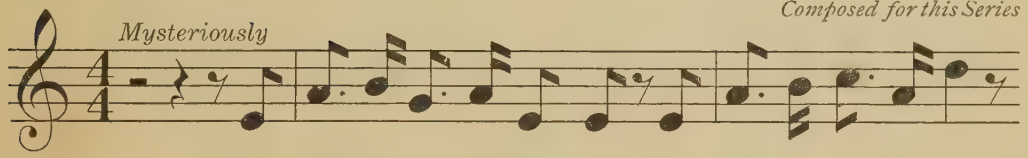
Dance with me.

The Goblin

(T. M. p. 169)

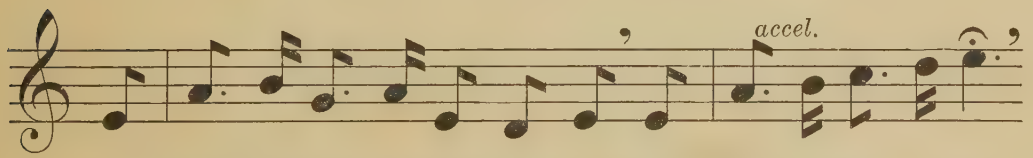
Florence C. Fox

Bessie M. Whiteley
Composed for this Series

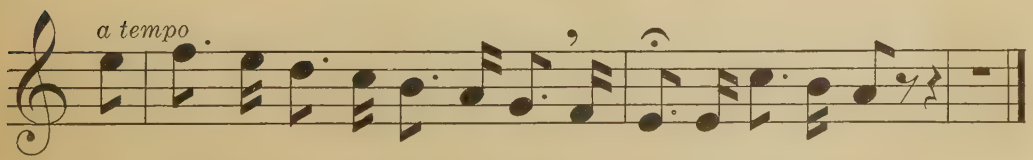


A gob-lin in the cor - ner Was watching me at play;

I saw him grin and wag his chin— I saw him grin!



I saw him grin and wag his chin, And then I ran a-way.



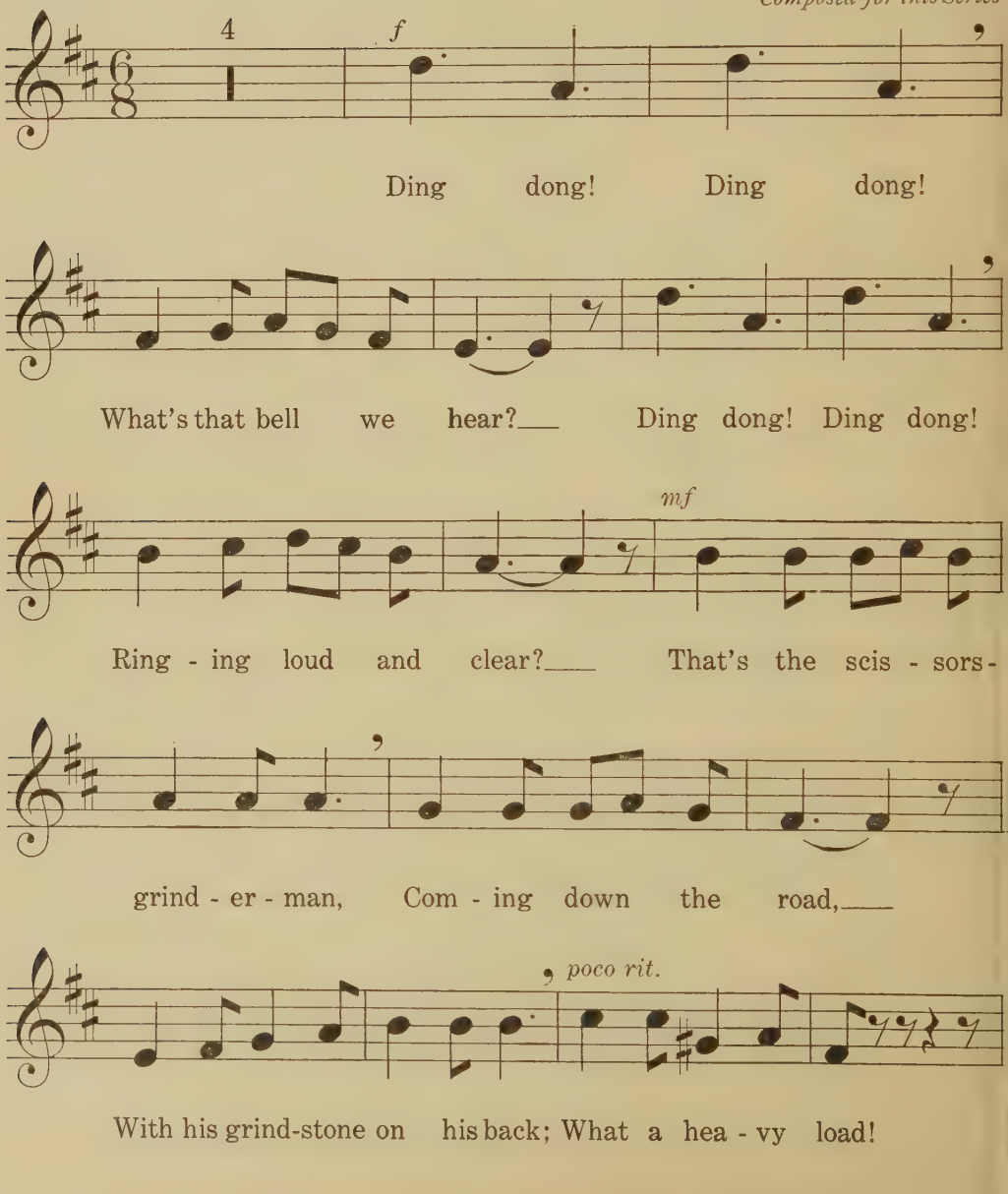
I saw him grin and wag his chin, And then I ran a-way.

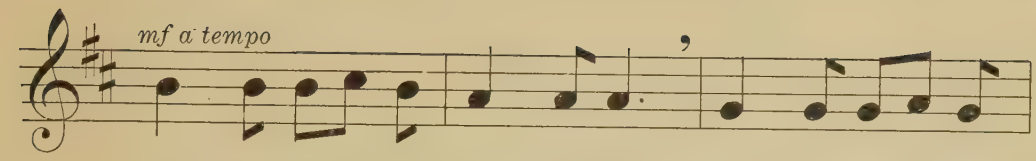
The Scissors Grinder

(T. M. p. 174)

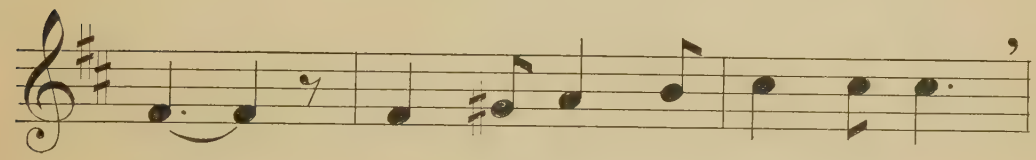
Bertha Remick

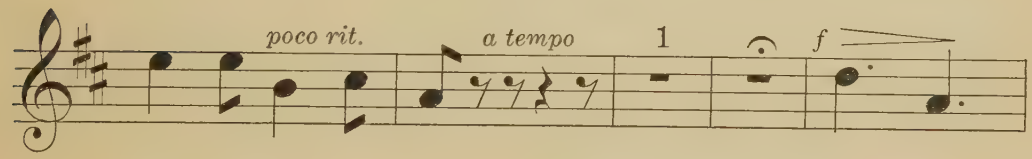
Bertha Remick
Composed for this Series

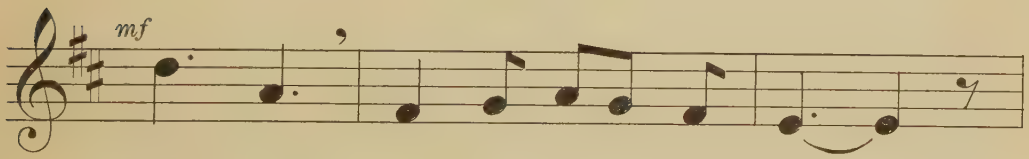

4
f
Ding dong! Ding dong!
What's that bell we hear? Ding dong! Ding dong!
mf
Ring - ing loud and clear? That's the scis - sors -
grind - er - man, Com - ing down the road,
poco rit.
With his grind-stone on his back; What a hea - vy load!

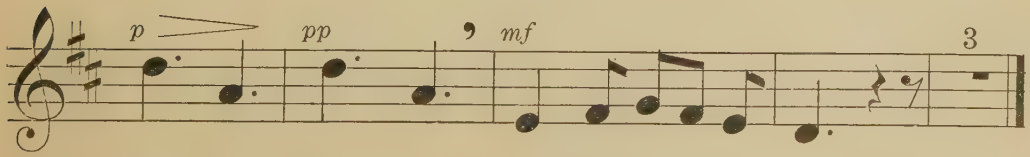


See him grind my dull old knife, While his wheel goes



whirr-r-r-r! Till he makes it sharp and bright;

Watch and nev - er stir. Ding dong!



Ding dong! Ring - ing far a - way,

Ding dong! Ding dong! Come an - oth - er day!

Little Robin Redbreast

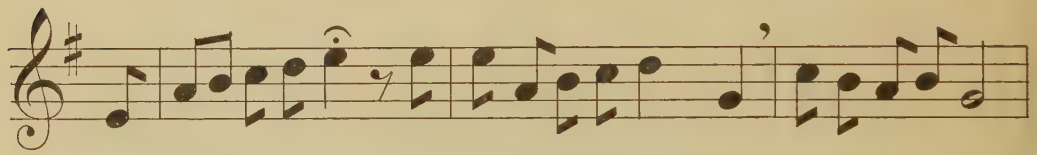
(T. M. p. 176)

Mother Goose

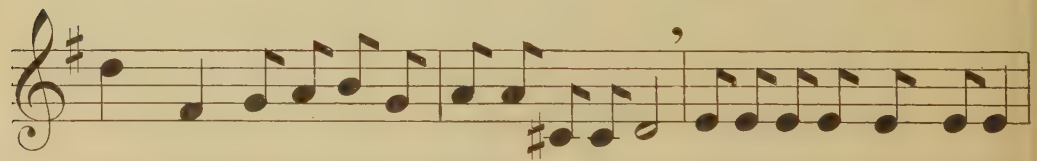
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

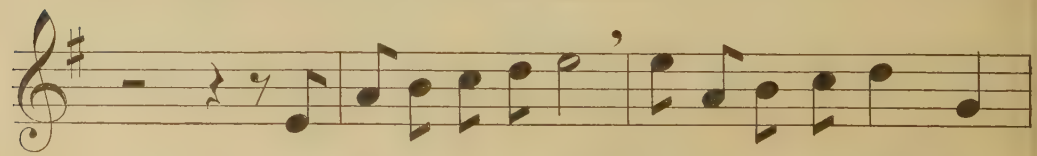
Lit - tle Rob - in Red-breast Sat up - on a tree.

Up went Pus-sy Cat, And down went he. Down went Pus-sy Cat,

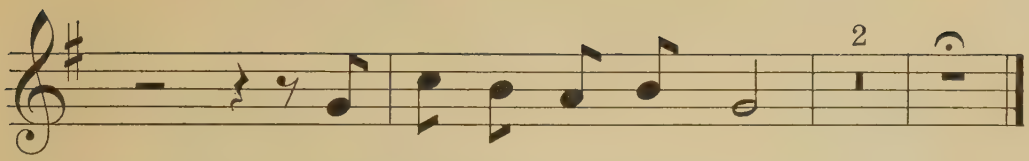


A - way Rob-in ran; Says lit-tle Rob-in Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."

Lit - tle Rob - in Red-breast Hopped up - on a spade,

Puss jumped af - ter him, And then he was a-fraid. Lit-tle Robin chirp'd and sang,



And what did Pus-sy say? Pus - sy Cat said, "Mew Mew,"

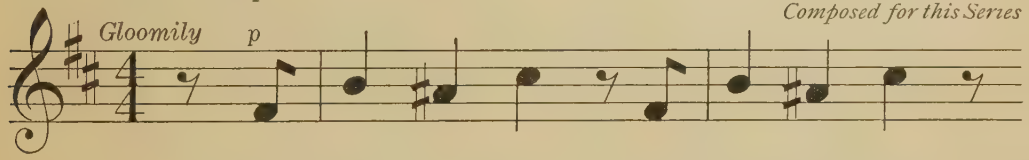
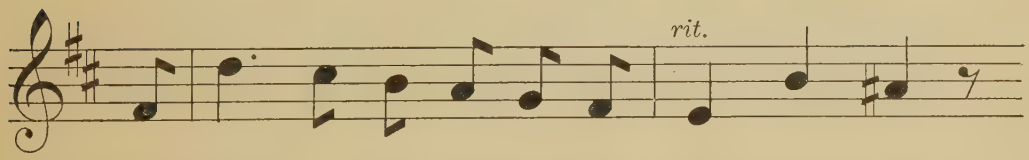


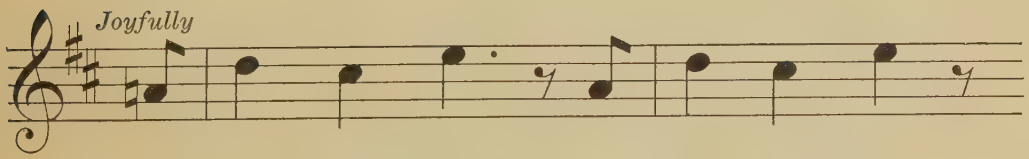
And Rob - in flew a - way.

Miss Rainy Day

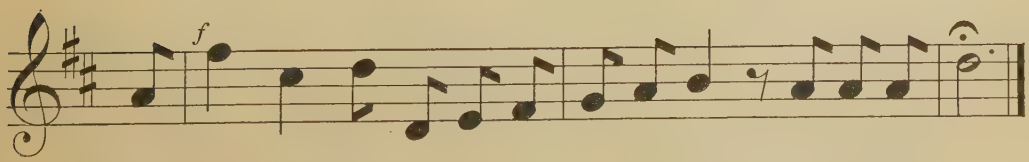
(T. M. p. 172)

Pauline Frances Camp

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

Miss Rain - y Day has come a - gain,

Tap, tap, tap, tap-ping on the win - dow - pane.



Come, Sun - ny Smile, with greet - ing gay,



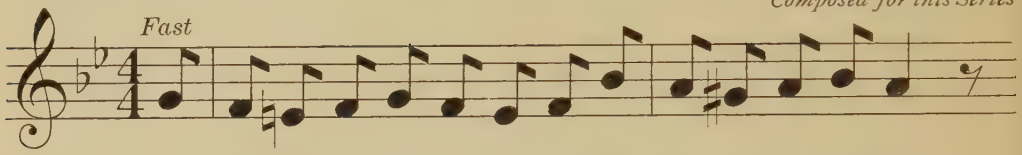
And help her spend a hap-py, hap-py day, a hap-py day.

The Naughty Tulip

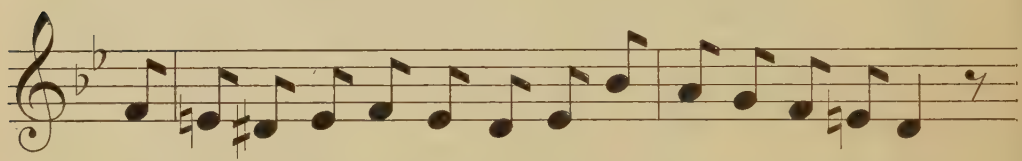
(T. M. p. 178)

Abbie Farwell Brown

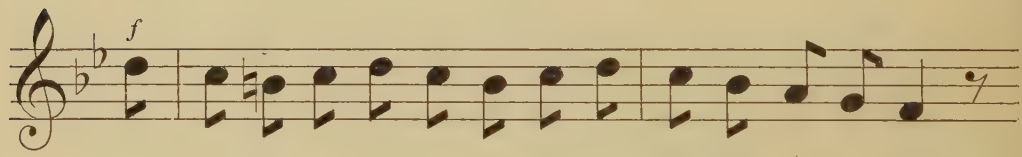
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

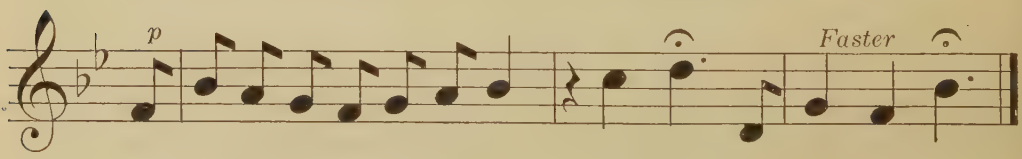


1. "I wish I were a vi - o - let," the naughty Tu - lip said.
2. She hung her lit-tle head and sulked and shook in sil - ly grief;
3. Just then, as she was whimpering, a breeze came passing by;



"I want to wear a pret - ty pur - ple hat up - on my head.
She sought to hide her love - ly hat be - hind a pointed leaf;
He heard the Tu - lip scold-ing with her pret-ty hat a - wry.



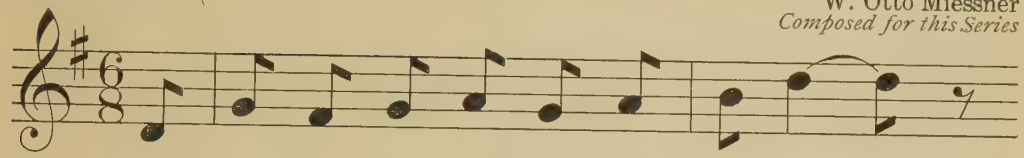
I'm ti - red of the ug - ly one I al-ways have to wear;
And when the kin-dly pleasant Sun beamed down on her and smiled,
So then to pun-ish her he blew, and whisked the hat a - way;

I nev - er chose a yel - low hat! O dear, it is - n't fair!"
She pou-ted and she flou-ted him, the naugh-ty Tu - lip child!
And now she stands and shiv-ers there, bare-head - ed all the day!

The Cats of Kilkenny

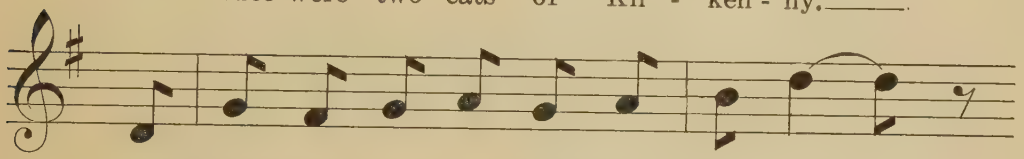
(T. M. p. 179)

Mother Goose

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

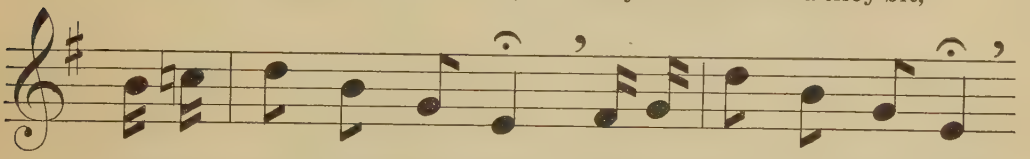


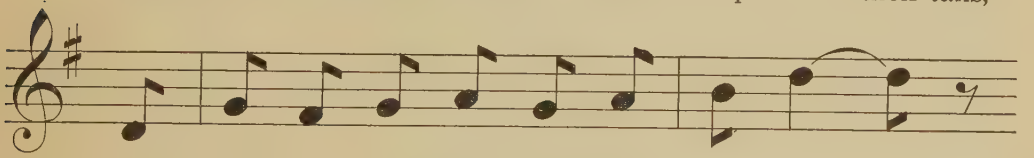
There once were two cats of Kil - ken - ny.

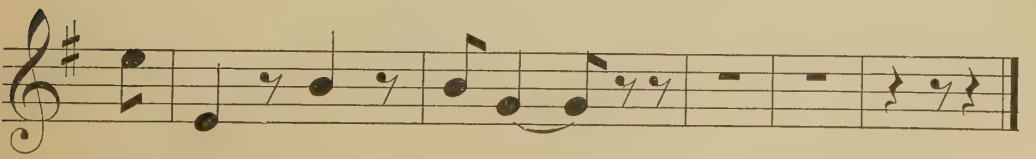


Each thought there was one cat too ma - ny.

So they fought and they fit, they scratched and they bit,



Till, ex - cep - ting their nails and the tips of their tails,

In - stead of two cats of Kil - ken - ny,



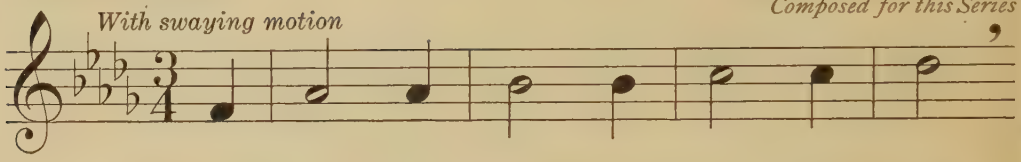
There were not a - ny.

Daisy Nurses

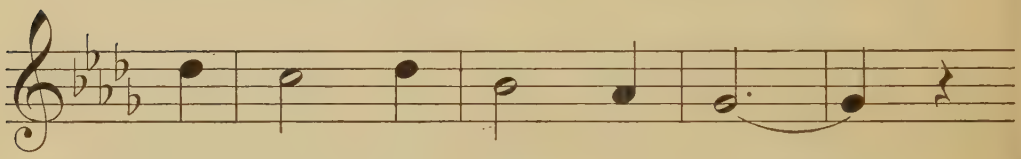
(T. M. p. 180)

Kate Louise Brown

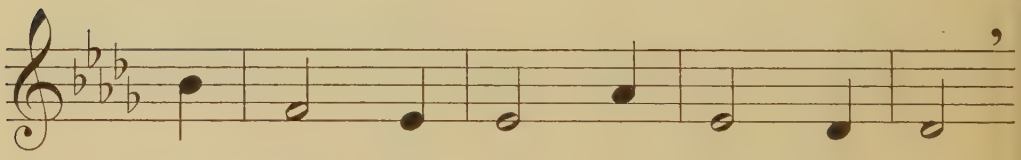
Florence Newell Barbour
Composed for this Series



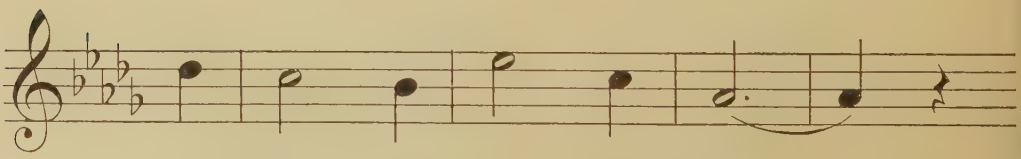
1. The dai - sies white are nurs - 'ry maids,
2. The dai - sies love the gol - den sun,



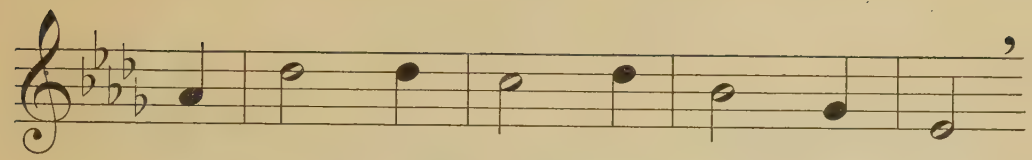
With frills up - on their caps;
That lights the clear June sky.



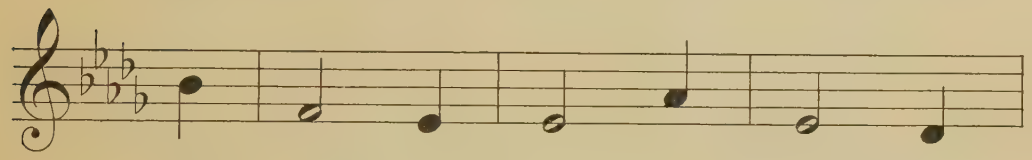
And dai - sy buds are lit - tle babes
He gaz - es kin - dly down at them



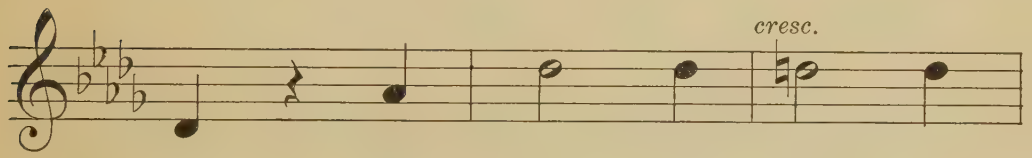
They tend up - on their laps.
And winks his jol - ly eye;



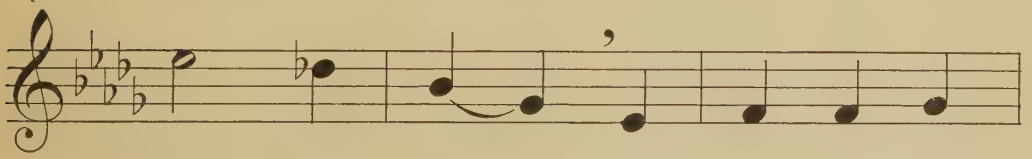
Sing "Heigh - ho," while the wind sweeps low,
While soft and slow, all in a row,



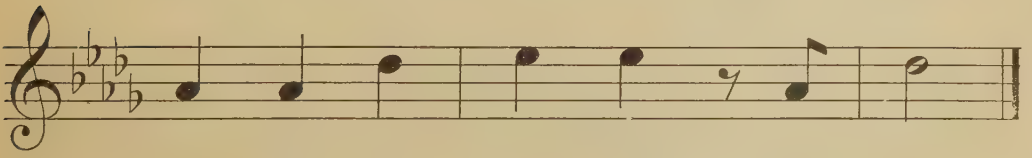
The wind sweeps low, the wind sweeps
All in a row, all in a



low; Sing "Heigh - ho," while the
row, While soft and slow, all



wind sweeps low;___ Both nurs - es and
in a row,___ Both nurs - es and



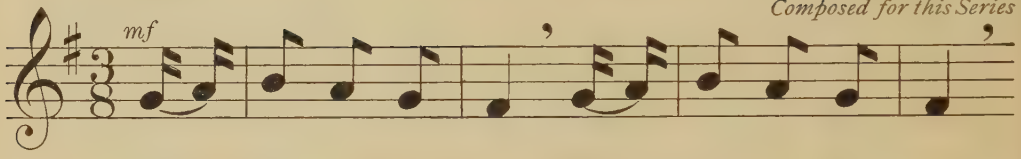
ba - bies are nod - ding,___ just so!
ba - bies are nod - ding,___ just so!

The Ragman

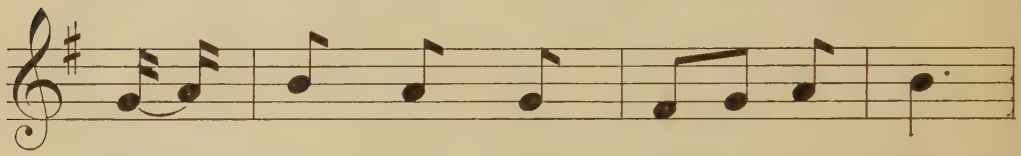
(T. M. p. 182)

Bertha Remick

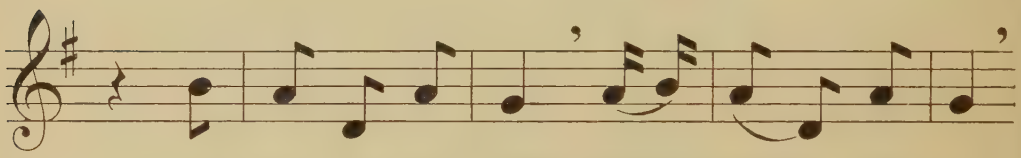
Bertha Remick
Composed for this Series



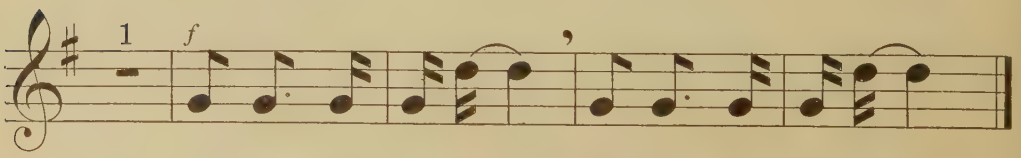
1. In a fun - ny old cart Rides a fun - ny old man,
2. Now___ some say he's rich, And___ some say he's poor,



Who has fun - ny old blink - ing eyes.
And___ some say he's ve - ry wise.



We give him old clothes And he gives us tin pans,.
But I think at least He is kind___ and good,

And___ as he drives on___ he cries:
For he smiles at me when___ he cries:

"Old rags and bot-tles!___ Old rags and bot-tles!"___

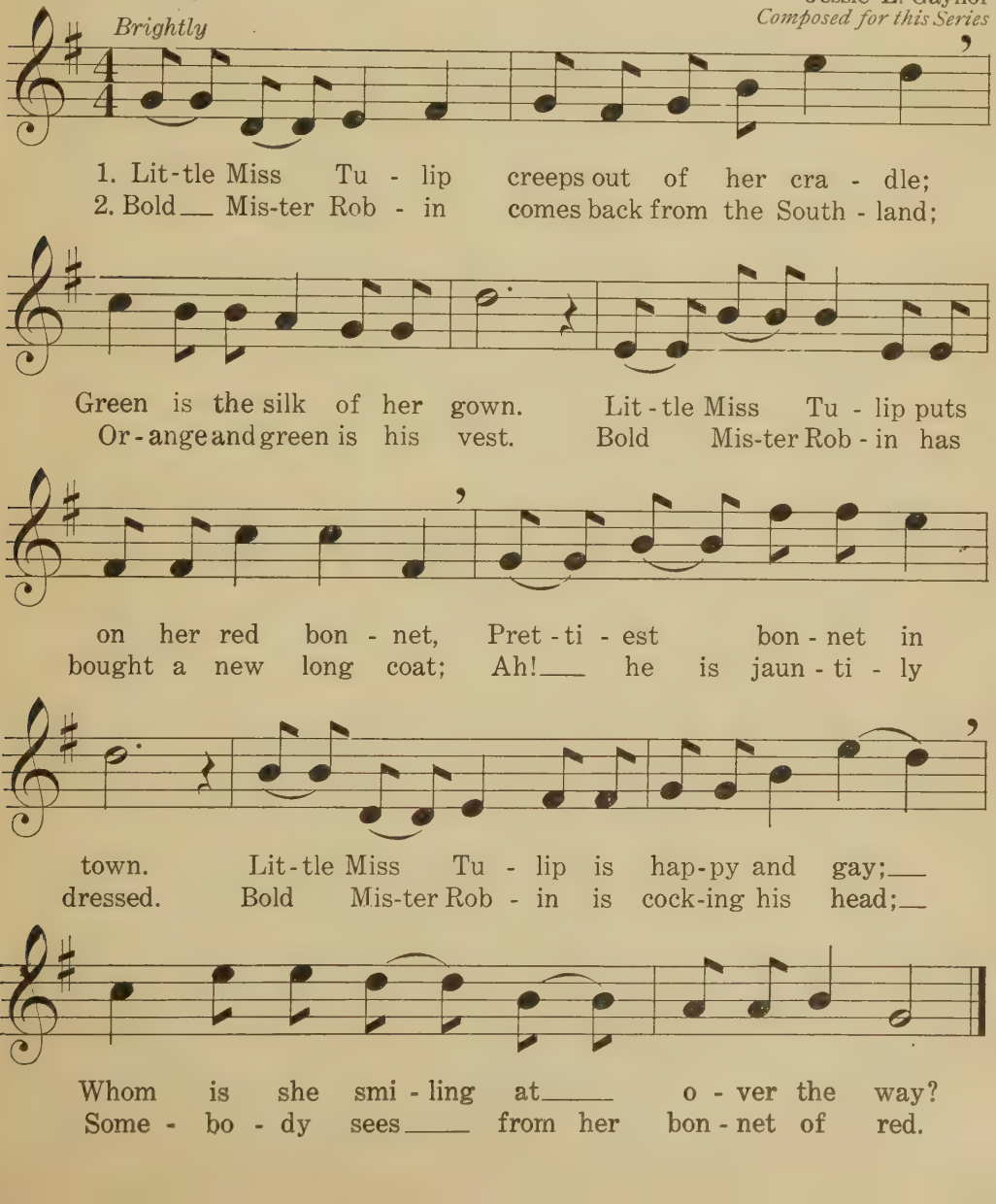
Little Miss Tulip

A SPRING LOVE SONG

(T. M. p. 184)

Carolyn S. Bailey

Jessie L. Gaynor
Composed for this Series


Brightly
1. Lit-tle Miss Tu - lip creeps out of her cra - dle;
2. Bold Mis-ter Rob - in comes back from the South - land;
Green is the silk of her gown. Lit-tle Miss Tu - lip puts
Or-ange and green is his vest. Bold Mis-ter Rob - in has
on her red bon - net, Pret-ti - est bon - net in
bought a new long coat; Ah! he is jaun - ti - ly
town. Lit-tle Miss Tu - lip is hap-py and gay;
dressed. Bold Mis-ter Rob - in is cock-ing his head;
Whom is she smi - ling at o - ver the way?
Some - bo - dy sees from her bon - net of red.

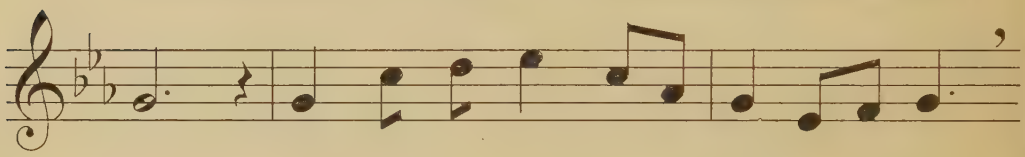
The Happy Bee

(T. M. p. 185)

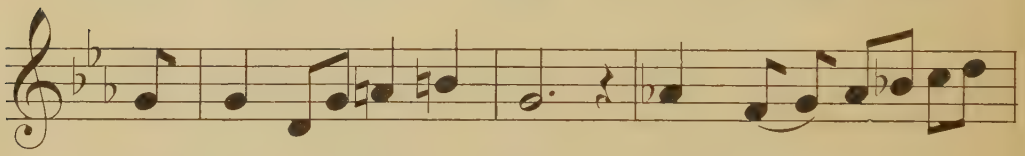
Nina B. Hartford

Nina B. Hartford

1. "Poor lit - tle Bee," said a But - ter - fly, "You work so hard all
2. "Dear But-ter-fly, you are ve - ry wrong," The bu - sy Bee re -

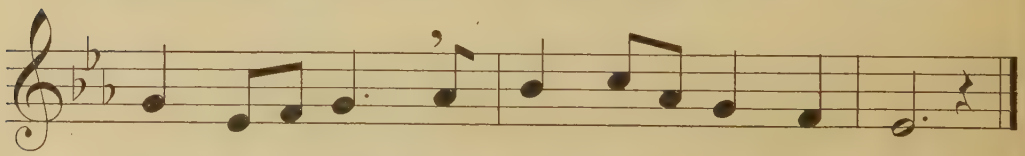


day; You have no pret - ty yel - low wings,
plied. "I love the sun, I love the flow'rs,



And nev - er stop to play. I would not be a
I love my work be - side. Tho' I____ have no

Hon - ey Bee, And have no time for fun; I'm glad I have no
shi-ning wings, I'm hap-py all day long; I love to gath-er



hard - er work Than danc - ing in the sun."
hon - ey sweet, And sing my buzz - ing song."

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